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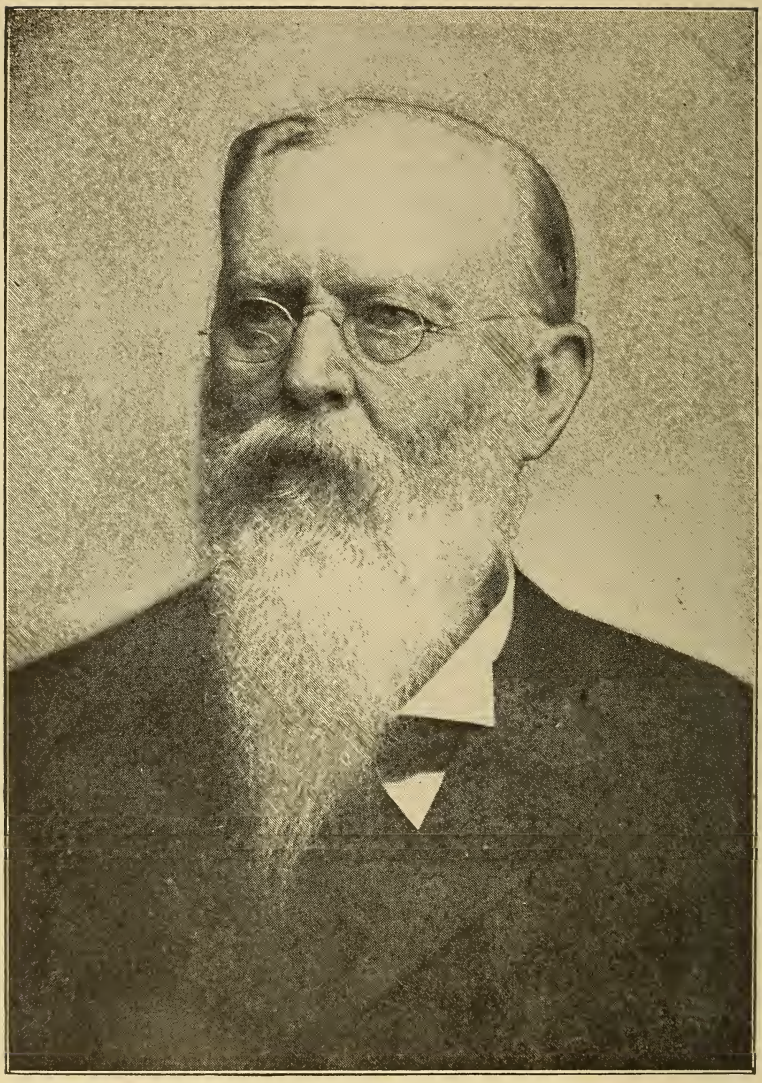
THE MASTERWHEEL

OTHER WORKS

BY DR. LOFTON

CHARACTER SKETCHES; or, The Blackboard Mirror. 454 pages, with illustrations by the author. Cloth, Half Russia, and Morocco.

HARP OF LIFE: Its Harmonies and Discords. 463 pages, with illustrations by the author. Cloth, Half Russia, and Morocco.



GEORGE A. LOFTON, A.M., D.D., LL.D.

THE

MASTERWHEEL

OR

THE POWER OF LOVE

BEING A DISCUSSION OF THAT PASSION BY WHICH GOD TRANSMITS THE MOVING FORCE OF HIS BEING TO THE UNIVERSE, THROUGH WHOSE HIGHEST DEVELOPMENT MAN BECOMES LIKE UNTO DEITY, AND WITHOUT WHICH HE WOULD CEASE TO BE IN HIS MAKER'S IMAGE

BY

GEORGE A. LOFTON, A.M., D.D., LL.D.

Author of "Character Sketches," "The Harp of Life," "So: The Gospel in a Monosyllable, Etc."

With Illustrations by the Author

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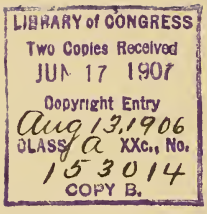

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FOREWORD

No other age in all history has been ruled more by love than this. The governing spirit of the time, happily be it said, is not a sudden outburst of sentimentalism, a craze for the emotional, nor a renaissance of the romantic. It is a healthy, normal growth, as is evidenced by the spread of evangelism and the betterment of the world. In the abuse and perversion of our freedom and enlightenment, however, love may fall a victim to the material and commercial tendencies of the era, and be prostituted to loose or false notions of justice, righteousness, and charity. There has not been a moment in all the past more important than the present to emphasize that "greatest of these," and this book has been written for such a purpose. We must agree that it is proper to cultivate the intellect. If so, why not the affections? We develop the head, why not the heart?

The author has covered almost every phase of life and relationship. He has utilized all means to find the wants of human nature, and, as a master-workman, has wrought a key to open wide the portals of every heart to the warmth and light of love. He has demonstrated that there is no form or connection of human existence that does not come within the reach of this all-controlling passion; and he has shown that without it, or with it perverted, all other passions or emotions are powerless to give complete happiness to the human race.

Dr. Lofton, through his years of ministry, has had his finger on the pulse of humanity. He knows the signs and symptoms of man's soul-sickness as well as the skilled physician knows the ills of the body. Long ago he contemplated such a work as THE MASTERWHEEL, dealing with the universality of love as a fundamental law of life, its power in moving men, and its key-position in the mechanism of God's creation and man's achievement. The opportunity to put his meditations into such tangible form and shape as to benefit his fellows did not come until recently, however, and the result of that opportunity is this book. Dr. Lofton's deep wisdom, his ripe scholarship, and his heart-inclination to those around him never showed to better advantage than in its pages. The success of "Character Sketches" was founded on its wonderful mirroring of life. "Harp of Life" followed pretty much the same path as its predecessor. But THE MASTERWHEEL is different. While it shows the same keen knowledge of men and women and has the same adherence to the doctrine of common-sense, yet it reveals deeper thought, a clearer view, and a more philosophic mind than either of the other books. Unquestionably it is the author's best work.

The illustrations are by the author, and, save a few adapted in a way to make them applicable to the subject, are original in design and execution. In the production of these pictures the author sets up no claim to the skill of the artist.

INTRODUCTION

BY DR. IRA LANDRITH, REGENT OF BELMONT COLLEGE.

ALL that is best—and worst—in our lives is propelled by love. Under its impulse men delight to live, or dare to die. Truly it is the masterwheel that governs the mechanism of the universe. Impelled by love, the noblest have surrendered to the ignoblest, and the vilest have become honorable. Nothing has been too good and nothing too bad for men and women to undertake at love's behest. At once the greatest joy and blessing, love often is the greatest peril and source of danger in our lives. If there were no counterfeits in this coin of the heart, there would be no danger in its circulation. But like many another good and perfect gift this one often has been contaminated, imitated, prostituted.

The felon and the saint bear similar testimony: "I am what I am because I love." The wise and the foolish, the true and the false, the great and the small, the virtuous and the vile, the good and the bad, are all alike made so by love. Heaven receives its population from the arms of holy love, and hell would be empty but for base devotion.

"God is love," and yet for love men have been dishonored, become murderers, descended to every grade of villainy; women have followed them downward, and, sometimes, alas! have gone down before them. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son,"

and yet for their loves human beings have given up the very thing for which God out of his love gave his Son, "everlasting life."

The author of this volume, therefore, has undertaken a task which is in the nature of putting first things first. He is beginning at the beginning of all good and of every evil. He would propose the purifying of the stream of life at the very source of all right and wrong. He knows that if the heart is right the hand will not be wrong. It is the philosophy of the Sermon on the Mount, the deep significance of "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Our author takes men and women and children where he finds them, and attempts to tell them where they ought to be, and what, and why. His is at once a task most blessed and tremendous. Despite his difficulties, he is always comprehensive and always faithful, as is shown by his analysis of love into so many kinds, and his discussion of fully fifty manifestations of affection.

If the author of these pages had written alone of domestic love in these days of wholesome revival of interest in the home, thousands would have studied what he had to say. In much more than a sentimental way both churchmanship and statesmanship are busy with this problem. Eighty per cent of the crime in our larger cities is attributed to men and women who have had practically no home life. The home, still more nearly than any other institution, reaches our life, reaches it earlier, and for the first twenty years at least more constantly than does the Church or the school or any other agency for character-making. It is of the supremest importance, therefore, that the home be wholesome, its loves pure and abundant, and that nothing be

allowed to continue to imperil the fireside as gravely as many things now do, among them the haste with which homes are made, the unhomelike places in which families live, the maudlin sentiment that all women ought to be wage-earners, and the suicidal strenuousness of our too busy lives. Our author has recognized and attacked not only these but other hazards of the home; and he has treated the subject in at least fifteen ways directly; indirectly its discussion appears on almost every page, for he has realized that when all other loves are right domestic love cannot be wrong.

If our author had been content to discuss for us only what in general he has termed "Religious Love," devotion to the highest things of the spirit, he would have deserved the wide reading he is going to receive; for, although books on this theme are nearly numberless, the last word has not been written, and no writer has found the last—nor the best, probably—of the effective ways of presenting the cardinal truth that if we love God we are bound to love our neighbor. "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." Fourteen phases of this vital "law of life" are considered in this volume.

Had our author spent his entire strength upon such natural love as that which normal men have for life and liberty, country and truth, we should be eager for the contribution he might make to the literature of this philosophy of life. But he has shown us this truth from as many as fifteen angles of vision.

If our author had done no more in this book than lift a fiery danger-signal as a warning to those who are menaced by the deadly perils of licentious love, he should have the gratitude of all who know anything about this most prolific and hideous mother of the blackest vices

that people perdition. But he has not stopped with a candid and clean calling of things by their right names —he has shown us also how hateful are all kindred and contributing sins.

Does our author exhaust these subjects? He does not, he has not even tried, because he would attempt no impossible task. All the poets have failed, and all the philosophers have had to write "To be continued" after their last words on love. In one way or another every sage in every age has spent his life in a vain effort to know the whole truth about this deepest of all wisdom, and then has passed into the presence of the only Being in all the universe who, because it is His name and character, could accurately answer the question, the first and last question of every man who is capable of thinking, "What is love?" But our author has done what is better than to vainly strive to exhaust this subject, he has given us the ripest results of his whole life's study of what the right quality and degree of love will do for us and what the wrong kind is certain to do against us; and, this great task completed, he has told us how to obtain the wholesome and abstain from the hurtful loves that make their appeal to us. This done, the reader alone is responsible if his is not the stalwart heroism to say, with the decisiveness and self-mastery of true success,

> When I see a thing is true,
> I'll go to work and put it through.

IRA LANDRITH.

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Love is our highest word and the synonym of God.—Emerson.

Domestic Love.

PART I.

DOMESTIC LOVE

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
There's no place like home, O there's no place like home.

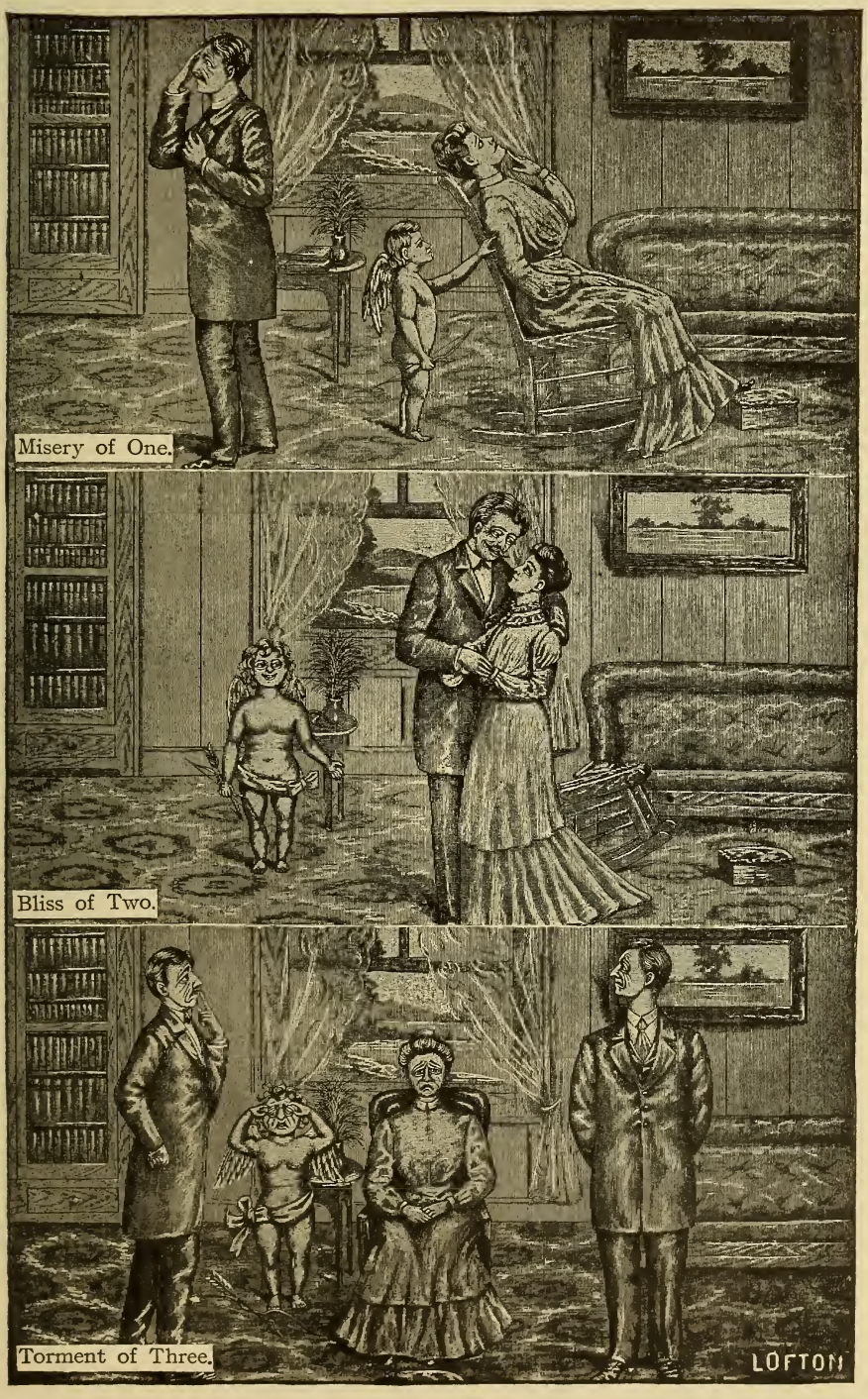
—John Howard Payne.

LOVE: WHAT IS IT?

IT will not suffice to deal simply in dictionary terms in discussing this subject. The meaning of love is far beyond the grasp of lexicography or the science of language. To be sure, love is an affection of the heart excited by that which delights or that which commands admiration, but this severely plain definition does not begin to describe the great, mysterious passion that sets the heart on fire, bewilders the brain, and so often consumes the whole being of the one who loves.

The first three pictures in this book illustrate in concrete form the popular idea of love. The first represents it as "The Misery of One"—the man loves, but the woman does not; Cupid, the god of love, is plying his art upon the woman, seeking to turn her heart to the man who loves her. The second represents love as "The Bliss of Two"—the same two; Cupid, having succeeded in his work, is standing off in joyful triumph over the result. The third represents love as "The Torment of Three," another man having divided the affections of the woman and plunged all three into the torture of conflicting emotions, while Cupid, having flung away his bow and arrows, gives up the job and views it with grief and despair.

The apostle John, the loving disciple, grasped the



Love—What is it?

conception of love's infinitude when he said: "God is love." 'Tis true indeed that God is love, and hence the spiritual atmosphere of the universe is love, filling all space, and comprehending the essence of all creation; the light of the stars, the verdure of the woods, the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, the warmth and glow of the sun, the music of the spheres, the smiles and voices of nature, the thrill and throb of universal life, joy, and happiness, and even the glory and ecstasy of heaven itself.

It would require a power of vision such as is given by the telescope in Lick Observatory, which compasses huge Jupiter, measures the bands of Orion, brings down far-off Neptune, gathers the multitudinous stars, and sweeps over the nebulous fields of the Milky Way, to give a glimpse of the stupendous proportions of love, the definition of God, and the essence of his created universe. We see it in the harmony and sport of the ten thousand animalcules that "live and move and have their being" in a drop of water—a little word of peace and joy unto themselves. We discover it in the affection, sympathy, and order of insect life. We behold it in the instinct and relationship of the animal creation. It swims in the ocean, flies in the air, and walks upon the earth, in every form and fashion of vital existence. In man it reaches its highest exemplification.

There is a sort of scientific analysis of love which makes it consist in an approbation of and inclination toward an object that appears to us good, as follows:

1. Esteem, arising from the mere consideration of some excellency in an object.

2. Benevolence, which is an inclination to seek the welfare and happiness of any person or thing.

3. Complacence, which arises from the consideration

of an object agreeable to us and intended to afford us pleasure.

4. Compassion, arising from the spirit of mercy, which seeks to redeem us from sin and save us from misery. "Pity is akin to love."

5. Gratitude, arising from a sense of indebtedness to others for kindness and favors bestowed.

We might add to this analysis, but I shall leave it to the philosopher and the theologian to resolve love into all its elements and properties, for the gratification of the scientific or religious taste, according to the logic of love. Like all other subjects, it is susceptible of scientific definition and statement; but I would rather look at the thing itself, in its synthetic and concrete form. What is it? How does it look? How does it feel? What does it do?

Love is a dynamic force of high activity, and sometimes is accompanied by great explosive energy. It is the great revolutionary power that changes the order of things for the better. Men may think, propose, and plan until the end of time and yet accomplish little unless love impels their actions or projects the desired results. Neither cold reason nor clear judgment, aided by all the self-determination and ambition of which man might be possessed, ever accomplished anything truly great or truly good until fired and enthused and quickened by the spark and spirit and vitality of love. Fear and necessity are often tremendous motives to action and achievement, but without love they lose their force in the face of difficulties and continued opposition. The fear of God and the knowledge of the need of redemption from sin are the beginning of wisdom in religion, but love is the middle, the end, and the life of it. There may be loveless marriages, loveless professions, love-

less ambitions, loveless businesses, and loveless lives; but they are heartless, aimless, profitless, unsuccessful.

As a dynamic force, this mighty passion has made the world what it is—good and great. The love of money makes the millionaire; the love of fame makes the hero; the love of power, the ruler; the love of learning, the scholar; the love of country, the patriot and the great nation; the love of Christ makes the Christian and a great Christianity. Ideas, theories, systems, schemes, efforts, energy, and volition die with their birth, if the dynamics of some sort of love is not under or within them. Hate, envy, and jealousy have much to do with the thought and actions of men; but, with all the gigantic powers of mind and heart they may employ, they are only destructive, and leave on the world no permanent impress. Selfishness and ambition have designed and accomplished vast results in many spheres of human life; but nothing save true love ever has left to the ages anything worth having.

Again, love is electro-magnetic. Every heart is a storage battery which holds, with tremendous voltage, this mysterious power. Some possess it in greater measure than others, but all have it. According to its degree of power, it is manifest in the touch of a loving hand, the glance of a loving eye, the glow of a loving smile, the thrill of a loving life, the throb of a loving heart; and who can resist or fail to feel its power? It molds the life and character of a child; it subdues and conquers the wild animal; it rouses the young lover into ecstasy; it draws the charmed circle around the family fireside; it links two hearts with the bonds of lasting friendship; it binds society together with the chain of confidence and fraternity; it connects the sundered poles of peace by its universal current of sympa-

thy; it restores the equilibrium of elements jarred by the convulsions and revolutions which sometimes break up the relations of society—ever bringing order out of confusion, purity out of corruption, and peace and calm out of the war and storm attendant upon human change and progress.

Love is often thunder and lightning! "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth!" The father who spares the rod spoils the child; it is love that applies the rod when necessary, although the child usually does not think this. It is love that opens the ulcer, to relieve it of its corruption; cuts off the limb, lest it kill the body; prunes the vine, that it bear more fruit; raises the tempest to purify the atmosphere. It is a dove in gentleness and a lamb in meekness; but it has the courage of a lion in duty, or distress, or conflict. Woe to the elements of wrong and error when they get in the path of revolutionizing and conquering love! Love is neither coward nor weakling, and it will go into the flames for its darling, or burn at the stake for its principle, or sound the tocsin of war for its honor and its rights.

Love is light. It clothes the sun with its ineffable glory, robes the moon in her pale splendor, and puts the twinkle in all the stars; and wherever the light of truth and righteousness, virtue and honor, goodness and beauty, shines, love is the substance of the illumination. Take away love, and there would be no moral light in the world. There could be genius and intellect, beauty and symmetry, form and fashion, polish of culture and purity of life; but without love all would be as the glow of crystal or the glitter of ice.

Well has Drummond called it "the greatest thing in the world." Shakespeare truly has written,

> There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned;

and I might add, so, too, of the love that can be defined.

Perhaps the best way to understand the meaning of love, especially within the pale of Christianity, is to look at its achievements. Christ is the incarnation and impersonation of love divine, and true Christianity its highest illustration. Love is the very genius of Christianity. It houses the poor, feeds the hungry, shields the widow and orphan, supports the aged, educates the ignorant, comforts the sorrowing, gives refuge to the fallen, and in a thousand ways organizes and sustains the charities which are the pride and glory of our civilization and of that religion revealed by the Master—the Prince of Peace and the Embodiment of Love. Herein we behold the definition of "infinite love, far too big for words."

As one has quaintly written:

Could I with ink the ocean fill,
  Were the whole earth of parchment made,
Were every blade of grass a quill,
  And every man a scribe by trade—
To write the love of God above
  Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
  Though spread from sky to sky.

SWEETHEART LOVE

WE have before us here an Italian shepherd and shepherdess—the most passionate of lovers—in the sweet converse of young affection—he a-wooing and she a-listening. He has left his flock on the other side of the river to take care of itself, and tied his boat to the shore; she sits pensive and forgetful of her own flock, while he pours with eloquence the story of his devotion into her ready ear.

Fundamental to every form of love in nature is love between the sexes. "Love, courtship, and marriage" is the usual way of putting it. In other words, we might call it "sweetheart love," which every man and woman who have possessed the passion understand, but may not be able to define. It began with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and after the love of God this was the first form of love known to the world. I imagine that they were the most handsome, most lovable and loving couple that ever lived. They were made expressly for each other, fashioned in all the beauty and perfection of physical manhood and womanhood, without any defects whatsoever until their fall, simply reveling in the purity and holiness of their affectional nature. Until Eve came Adam was alone in the beautiful garden, the monarch of all he surveyed, with no companionship except the animals and other forms of nature with which he communed. 'Tis a fact, he saw

Sweetheart Love.

and talked, at times, with God; but he must have felt the loneliness of his individuality—without a likeness or counterpart. God might have made another man to keep him company, but the relation of two men in perpetual companionship, however sweet, would never be satisfactory, and I will venture to say that Adam was instinctively longing for a helpmeet as the counterpart and complement of his half-made being. He saw that the birds, the fishes, and the animals had mates; and if he did not fully know and realize what he lacked in being and happiness, God knew what was best for him and the world, and soon supplied the deficiency.

I wonder how Adam felt when he woke from that deep sleep with a rib gone, finding it transformed into the most beautiful and loving woman, standing before him. He needed, perhaps, no introduction. The situation was not at all embarrassing, and was readily understood. Adam naturally saw what his soul was looking for; and Eve, though just originated and arrived upon the scene, did not have to be told what she was for. Love talked to love at first sight, as often since; and while the conversation was brief, the purpose of the hour and the occasion was as transparent as glass. They met, they kissed, they embraced—I imagine—and God united in the holy bonds of matrimony the first created pair. That was the happiest day in Adam's life, and how they spent their honeymoon, in the most felicitous delight in each other's presence and companionship, none but God could tell. It lasted, doubtless in all the perfection of unity, love, and joy, until the Devil got into the garden and sin entered the hearts of the innocent pair. From that time forth shame and sorrow flung their black pall over the marital felicity of the most blessed union that ever characterized two hearts and lives, and brought upon us all our woe.

Perhaps when beautiful Eden was lost, and Adam and Eve had to begin work for a living, they loved each other more rationally than before. Two sweet children were born to them, and though when grown up one killed the other that did not stop the business. Even the murderer got married. Nothing can stop love, courtship, and marriage. We are so born, and men and women will love and marry, even if confronted with starvation. I sometimes marry couples without any visible means of support; and the only answer to the inquiry as to the propriety of such a course is that they love each other, and can't help it. Some marry almost in rags, and afterwards live in poverty, with a house full of children; but many of the sublimest instances of love and devotion in the marriage relation are seen amid such surroundings. This sweetheart love, which results in the conjugal relation and life, is no respecter of persons or circumstances; and with rich or poor, high or low, wise or ignorant, good or bad, from the hovel to the palace, and from the king to the peasant, Cupid finds constant mischief or good to do.

The love of which we now speak is the most unphilosophic of all the sacred passion. There are few indeed who logically look before they leap into the vortex of marital relations; and even when they do, they are sometimes as much mistaken as those who blindly toy with Cupid's arrows. Love seldom stops for sober reflection. Some who love and court for years are woefully deceived, and some who never stop to think of life or character are happily mated. Some of the purest and noblest people in the world are badly matched, or incapable of great and steadfast devotion; while some of the vilest and meanest are happily mated and unalterably constant in their affection. All rules have their exceptions; nevertheless the rule holds good

in general that affinity, congeniality, and equality are essential to true and permanent love in married life.

There are men and women who are the victims of passion without thought, or who go from one object of attraction to another with such changeful ease that the last is always the best. Such people want the ballast of solid and permanent virtue essential to true and lasting love. Beware of the man and the woman who can love one person as well as another, and are ever infatuated with the last they meet. It will be so when married. True and changeless love is virtue itself, the foundation of character; and even when deceived or disappointed, it is loath to surrender the unworthy object of affection. In thousands of instances true love, especially in woman, still clings to the vilest object. The wonder and mystery of love is that, under such conditions, it can maintain its integrity and purity. Perhaps this fact led Shakespeare to say:

> Love is not love
> Which alters when it alteration finds.

True love is both a passion and a principle. Some people have the passion in greater degree than the principle; in others the principle predominates over the passion. The passion involves the affectional nature; the principle involves the intellectual and moral nature. Love that constitutes a steady and mighty flame in the heart and life is not only emotional and devoted, but is thoughtful and purposeful. It stands by its object with tenderest consideration and unshaken integrity. When the passion and the principle involved in love are well-balanced, happiness, harmony, and peace attend and bless the life and relationship of the lovers. When passion predominates over principle, love is often hot and heady, and its course may not always run smooth; when

principle predominates over passion, the course may be smooth, but the atmosphere is cooler. Occasionally it is all principle and no passion; and while true to each other, and fast in their relation, such lovers are like the snow that crowns the mountain's top. They walk and talk together more like philosophers than sweethearts, and when married they will be true as steel, and nearly as cold. With such, "love is a science rather than a sentiment;" and in such love there may be, at least, the strongest and most enduring friendship.

There may be the passion without the principle; but such love seldom or never has the foundation of virtue, and, if it is not base, it is often mad. It is here that lust or blind infatuation enters as the chief element of affection—volatile and capricious because without esteem, and dangerous and deadly because without either honor or judgment. Such love is always wild and ungovernable in pursuit, and usually dies by possession. The more it loves, the readier it is to hate its object when passion is sated. It is amazing to see often how the silly or the base can love each other unto death today, and despise each other to-morrow. Not infrequently we hear of the maddened fool, who, in jealousy or disappointment, slays mistress or lover, and then blows out his or her own brains. The cause of such an end lies only in that inordinate and impure form of love which is all of passion and none of principle. Beware of the lover who is seeking only for a woman, not a wife; for a man, not a husband. Ovid trenchantly says: "Excessive love in loathing ever ends."

There is a difference between the love of man and woman. Lamartine says, "To love in order to be loved in return is man, but to love for the sake of pure loving is the characteristic of an angel;" and this is true of woman. She is more confiding, and often risks every-

thing upon faith in her lover. "The maid that loves," says Young, "goes out to sea upon a shattered plank, and puts her trust in miracles for safety." Byron says:

> Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
> 'Tis woman's whole existence.

One has said, "Love with man is not so much a sentiment as an idea;" and it has often proved true that the man who loved a woman for her beauty or wealth ceased to love when she lost it—a thing so seldom true of woman. Love is the very life of woman—her might, her talismanic power over man—without apparent precision of rule or policy, and it is guided in her largely by instinct and intuition; man is more mechanical and mathematical in love. It has been said that "Man loves little and often, woman much and rarely;" and she not only loves more than man, but better than man. Her "love, like the lichens upon a rock, will still grow when charity can find no soil in which to nurture itself;" for "love is the study and business of her life." A woman may be false and lose her virtue, and so fall far below man in moral turpitude; man may likewise fall, but he can never descend so low, because in the atmosphere of affectional purity he has never soared so high.

Love can grow. At first, it may be but the simple chrysalis that later bursts into the beautiful butterfly. This butterfly state should develop into the solid growth of well-regulated passion and principle, learning to esteem and adore the object of devotion and to utilize and make efficacious all the elements of life and happiness. It would be a good thing if lovers could pause to study each other, in order to discover and appreciate the qualities which constitute their manhood and womanhood, before they run into husbandhood and wifehood; and not wait to learn these when it is too late. The butter-

fly state ought to end before the matrimonial state begins.

O what a thing is this young love that burns for each other in the bosom of man and woman! Who has not felt its holy thrill and ecstasy? True,

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all;

and to have loved and won is the crown of earthly happiness.

Of all the loves the human heart is capable of feeling this sweetheart love is the one we hear most about, for in song and story it has been the moving theme of countless poets and romancers ever since the birth of the literary art. More than half of the literature of the world has to do with this phase of the divine passion, and it has given existence to some of the most lovely and exalted characters the mind of man has imagined. Men and women delight to read these fictions of love, women more especially; and men of letters long since found out that

All the world loves a lover

and profited thereby.

While many of the books thus written are good and some of them are truly great, a vast number are simply base trash, distorting the life, the affection, and the character they seek to picture, besides ruining the reader's taste for the more useful and more elevating works of better types and the productions of better minds. One of the most distressing spectacles of our time is the almost insane fever with which certain classes of society greedily devour the latest love-story novel, hanging expectant upon its ending and the destiny of the hero or heroine as though they were a dear and near relative

or the fate of empires trembled upon their wedding or parting. To how much better advantage might the hours and dollars spent thus be utilized in reading God's word and preparing the mind for aiding in the spread of God's kingdom.

Ah, this sweetheart love! How often and often in later life do we turn back to it as a tender memory and go over our courtship days, recollecting each incident, each joy, each pang, each milestone on the way of our love, no matter whether it led to the altar, to the grave, or to the bitterness of blighted or misplaced affection. Is there any man or woman in the evening of life who does not often steal away from time a quiet hour to ponder over the bittersweet past, to conjure up the old days, to bring to mind how some loved face appeared in those delicious times, to remember the first kiss and to turn over all the little incidents, one by one, of the long past love or the love that still exists, truer and deeper and stronger before the lapse of years? If such persons exist, think what a sad and lonely old age theirs must be. And think, too, of the sweethearts of three-score-and-ten going back hand in hand to the days when they were sweethearts of one-and-twenty. If love was a primrose path for them then, what a veritable garden of beautiful flowers it must be when life's journey is almost done.

> Often, like echoes from a distance falling,
> Uncertain, changeful, sadly sweet and low,
> Strange voices murmur, to our hearts recalling
> The days and hopes and dreams of Long Ago.

CONJUGAL LOVE

WE come now to love in married life, supposing Cupid to have effected his purpose for weal or woe. The brightest and happiest scene upon earth is a splendid man and a lovely woman before the marriage altar—with the bridal robes of spotless white and a bunch of roses on the one hand, and the appropriate and unwrinkled outfit of black on the other. Graceful, modest womanhood links itself with noble and lofty manhood, taking each other by the right hand with a pledge of lifelong love and obligation, and passing out into the world of trial and duty under solemn sanction of nuptial union. This is the most impressive and momentous occasion in the life of two lovers. What hopes and fears, what promises and uncertainties, what visions and unrevealed prospects, hang on that hour! Buoyant and oblivious of the future, the young couple step gladly and gayly into the bark of matrimony that floats in the placid bay, and sail out toward life's untried and stormy deep. Mothers and fathers and friends perhaps have pointed out the dangers of the voyage all boundless and unseen before them, with its calms and tempests; but experience speaks in vain until that friendly monitor becomes our intimate personal acquaintance.

Sail out, gay, hopeful ones, and try the ocean for yourselves, as your mothers and fathers tried it before

Conjugal Love.

you. If your craft is strong, your sails properly set, your helm fixed, your hands steady, and your courage and faith true, there is but one storm that can wreck your ship—the storm of death; and that will part you only till you meet where the sea is all calm and where the shadow of death can never fall. You may be tossed about by afflictions and misfortunes, by temptations and trials, by privations and bereavements; but if true love ever bound your hearts together and virtue and honor clasped your hands at the sacred altar, there is no tempest upon the troubled deep of life that can wreck your vessel or keep you from the port of peace.

Every true marriage is made in heaven; and the God of the universe, "who rides upon the storm and plants his footsteps in the sea," infallibly guides every right relationship and purpose in marriage to the righteous end of this holy institution. If we start right, we are not likely to go amiss, and the end of such a beginning shall be according to the divine plan and purpose.

God instituted marriage as the first and among the holiest and most binding of all his ordinances. He united the first created pair with his own hand. The Master, at the wedding in Cana of Galilee, ratified the Father's holy institution. The Holy Spirit, through the inspiration of the apostles, declared it honorable among men. Hence it emanated directly from supreme authority, and can never pass away nor, in the mutations of society, undergo change. Having preceded all other social and civil compacts, it must ever remain the same and immutable, the law of goodness, the foundation of all true government, of social order and domestic felicity. Any interference with the institution of marriage is a vital and fundamental subversion of the divine economy, and threatens the welfare of human society. Keep this institution orderly and sacred; then all

other institutions have a substantial and immovable foundation for their maintenance and perpetuity. It is the fountain-head of all moral, social, and national life; and no nation or community can live and flourish in the prostitution of this domestic relation. Corrupt and weaken the family tie, and you break the bonds which bind the human race in every essential relation. All nations which have not kept the sacred fire burning upon the hymeneal altar are dead or dying.

God ordained marriage between two only—one man and one woman— and he ordained that they both should forsake father and mother and all else and cling to each other. All forms of bigamy or polygamy permitted or tolerated between the origin of the marriage institution and the coming of Christ were contrary to the letter and spirit of the first institution; and Christ and Christianity returned wholly to the original law of one husband and one wife. A man may have two women, but he cannot have two wives; a woman may have two men, but she cannot have two husbands. According to wedding mathematics there can be one out of two, but not out of three or a dozen. Every form of polygamy is abhorrent to the marriage state, and every form of unfaithfulness to it is treason of the deepest dye. No man can love two or more women as wives; much less can one woman love two or more men as husbands. There is something in the nature of marital love which renders it impossible of division; and you can no more love and serve two wives or two husbands than you can two masters or, at the same time, love God and Mammon. Only two souls at a time can become one in this relation; and when a man has two or more wives, or women, he attempts to divide the indivisible, which is impossible. If he loves at all, in the true sense, he will love one better than the other

or more than all the rest. So Jacob loved Rachel, and did not love Leah or the rest of his wives. A plurality of wives makes love and purity of relationship impossible. It may be said that some of the animals maintain a plurality of mates; but these animals have only an instinctive sense of relationship but have no self-conscious individuality. They follow simply their beastly instinct, according to the peculiar law of their nature; and when a man has more than one wife he becomes a beast and follows a beastly impulse, and not the law of his nature.

In the marriage relation love is the one great essential to a life of unity, happiness, and prosperity. Whatever else marriage may be, or whatever else may be secured as the end of marriage, it is not essentially marriage if it lacks the golden bond of love. It may be legally correct, orderly in its deportment, and faithful in all its outward obligations; yet if love be wanting, it is as much a hollow sham as is religion without love to God. Marriage is the beautiful type of the union between Christ, the Bridegroom, and the Church, his bride; and as he loved the Church and the Church loves him, so should husband and wife love each other. We may have business, social, political, and other relationships, more or less vital, without love; but when genuine affection is wanting, the marriage relation, which typifies the heavenly, exists only in form or fashion, not in fact. So strong and essential is this instinct with which God has guarded and perpetuated the sacred purpose of marriage that not only would no scripturally enlightened man claim that marriage is merely a civil or social institution, but even among the most benighted heathen this divine instinct is inherently recognized.

But does the absence of love invalidate marriage, either in itself, or in the sight of God, or in the sight of

the law? It does not, so far as it is merely a human or civil relation. Husbands are commanded to love their wives, and wives to obey their husbands; but whether they do or not, the formal validity of the relation remains, while the responsibility for love and obedience is a matter between them and God. Neither does God, nor should man, break up government until it gets too bad to be endured; and Christ provides for final separation between husband and wife only upon the ground of adultery, which is an overt act of infidelity and treason to the relation.

We can have no sympathy with the free love and divorce theories which would separate man and wife for want of affinity, congeniality, equality, and the like, and then seek new relationships in marriage. Lust is usually at the bottom of such theories; and whether it is or not, they are in violation of God's law, which looks to a single relationship in marriage until death or the scriptural cause separates. There may be, and are, causes of separation without final divorce; but until death or adultery intervenes, none can marry again. Any other law or theory on the subject tends only to weaken the marriage relation and to breed corruption and death in social relations.

The lesson to be learned is carefulness and wisdom on the part of those who marry. If we make our bed hard, we must lie upon it; and for the good of society in general, we must surrender our privilege of another marriage when we have made a mistake. Parties who marry ought, beforehand, to look into the matter of affinity, congeniality, equality, love, and other considerations essential to a true and happy marital relation. Look before you leap, and love before you marry. William Penn advised wisely when he said: "Never marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely."

If lovers know each other's faults and infirmities beforehand, and expect to reform each other through the power of love after marriage, let them stick to their job; or if they marry without love, in the hope of cultivating it, let them keep up the good work until accomplished. Holmes says: "It is the most momentous question a woman is ever called on to decide: whether the faults of the man she loves are beyond remedy and will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer and lift him to her own level." This philosophy from "The Autocrat" is sound from start to finish.

There is no such thing as a life of single blessedness—that is, of real blessedness either to the single or to the world. It is only the God-ordained relationship of love and duty involved in the double blessedness and purpose of marriage that benefits the world and multiplies heaven. Some people cannot marry, there are some who ought not to marry; but it is a misfortune rather than a blessing to them or to the world. Incapacity, indisposition, or disqualification for marriage is an abnormal condition, which implies unnatural, unhappy, or useless being. Sometimes health, temperament, unfavorable circumstances prevent marriage, or make it imperative that some people should not marry. By reason of physical infirmities, the great Alexander H. Stephens never married. Such men as Byron and Poe should never have taken a wife. The glorious Milton, though married twice, was incapable of happy married life, by reason of severe irregularity and haughty solitude. Surely drunkards, adulterers, thieves, liars, and the like can only give parentage to broods of vipers, through the dreadful doom of heredity. It is a great misfortune, both to themselves and to the human race, that some have married; but it is a fact that, in the purpose and providence of God, the average of married

life is based in love, and fulfills the great purpose and mission of blessing, elevating, and prospering the world.

Love best meets at the point of equality; but it is true that a man may love an inferior wife and a woman a superior husband, or *vice versa*. Married people may be dissimilar in personal cast as to blonde and brunette, as to size and height, as to temperament and disposition; but there must be that mysterious something between them called affinity, by which they are naturally attracted to each other and happiest when together. Where this affinity is, love is the best discoverer; and two souls born to love each other come together, upon this occult principle, as two pieces of metal charged with magnetism. Congeniality is that element in the nature of married life which equalizes us in similar tastes, education, culture, pleasures, and other things in which we readily agree and happily cooperate. "Birds of a feather flock together." Chickens do not mate with ducks nor wrens with jay birds. There may be marked differences between husband and wife, which love and proper treatment may overcome. Petruchio married a shrew, but he tamed her and brought her around to a state of congeniality which made Kate one of the best of wives.

The most beautiful sight in the world, perhaps, is that of an old married couple, stooped and tottering under the weight of years, wrinkled and hoary with the honors of long and virtuous life, their hearts younger than ever with love, walking arm and arm down the checkered pathway of a noble career. Several instances I have known in which they never crossed each other with an ill word. In one instance, when the aged wife died, the old husband asked God that he might go with her to heaven, and the next day he died. In another, the two having accumulated a fortune after middle life,

the wife died; then the husband said he had no use for it, as "the old woman" was gone. Around such are often many children, trained up by love in the way they should go. These are but the fragrant and beautiful flowers that wreathe and crown happy married life in old age, and fructify into the harvest of joy and gladness, which only love and fidelity can reap. The grandest lovers in the world are old married lovers, matured lovers, lifelong lovers, beyond temptation or mistake; who, from the bridal altar through a long and useful life, have honored God's first institution, illustrated its beauty and integrity, and blessed the world by their example of fidelity.

> The evening comes at last, serene and mild,
> When, after the long and vernal day of life,
> Enamored more, as more remembrance swells
> With many a proof of recollected love,
> Together down they sink in social sleep;
> Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
> To scenes of bliss where love immortal reigns.

HUSBAND'S LOVE

THE picture accompanying this chapter presents a model husband grown old and still as fond of his wife as in the honeymoon and heyday of young marital affection. He is an illustration of conjugal horticulture in the garden of the heart, where the flowers of love have grown up fair and sweet, where the plants and shrubs of manly devotion have developed with luxuriance and beauty all the days of married life. The stamp of sturdy devotion is upon his settled face as he sits beside his confiding wife at eve—placid as the scene before him of glassy lake and smiling village beside the immovable mountain—and still further expressed in the amiable face of the majestic dog that lies at his feet and reflects the character of a good and loving master.

The husband's love! Ah well, let me quote a phone conversation I had recently:

"Say, central, give me number 283, four rings. I want to call up old Bowser!"

"Hello! what's the matter?" Bowser growled back.

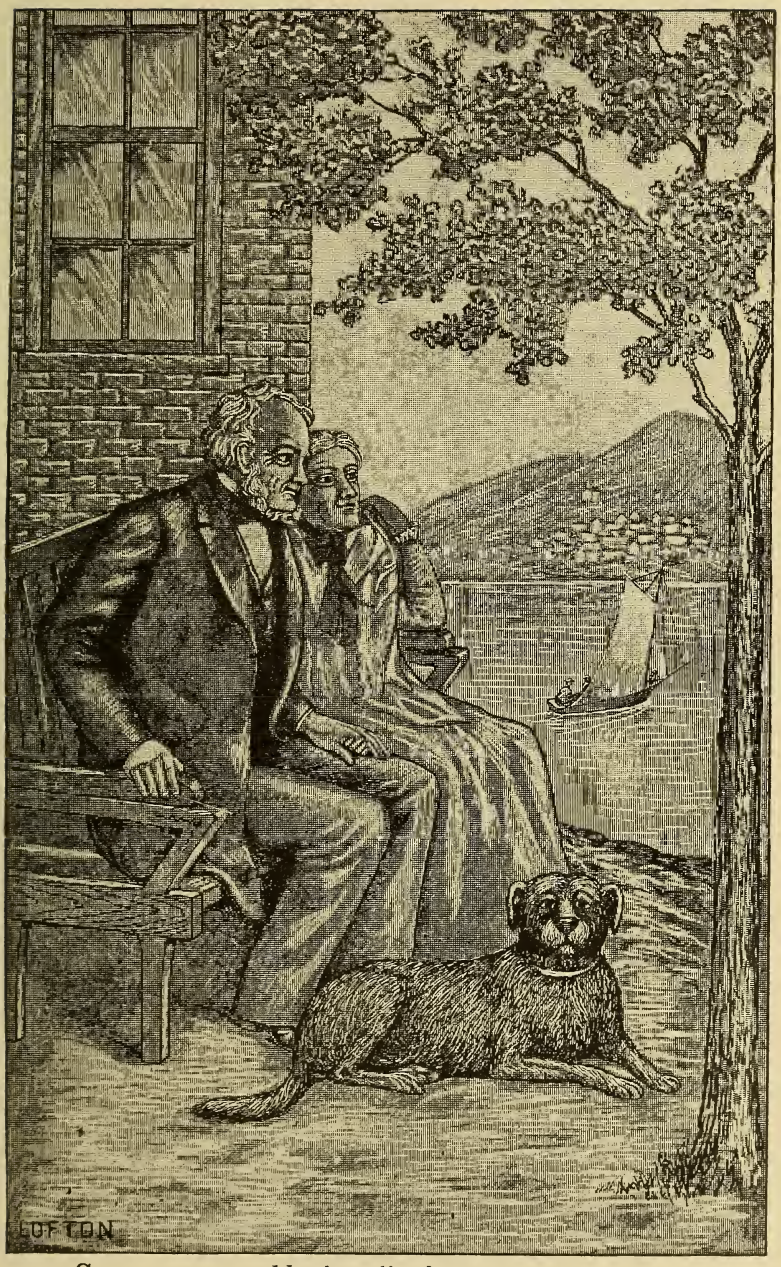
"How are you, Bowser?"

"Not well."

"Is your wife at home, and how is she?"

"She's here, but she's not well."

"Ah Bowser, I'm writing a chapter on 'Husband's



C Husband's Love.

Love,' and I should like to have your views on the subject. Are you a good and loving husband, and will you tell me your observation of the effect of a husband's love upon home life? It would be interesting and profitable to future generations to have your views and experiences upon a theme which embraces so vital a problem in domestic economy."

"Aw! I should be delighted to tell you all I know and feel on the subject; but I am just going out on business, and shan't be back till to-morrow. Ask my wife."

Bowser went out, and Mrs. Bowser came to the phone. "Mrs. Bowser, would you be so kind as to give me your experience and observation of a husband's love in all its aspects and effects relating to conjugal felicity and home life? I am writing a chapter on that theme."

"Don't ask me; ask my husband."

For different reasons, neither one could answer favorably without telling a lie, but old Bowser came back presently and asked his wife what was wanted of her over the telephone, and she told him; then he inquired of her what answer she gave, and she told him. Old Bowser swelled up as if he would burst; his face became red as blood and white as ashes by turns, the fires of fury flashed from his eyes, the thunders of wrath gathered upon his brow, as he witheringly glanced at that poor, sweet little wife that meekly waited for the usual storm to break upon her head and heart. It is a wonder that, womanlike, she had not portrayed her husband as the glory of manhood and the prince of spouses, just as he expected, but she didn't; and it was for this reason that he tore his hair, stamped the floor, foamed at the mouth, beat the air, and fulminated his thunder-

bolts of abuse until he was exhausted, then lay down on the sofa and panted like a tired-out tiger. All he lacked of exterminating his little angel was beating the life out of her; but be it said of Old Bowser that he never struck his wife, and after the subsidence of his volcanic eruptions he was sometimes a very agreeable, indulgent husband. He did not "keep his anger forever," but no one could foretell when the cloud was coming or the storm would vent its fury. It was often about the most trivial thing. A button off his coat, a slipper misplaced, the breakfast a minute late, the tea a little weak—no matter what crossed his gnarly, snarly, crooked, and ever-out-of-joint nature, he vented his wrath upon his little wife, whether she had anything to do with it or not; and though the sun occasionally shone for a little season, yet alas! she knows how fleeting are the joys of her married life—how few and intermittent.

Yet, there are worse married devils than Old Bowser. He has never been known to get drunk, beat his wife, nor beggar his children. Neither is he half so bad as that merchant prince with a magnificent home, with excellent wife and children, having every comfort and luxury of life; but who employs a procuress for the snare of girls into his lecherous clutches, and builds and furnishes homes for a dozen concubines. Yea, he sometimes holds family prayers, and belongs to the Church, gives liberally, acts nobly in public life and relations, and is highly honored for his genius, enterprise, and success, in spite of his well-known private life; but none so well knows the deep sting to connubial love and purity by the husband's immorality and infidelity as does the sad wife, and perhaps her children, whose hearts cannot be satisfied by the empty show of kind-

ness and affection, nor be charmed away from grief and a sense of shame by glittering and luxurious surroundings, nor by the popular favor of that low standard that excuses a man's lecherous villainies while it condemns and curses and banishes a woman for no greater crime and infamy.

Sometimes a wife and children seem to care nothing for the character of such a husband and father, so long as they are the subjects of fortune and the objects of respect and admiration by reason of his wealth and position; but such a state of family sentiment is but an indication of that hollow virtue and shallow love which characterize so much of the so-called *high society* (?) the price of whose respectability and pleasure is the almighty dollar and favorable circumstances. In some instances, both husband and wife are immoral, and yet they live together with much fashionable display, upon the tacit agreement of silence about their domestic frailties and follies; but such a married life as this is strictly animal and worse than beastly. There can be no true love or joy in a relation where there is no virtue nor honor; and children born of families reared under such conditions, as a rule, never rise above their parental level, and generally go first to the dogs and then to the Devil.

There are many kinds of bad husbands. One sort is the man who willingly went with his wife to church before they were married, but who ceases to go with her afterwards, and who will not go with her anywhere if he can find an excuse or invent one. He may love her, but he has a poor way of showing it. There is no end to finding, in various forms, indifferent husbands and bad ones; but it will be more profitable to point out the good ones, and show what it takes to make them good; and

we shall address ourselves to this. The good husband keeps the family together by prudence, thrift, and economy, instead of stripping and shredding it of its support and comfort by loose management and bad habits. Marriage is not merely a scheme of happiness, but it is a bond of union and service; and in the strengthening of that bond the husband is the responsible power and authority upon the family throne. A man marries for love and the happiness that comes in this relation, according to the law of nature and divine appointment; but the true husband looks also to the greater end of marriage: the rearing of a family, its culture and development in intelligence, purity, and power, which make the world habitable and tolerable through proper domestic relations.

The true husband is not only a lover but also a philosopher. He does not marry simply for a honeymoon spree—simply for the legitimate gratification of pleasure or passion—nor yet simply to better himself by companionship or material advancement. He realizes the great natural and divine obligation of rearing a family and training it for all the best interests of the world in which he lives, and for peopling the world to which he goes. In the true husband love and philosophy are combined and consummated.

The chief essential of true husbandhood is abiding love. Love in the wife alone becomes a withered and widowed flower; especially if there are no children to be loved and love in return, that flower blights and dies without fructuation. Even the husband who is true and faithful from a sense of duty cannot satisfy the cravings of a wife's heart; nor can he be a potential bond to hold, bless, and develop his family. To provide food, clothing, and education—even the added luxury

of a magnificent home—fills only a small measure of a husband's obligation. He that does not all of this, if he can, hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel; but all this is hollow mockery to a man's wife and children, if his love be wanting.

How often we hear of men who are good livers and good providers, and this is often regarded a big thing and a high compliment; but if this is all, such a husband is but little better than a daddy rooster or an old drake. "Mother goose," in her old fool gander, has vastly the advantage of the wife of such a husband. Without this interest and manifested love, the home circle has a *dead* center, and the family must revolve around it in a cold and lifeless tread.

Love in the husband—broader and more comprehensive in its reach, and more general in its practical application—is not likely to be so tender and delicate as that of the wife; but the model husband should respond to every refinement of affection, taste, and culture, and hold himself in sympathy with and appreciation of his frailer, more sensitive, and perceptive companion. Nothing but love in a man's heart, busy with great affairs in the world without, can bring him down to the proper consideration of these concerns and sentiments of married life in their minutiæ.

There are some rules of warning for the guidance of women in the choice of a husband. Avoid a fast young man without an occupation, even though rich; one fond of the theater or of fast horses or the race course; or one who speaks disrespectfully of his parents, or who does not appreciate his sister's company; and one who stands around the street corners, hotels, and drug stores, smoking cigarettes or indulging in obscenity and profanity; or who talks a great deal about cards and their

tricks; or who brags about a coming estate from his well-to-do family relations; or who dislikes the Church and profanes the Sabbath; or who talks about religion as good only for women and children; or one who, with no visible means of support, lives in idleness; or one who is dissipated, depraved, or a gambler—all this, or like timber, is not the stuff out of which true husbands are made. Young woman, be on your guard. There may be exceptional outcomes from such material, but it is dangerous to risk the experiment. The would-be husband has a good rule to go by, "Choose for a wife the daughter of a good mother;" and the same rule could be turned to good account by the would-be wife, "Choose the son of a good father." For the sake of posterity, as well as your own domestic happiness, be sure not to marry your kinsfolk—especially your first cousins.

Success and happiness in married life depend principally upon the husband and the husband's love. He it is who "pops the question," and who is responsible for going into the business. Women are not directly responsible for creating the relation. They are very shrewd to connive at it and work it out, but they cannot propose nor enter into it without being asked. It is the man who starts out upon the hunt for a wife; and if *he is found* before *he finds* somebody, or is "overtaken in the way," nevertheless he it is who must make the match. He should go into the relation honestly, purely, and in accord with the divine purpose for which it was instituted.

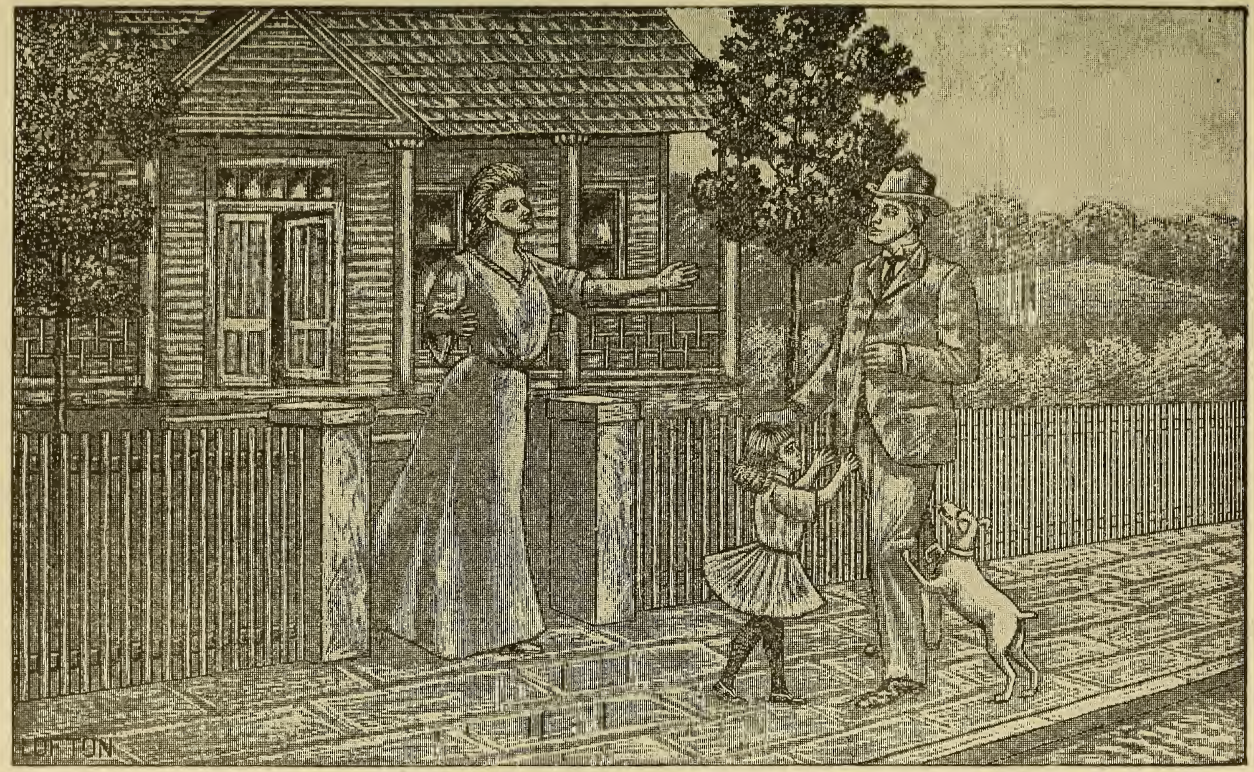
A young man came once to consult me upon the subject of marriage. He said that he had carefully studied the woman he wanted to marry, that he loved her, but that he wanted to know God's will about it. He asked

me to pray with him over the matter. We did so, consulting the divine will in such way as seemed to satisfy him. He married the young woman, and a happier man and wife I never have seen. They still are living, and have a large family of happy children, surrounded by every comfort of life. This was a case of exercising true manhood and the Christian method in making a choice. There would not be the multitudinous mismatches and divorces if every lover, before he leaps, thus would conscientiously consult his judgment, his best friends, and his God.

WIFE'S LOVE

EW things are more beautiful and affecting than the wife at the gate, at eve, when she watches and waits for the home-coming husband—weary and worn perhaps with the toil of business; and the picture is largely enhanced when to the scene are added the angelic child and pet dog that run to meet the father and master and vie with each other in expressions of fondness and affection for him. They part with a kiss in the morning, and all day long the loving wife thinks of her husband and prides in his manhood, dreams of his success, prepares for his comfort, and longs for his coming. Nothing is so sweet to her as the thought of reunion after the toilsome day is gone. Every day is a dream, intermixed with life's realities, of the husband home at night—his courageous smile, his manly voice, his vigorous manifestations of devotion and care. *The wife at the gate* tells the whole story of the wife's heart and her devotion. Such a home is almost like Heaven, where our loved ones watch and wait for us at the beautiful gate.

The love next to mother's love is that of wife; it is in fact hard to distinguish between them, since it is the wife who becomes the mother, and whose conjugal love is usually intensified by maternity. A wife without children is seldom equal to one who is also a mother;



Wife's Love.

for children constitute a new bond of affection between husband and wife, elevating both to a higher plane in the realm of sentiment; they also constitute the fleshly ligament, as that which bound together the Siamese twins—Chang and Eng—and serve to bind more closely those joined in married life.

Yes, the wife is next to mother. There is some difference, of course, between the love of wife and mother. The love of a wife, as such, and the love of a mother, as such, may have the same intensity, but they are different in nature and application. A mother's love is stamped upon her at the birth of her children, and is developed and matured through vicarious suffering, sacrifice, and sympathy for that which is literally flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone—life of her own life, and dearer to her than her own life. The love of a wife is that of inherent affinity between the sexes, enhanced by congeniality and equality and all the graces and attributes of manhood and womanhood which make husband and wife the complement and counterpart of each other.

A wife's love is often marvelous, beautiful, sublime. If true at the beginning, no sort of condition or circumstance can affect it. I have seen the drunkard who had often mistreated his wife, and finally beggared his children, still loved with a deathless devotion by an affectionate wife and followed by her to the end of his disgraceful career. I have seen the lecherous wretch who promised fidelity at the marriage altar still clung to by the faithful and loving wife; and in spite of overt infidelity, that a hundred times deserved divorce, she loved him while her heart bled out its life; and when he was dead and gone to the Devil, she would weep over his grave and plant flowers upon the sod that covered his

dishonored dust. I have seen the victim of his own dishonesty and theft tried, sentenced, and sent to the penitentiary, or the murderer hanged upon the gallows; and while all others forsook and despised, the loving wife, with their babe upon her bosom, loved him to the last. This is the average character of wifehood. Such love belongs alone to the heart and life of woman.

Too much cannot be said of the beauty and power of a wife's love. As the mother molds and makes her child, so a husband's character is often molded by his wife. There may be husbands that good wives cannot change for the better, some that bad wives cannot change for the worse, but they are exceptions. It is a rule of married life, that where wife wears the crown of love and wields its scepter, there is also a good husband as well as good children. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world;" and so of the hand of her who takes our arm and directs us to our proper sphere in life. The wise and loving wife does not dictate to her husband in matters of business or morals; but if she is wise and loving, he finds in her an almost infallible counselor and guide. With the intuition and instinct of a true wife, united with the wisdom and judgment of a true husband, it is almost impossible for man to err or stray; and it is seldom when the wife's heart and the husband's hand are put together for good that they go wrong. Shirley well says:

> A wife's a man's best piece; who, till he marries,
> Wants making up; she is the shrine to which
> Nature doth send us forth on pilgrimage:
> She was a scion taken from that tree
> Into which, if she had no second grafting,
> The world can have no fruit; she is man's
> Arithmetic, which teaches him to number
> And multiply himself into his own children;

She is a good man's paradise, and the bad's
First step to heaven; a treasure which who wants
Cannot be trusted to posterity,
Nor pay his own debts; she's a golden sentence
Writ by our Maker, which the angels may
Discourse of, only men know how to use,
And none but devils violate.

The wife can unmake, as well as make, the husband who loves her and follows the constraint of her will and affections. If she is unwise and vicious in her turn and temperament, he will be the unconscious victim of her inclinations and schemes; and with womanly charm and fascination she will wield him, if he is not made of iron, in the direction of all her whims and fancies. He may be liberally disposed, but she will dry up all his benevolence, and will either make a miser of him, if she loves money, or turn his gains into the prodigal display of her own pride. She may be a heartless devotee at the shrine of society, amusement, or fashion; and, if so, she and her daughters will keep his nose to the grindstone of exhaustive toil to provide the means for worldly show and satisfaction; while religion and benevolence will be beggars at their door, albeit they may be members of the Church and professed followers of the meek and lowly Master. There have been good husbands whose piety and devotion have been utterly bedwarfed by the worldly wife and family, so loved by the husband and the father that he became, before he was conscious of it, the victim of their pride, the tool of their fascinating despotism; and when he found himself in their fetters, he had become too weak in his affectionate slavery to free himself or to lead his loved ones back to a frugal, sensible, righteous life. Sometimes a man, strong-minded in other respects, is swayed by the most silly and frivo-

lous wife, fit only for a wax figure in a milliner's shop, or to trill and twitter in a bird cage. In matrimony, where love is often blind, there is no accounting for tastes, nor the eccentricities sometimes manifested. Samson, the strongest man, David, the best, and Solomon, the wisest, erred gravely on the question of women, and acted foolishly in the selection of wives.

> Better through life barefooted press,
> Than in a pinching shoe;
> Better no house or home possess,
> Than have a bad wife too.

Sometimes the wife is a scold, a termagant, a real she-devil in the home. She is always complaining and finding fault; and the family has to feed upon her flings and stings of temper for breakfast, her fury for dinner, and her self-wrought distress for supper. She is seldom in good humor, and when she smiles it is like a faint flash of lightning from a midnight sky. If she gets the children off to Sunday school, or goes to church on Sunday morning, she has spanked every child she has washed and dressed, and snarled and snapped at the "old man" twenty times. Unable herself to sing or pray, she may listen to the sermon, which cuts without curing her ills, and has no other effect than to make her accuse her husband of talking to the preacher about her. Such a wife sometimes has a husband of the same timber. Then comes the tug of war for Greek and Greek, but usually the husband of such a wife is a poor little weakling, and meekly submits to the domination of his termagant spouse.

Let us turn to better and sweeter things. The good and sensible wife, who loves her husband, her home, and her children, is the queen of hearts and the mistress of

all the forces by which society is knit together, and the world blessed and beautified through domestic influences and relation. A splendid wife is the pride and joy of a true husband; for she sits upon the throne of all the powers which affect the true, the beautiful, and the good, in home life and domestic associations. By touching her husband, she touches the wellspring of manhood, virtue, and honor in every calling and condition of human life; and he who has passed out from under the heart-touch of a good mother, and comes under the magic sway of a good wife, has everything favorable to his success in business and to the reaching of a high destiny in life. Luther's wife contributed largely to the success of the Reformation. Josephine was the inspiration of Napoleon in the first achievements of his ambitions; when he divorced her his "star of destiny" passed its meridian. We might multiply illustrations, but the effect for good upon the world through the influence of the wife upon the husband can never be told. Our mothers start us in life, but our wives keep us going.

The wife is mightiest in the home. The "keepers at home" are the keepers of power and the wife loses her power when she takes her husband's place or undertakes to perform his functions in public or private relations. The social, the church, the educational, some charity spheres, and some of the business spheres of life are consonant with the home sphere, but generally the public affairs of the world, intrusted by God to man, are best affected by those women who do their full duty as wife and mother, and make good men of their husbands and boys. A woman in pants is a public monstrosity, and women at the bar, in the pulpit, at the polls, on the battlefield, splitting rails, or filling professions and places of business are not only displacing men but

beggaring their sex, effeminating their husbands, enervating and vagabondizing their sons. Besides, they subject themselves to corruption and criticism, rob themselves of modesty, and destroy the very life of their domestic sweetness and power. The influence of the woman and the wife is an unseen force, like heat or electricity, sent from the secluded furnace or power house of the home to warm and electrify the world along the wires of manly integrity and activity, which should be the medium for transmitting womanly power in the proper way to help and bless the world.

If he is king in the home circle, she is queen therein, his equal in others, his superior in her own sphere. If he is the sun in the daytime of toil, struggle, and conflict, she is the fair moon that always shines in the nighttime of sorrow and care. The coronet of domestic virtues ever sits gracefully upon the brow of a good wife, sparkling with the starlike gems of purity, piety, prudence, patience, persuasion, pleasantness, and peace; and with woman's magic wand she creates the charm which holds the husband true as the needle to the pole, to the center of life in the home circle.

The ancient picture of the "model wife" drawn by Solomon (Prov. xxxi. 10-31) can never be improved upon. "Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband trusteth in her." "She doeth him good and not evil all the days of her life." "Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land."

Alas, this picture has a reverse. Women sometimes marry men they do not love, either for money, place, position in society, for the sake of marrying well, or to escape the odium of single life. They may or may not develop love subsequently; but frequently they do not,

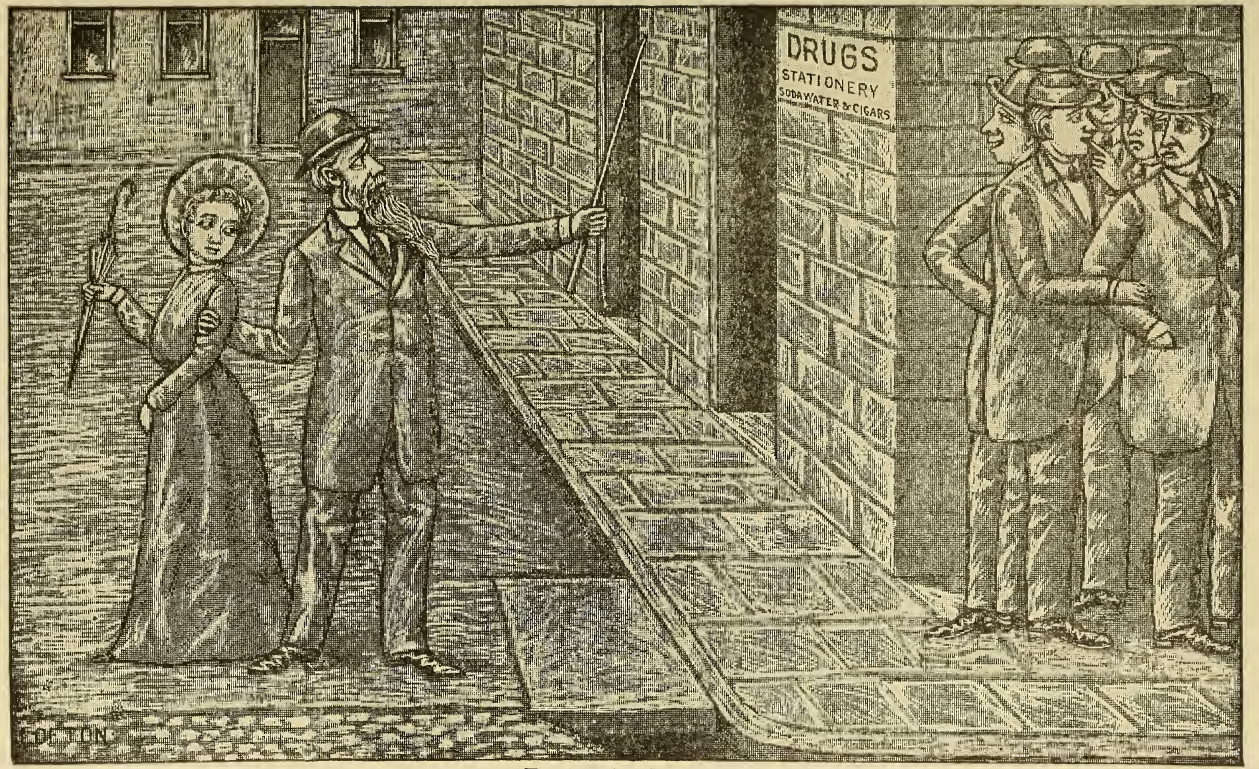
and sometimes temptations lead them astray by affinity for another, or misfortune brings unhappiness or a willingness to part, or else such mutual dislike and disgust set in as to make married life intolerable to the unloving wife and to the unloved husband. I know one such pair. The husband loves his wife madly, but she declares she does not love him and never did! Sometimes a girl marries a man to please her parents, when really she loves another; and often mismatched couples unite in matrimony, under the manipulations of some matchmaker whose folly lies in trying to do for others what they alone, under God, can do for themselves.

The saddest and most awful step in life is divorce between husband and wife. It is a fearful commentary upon unhappy marriage, and a travesty upon the happy wedding day when, apparently, two hearts, long ago plighted in love, were sealed in that world-without-end relation. It looks worse than death, though sometimes it is necessary. When such a union has been blessed, or cursed, with children, separation has all the aspect of breaking up with God, as we break up his holy institution, and deprive our little ones of the life and charm of the home circle.

FATHER'S LOVE

THE illustration for this chapter is taken from a scene in Nashville—found indeed in almost any city—where a certain class of dudes congregate on the drug-store corners to flirt with young women who happen to pass by. It is often very annoying and offensive. Perhaps but for a few loose girls who encourage these indecent wretches in their blackguard avocation there would be less of the nuisance. A young lady reported to her father the annoyance she had undergone at the hands of the corner loungers and the next morning he followed his daughter to the place indicated. The youths, unaware of his presence, ventured the usual offense; and the old gentleman, cane in hand, so belabored them with blows that they left the scene in wild confusion, and some of them with aching pates.

Not so much has been said in prose or poetry about the father and the father's love as about the mother and the mother's love. Our fathers are the original source of our offspring, as our mothers are the vicarious sufferers through whom we come into being. The father is the responsible author of our being, the authoritative protector and preserver of our life, the priest and minister held immediately accountable for all our wants of soul, mind, and body. But the mother is the guardian



Father's Love.

angel who gives us birth through suffering and develops us through sacrifice; who watches with ceaseless vigil over our cradle and feeds us with the milk of life; who leads us by the hand and first teaches us to think and feel, to walk and talk; who, in the tenderest and most sympathetic relation known to earth, gives the start, the impulse, and the inspiration to our life. The life of the mother and that of the child are one, not only by birth and blood, but by the inseparable infusion and transfusion of spirit and love; and the slightest pang or joy of the child is a deeper touch to the mother's love than even to its own heart and life. A mother's love is the genius and spirit of innate sympathy, part and parcel of her being wrought into that of her child.

Our fathers are affected toward us more upon the principle and pride of procreation and consanguinity, of kindred relationship; and a father's love for his child is next best to that of a mother, and second only to mother's love in the scale of human affection. The old cock that walks along by the side of the clucking hen and her chickens, and helps to watch and feed them, does not think of and love the little ones as much as the hen; but he is very proud of the old lady and the children, and if the hawk comes he will join her in a bloody fight against the enemy. If either of the pair runs, however, it will be the daddy rooster, not the mother hen; for she will fight a hawk to the death for her brood, while the rooster, though he may run during the battle, will make a great noise and crow loudly in triumph when the hen has won the victory. It occasionally happens that the rooster will sit on the nest while the hen takes a rest or seeks for food and water, and it has been known that a rooster, upon the death of a hen, would take the brood and care for it; but it is seldom that

the male bird, fish or animal, reaches such a high motherly instinct.

This, however, is hardly a fair illustration of the relationship and love of a father to his family. True, most fathers have but little use for the baby until it can walk and chirp like a young chicken; but he is proud and affectionate when he and mother can go walking, with the little one between them finely dressed, toddling, and chattering. He does, as a rule, love his baby from the day of its birth; but it is a troublesome thing in infancy, and he is neither qualified by nature nor disposed in heart to handle and care for it until it is somewhat able to take care of itself. Then it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever—sweet and precious enough to look at and boast of. It is not until the child has begun to grow and develop in beauty, life, and promise that most fathers begin to realize their pride, their love, and their joy, in the appreciation of their own flesh and blood. Occasionally, forced by unfortunate circumstances, to the best of his ability a father plays mother from the start; and however far he may fall short of a mother's love and ability to care for his child, he often manifests the parental instinct from infancy through childhood to the maturity of his children.

There are some fathers who show a deep touch of the motherly instinct. David was a man of just this type. Passion and devotion were quite as natural to him as life and hope. His parental anxiety and agony over the sickness and death of Bath-sheba's child is a magnificent illustration of parental love; and down to his old age, in spite of Absalom's desperate character, and repeated deceptions, David loved his boy with an overwhelming affection. There's nothing in Holy Writ so pathetic as David's loving interest and apprehension

for Absalom at the battle of the woods of Ephraim. In view of the wicked attitude and awful rebellion of that son toward his father, there is nothing in history comparable to the affectionate and soul-harrowing lament of David over the death of his boy, when in the anguish of despair he exclaimed: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee!" Here was something of the sacrificial, the substitutional, the vicarious love of a mother, in which, in all the fullness of forgiveness, the father loved his wicked boy and would have died in his stead. So of the old father who, when his son was about to be hanged for a crime, stepped before the court and begged that he might take the place of his boy. Nearly every mother on earth would make herself a vicarious offering under the same circumstances, and there are some fathers whose love reaches this depth of instinctive devotion to their flesh and blood. But many fathers have scarcely an animal love for their offspring, turn their backs upon them in vice or misfortune, disinherit them for violating their wishes, and pay more attention to the culture of dogs and horses and the accumulation of money than to the welfare of their children. Hideous monsters men have been who, in tyranny and power, have imprisoned, banished, or murdered their offspring, in the interest of their own selfish plots, aims, and ambitions.

The love of the true father, widely different from that of the mother, is also manifested in a different way from hers. He dwells not so much in the inner circle of the home and is not so much in touch with its tenderest sympathies and relationships. He cannot see, know, and feel the vital and needed wants of the family about the fireside as the mother can; and in all the affectional and moral demands of filial dependence upon the heart of the

parent, the father is generally but partially touched. He is out yonder in the great battle of life for subsistence, intently absorbed and diligently employed with his business, his profession, or, it may be, his schemes of ambition. He loves his wife and children; but he thinks of them as being fed, clothed, educated, and lifted to high place, respectability, honor, renown, according to his pride in them or his personal aspirations. He has often to forget them for the time in order to think, plan, and work for their welfare. His love is more general than special, more of principle than of passion, more rational than fervent. With gladness he meets his family in the evening, or accompanies them to church on Sunday, or goes with them to places of pleasure at odd times; but he is only partially touched by the family heart and life with which the mother is always in closest contact. The good father doing these things is doubtless all he should be, in the manifestation of family love; and while it is not of the same degree of fineness of character, nor so intensive as that of the mother, yet in the nature and condition of married life and family relationship the father's love is faithful, constant, perpetual, and fills the measure of its purpose.

In sickness, trial, or misfortune, the same peculiarity of manifestation which differentiates the love of father and mother under ordinary circumstances continues. The first shock of affliction may seemingly crush the mother, while the father stands the blow with greater fortitude; yet in the long run the mother can endure that under which the father would sink. A mother's love, under misfortune or disgrace in the home, seldom yields to despair, to the opium bottle, or to suicide; but often the stalwart and once heroic father breaks down, gives up, or ceases to feel that life is worth living. The dis-

grace or infidelity of the husband seldom breaks the tie of love which binds the wife; but let the stain be on the wife, and the husband's love is usually destroyed. Thus in relation to the family, while the father may cast out the disgraced son or daughter, the mother often clings the closer, the deeper the stain upon her child. There are no limitations to a mother's love; but there are limitations to the love of many fathers, reached by conditions which cross their pride, their hopes, or their ambition.

There is one being that a father often loves above every other upon earth—his daughter. Addison says: "Certain it is that there is no kind of affection so purely angelic as that of a father to a daughter. He beholds her both with and without regard to her sex. In love to our wives there is desire; to our sons there is ambition; but in that to our daughters there is something which there are no words to express." As Scott says:

> If there be a tear so meek
> It would not stain an angel's cheek,
> 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
> Upon a duteous daughter's head.

And Euripides ages ago said: "To a father waxing old, nothing is dearer than a daughter; sons have spirits of higher pitch, but less inclined to sweet, endearing fondness." Even where there is no deep love for wife, and no lasting affection for son, there is nothing on earth so dear to a father as his daughter, and nothing can so surely break his heart as to be disappointed in her. The last tie that bound Aaron Burr to this life or to the world that despised him was his daughter; and who can tell the deathless affection which old Cymon, put in prison to starve, must have felt for that faithful daughter who

secretly nourished and supported him with the milk from her own bosom?

Woman's brain and heart are composed of finer material, her intellections and affections blend more readily with her intuitions, and enable her to know and feel more mightily in a moment than most men by the processes of reason in a lifetime. Coarser and stronger by nature, man is more logical and vigorous in mind, less imaginative and affectionate, subject to the play of baser appetites and passions, in which woman is chiefly negative or passive. Man is more the animal; woman, more the angel! It would not do for man to be effeminate even in love; and yet his love ought to be marked by that ardor which characterizes everything else manly in his nature. There is nothing greater than that lofty love which makes the noble husband and father, and which enshrines and shields the tender love of mother and children about the sacred altar of home.

The father is a pattern to his family. His boys, at least, are almost certain to follow his example, good or bad. A mother's love may keep her girls, may sometimes affect her sons; but, as a rule, the father's life and example will mold their character and fix their destiny for time and eternity. Sheridan Knowles had it right when he said:

> What is there like a father to a son?
> A father quick in love, wakeful in care,
> Tenacious in trust, proof in experience,
> Severe in honor, perfect in example,
> Stamped with authority.

Finally, no one except the mother needs so much to be a true lover as the father of a family. He needs a love that holds every interest, temporal and eternal, of

his loved ones dearer to his heart than his own life. Conscious of his accountability to God for the gift of his children, he should look the responsibility squarely in the face, knowing the greatest blessing or curse to a father, in the day of judgment, will depend upon his treatment and training of the family. Nothing can meet this responsibility but love—that fatherly affection which prizes above all things else the body, mind, and soul of those intrusted to his care.

MOTHER'S LOVE

AFTER all we have said about home and love in the home, the chief attraction of that sacred spot is the mother. The principal element in the happiness and joy of the home is the mother's love. There may be but little fire in the grate, no carpet on the floor, no picture on the wall, no curtains to the windows, no instrument of music, few books, few of the comforts of life, and the table may have no luxuries; but in the cold wintry world a good mother's tender love and pious care, her sacrificial devotion and watchful interest, kindle the grate, carpet the floor, beautify the walls, shade the windows, attune the air, nourish the mind and heart, administer consolation, and make appetent and wholesome the most frugal board. How often it has been sung: "What is home without a mother?" Wisely and well it has been said:

> Better than gold is a peaceful home,
> Where all the fireside charities come;
> The shrine of love and the heaven of life,
> Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife
> However humble the home may be,
> Or tried with sorrows by heaven's decree,
> The blessings that never were bought or sold,
> That center there, are better than gold.

Mother's Love.

There are not descriptive terms enough in the language to define the word "mother." It is the next word to God. However illimitable the distance between God and the best of the universe, a mother's love is the brightest shadow of the infinite affection that beams from the heart of God. "If there be aught," says a beautiful author, "surpassing human deed or word or thought, it is a mother's love;" and what is true of a mother's love must be true of the mother herself. A woman never becomes herself—truly—until she becomes a mother. She possesses all the latent elements of motherhood, for she is woman, the best of God's creatures when truly woman; but it is when she gives birth and training, through pain and patience, to the flesh of her flesh that she develops those inherent elements of womanhood which make the sum total of all that can be found purest and best in human nature. As daughter, sister, wife, she surpasses all else that the fair hand of creation has fashioned; but when she becomes mother, her womanly excellence becomes a vicarious touch of the divine. There are some indifferent or bad mothers, but they are unnatural, or the fault of environment or heredity, and are the rarest exceptions known to all rules. Even the irreligious mother is, by nature, the highest type and deepest impersonation of excellence in virtue, love, and sacrifice, but the "mother in Israel" is next to God and heaven. Even Jesus Christ had a mother; thus the highest compliment ever paid to mortals was when Divinity condescended to incarnation through the Virgin Mary.

We have spoken of what love, courtship, marriage, and home have done for the world; but all this good and glory are incidental to that of the mother and the mother's love. Her heart and life are the center in which

all their beauty, excellence, and power concentrate, and the source from which their beneficent and effective forces spring into gracious and useful results. Take the mother and the mother's love out, and there would be little left. The heart of the mother is the fountain of life, virtue, goodness, and usefulness in the world; for that fountain is the source of nourishment which gives moral vitality, health, and vigor to humanity. "At first," says Beecher, "babes feed on their mother's bosom, but always on her *heart;*" and the great Napoleon affirmed, "The destiny of the child is always the work of the mother."

I shall never forget my mother. In the worst and darkest moments of my life, however far away from home, even amid the thunders of battle or pining in the hospital or wandering in forbidden paths, I ever felt that my mother's hand was upon my head, and that her prayers followed me; and amid all the relationships of life and achievements I have never ceased to realize that my mother's life, love, and counsel were the elements that mingled with my thoughts and emotions that made possible the best I am and the best I have accomplished. I never loved and appreciated that mother as I ought; but she ever loved and cared for me.

It is interesting to note that among all the sweetest and most tender relationships of life none can take the place of a mother, especially during the perilous period in which life's habits are forming. In after life the good wife becomes something of the mother to the man, and so the husband becomes something of the father to the woman; but in infancy, childhood, and growth, up to the finishing touches of young manhood and womanhood, the mother is absolutely indispensable to our heart-culture and life-development. Even up to

maturity and down to old age the mother is essential to every early recollection and to the calling up of all the past that blended our life with hers, and wrought within us our best elements of character; but our first years and the beginnings of life cannot, without great danger, be separated from the mother's bosom and the mother's smile, the mother's tender love and care, the mother's heart and life.

Washington Irving confirms the experience and observation of us all when he says: "A father may turn back on his child, or brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, and wives their husbands; but a mother's love endures through all. In good repute and bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent; still she remembers the infant smile, that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shouts of his childhood, the opening promises of his youth, and she can never be brought to think him unworthy."

At a certain great revival in Louisville, a wild and reckless young man, for whom his mother had prayed for years, was powerfully and happily converted. In giving his testimony he told of his life and shame through the wanderings of sin and debauchery. As he talked he sobbed, and so sobbed the large audience that heard him. At the close of his related experience the old mother, who, unknown to him, was in the audience, ran up with streaming eyes and clasped her son in her arms and kissed him; and as she did so she said: "Charlie, my son, you were never bad, and you never did those things of which you spoke. You are my good boy, Charlie." How like the mother, whose love "covers a multitude of

sins;" and in her love how like God, who, when we repent, forgets that we ever sinned, and casts our iniquities behind him, where he cannot see them ever again! Others may stand back and criticise; father, brother, and sister may rejoice and hope with some doubt for the future; but the old mother forgets that her boy was ever bad at all, and in her forgiving and beautiful love feels that he never will sin again. The old Spanish proverb is ever true: "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy."

It is remarkable to note the tribute of great men to their mothers, and to observe the influence of mothers in shaping the lives and destinies of great men. Washington ascribed all the glory of his life to his mother. The piety and wisdom of their mother made the Wesleys. John Randolph was called a Frenchman because he espoused the side of the French in politics; but, while he denied the charge, he said: "I should have been a French atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven.'" Sir Walter Scott took his uncommon gift in word-painting from his mother, who was a great lover of poetry and art. Lord Bacon's mother was possessed of superior mind, and of great learning and piety. The fiery energy of Napoleon was due to his mother. The mother of Robert Burns was full of ballads and songs. What is true of the good is true of the bad in genius among men. The mother of Nero was a murderess. The mother of Byron was a proud woman, hasty, violent, and unreasonable, and had no control of her temper—a disposition which her son inherited, and which enslaved and ruined him. What of such a mother as Lady Macbeth, who, in order

to screw the courage of her husband to the sticking-point in the murder of Duncan, said:

> I have given suck, and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
> I would, while it was smiling in my face,
> Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
> And dash'd the brains out, had I sworn as you
> Have done to this.

God be thanked that there have been few such mothers in the world as Lady Macbeth, or the mothers of Nero, Byron, Benedict Arnold, and others whose heredity and early training made them the hideous monsters of vice, crime, and tyranny which history shows them to have been. There is nothing out of hell so bad as a bad mother.

The secret of a mother's love lies in her unselfishness. In the language of Mrs. Sigourney: "Her first ministration to her infant is to enter, as it were, the valley of the shadow of death, and win its life in the peril of her own." Her love is similar to the love of Christ, "who died for us." Eternal life is the result of the Redeemer's travail, and the temporal life of every human being is but the price of a mother's travail—next to death, and often resulting in death. Hence, none *can* love us like Christ and our mother; and what is true at our birth is true of a mother's love all through her ministrations in every stage of our development. Her devotion is sacrificial, substitutional, unselfish—the highest and purest form in which it is possible to manifest affection. There have been some exceptional illustrations of friendship and love, in which one friend died for another; but there is scarcely any exception to the statement that the mother would at any time *die,* as she

ever lives, for her children. The mother who stripped herself of her own clothing in a snowstorm to cover her child, while with it alive in her arms she perished, is but an example of a mother's vicarious love, to which, in like cases, we could find scarcely an exception in all the world. No mother ever had anything too good for her child, and I have sometimes seen her give the last she had to the worst and most thriftless boy in the world. How often, like God's children, her child tramples upon her affections and breaks her heart, only to be loved and forgiven a thousand times; and she would go to the ends of the earth to fondle and feed the wretch that had scorned her love and dishonored her name. That was a true mother who left the front door always unlatched for the return of her wayward daughter, who, after years of shame, came back to the unlatched door and received the welcome of a love that brought her back to repentance and a virtuous life.

There must be the element of motherhood in the love of God as manifested in the Holy Spirit. I have often thought of God as father, the Son as brother, and the Holy Spirit, the Divine Comforter of us all, as mother. I have wondered if Christ, imbued with the deep experience of mother love, did not enter glory with his divinity "touched" with a mother's life, and so send us the Comforter as the representative of motherhood. That gentle, tender, dovelike Spirit, so patient and long-suffering with our sins, so wooingly persuasive and persistent, so sweetly consoling and helpful, so hard to drive away, is like a mother. The Bible reveals to us the vengeance of the Father upon the wicked; it tells us of the "wrath" of the meek and lowly Lamb upon the finally impenitent, but it cites us only to the convicting, enlightening, quickening, sanctifying, comforting power

of the Holy Ghost. The very travail of God in the birth of his children is the maternal agony of the Spirit who maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered. In the tri-personal work of the Deity in salvation, the last one to leave us is the Holy Spirit, and the only unpardonable sin, like the sin against a mother, is blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.

LOVE FOR CHILDREN

WHAT is home without a baby? Home without children is at best but a poor apology for that sacred institution, and it is of the Devil when children are prevented from blessing the marriage relation. The greatest treasure intrusted to mortals is the gift of children. There are those who love money, fame, place, or pleasure better; yea, their horses, cattle, or dogs. There are those who have no love for children at all, but they are like the man who has no music in his soul, of whom Shakespeare says:

Let no such man be trusted.

There are some married people who seem to love each other, and yet do not want children, but I have always thought that there was something wrong in the love and relationship of such people. There is some selfish or impure motive at the bottom of such marriage; for the absence of desire for children in the conjugal relation is unnatural and antipodal to the divine purpose of marriage. There must be in the nature of things some marriage relations barren of children, but one evidence of true love and right motive in this relation is the desire for children; and what God and nature have denied them in offspring of their own they sometimes endeavor to make up by adoption. I have often ad-

Love of Children.

mired this noble instinct in people who, having no children of their own, take the orphan and love it and nurture it as if it were their own. Thank God for the orphanage and the lover of orphans!

There are some married and unmarried people to whom children are a nuisance. I heard a young man in company once say: "I despise a baby!" There were young ladies present, to whom I said: "Beware of him; don't marry him." In a woman such a feeling is still more abhorrent, and yet I have known women who had no pleasure in children.

There are in the cemeteries more short graves than long ones. God loves these little ones who make up the lambs of his multitudinous fold. It is devilish to despise or ignore children; and he, she, or it that has no love for children cannot be of God or his Christ, but is of Satan, who seeks to destroy or corrupt them as fast as they are born. They who love not children nor show them patient care, especially they who prevent their being or willfully destroy them, will never see heaven, for heaven is full of children, and the child-hater would find heaven a hell, since so many children are there. We shall all be children there, and only in hell will no children be found. We take it very hard when our children die and go to God; but God, who gave them, has a right to take them and transplant them with amaranthine glory in the garden of heaven. Longfellow beautifully wrote of the death of children when he said:

> There is a Reaper whose name is Death.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
> He kissed their drooping leaves;
> It was for the Lord of Paradise
> He bound them in his sheaves.

The immortal men and women who have blessed and gladdened the earth usually have loved children, and only such will want to go where the children abide forever. One of the strongest ties that bind us to God and heaven is love for one of our children now in heaven; and nothing so breaks the ties that bind us to earth, nor makes death so sweet, as the consciousness of that faith which animated David when he said of his dead child: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." How often we say with the poet:

> Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight;
> Make me a child again just for to-night.
> Mother, come back from yon echoless shore;
> Take me again to your heart as of yore;
> Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care;
> Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
> Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
> Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Strike a child, and you strike the world and make it fight. Americans will never forget the loss of little Charlie Ross, many years ago in Philadelphia, the first case of child abduction in this country. Nothing so moves us as the sickness or ill-treatment of a little child. Riding upon a railroad train some years ago, a country husband and wife got aboard with a pretty little girl—curly-haired, rosy-cheeked, and blue-eyed. She attracted the attention of almost everybody on board, especially as she looked frightened and seemed afraid at her first experience on the cars. When the engine whistle blew and the train started with something of a jerk, she began to cry. The mother coaxed and petted, but to no purpose; and the father, vexed and angry, began to scold and slap the little cherub, only to make matters worse. This brought down a storm of indignation from

the passengers, especially the feminine portion; and you could hear from one end of the coach to the other the epithets: "Brute!" "Ruffian!" "Fool!" "Wretch!" and one of them called out "Devil!" Every uncomplimentary name of which the exquisitely sharp tongue of angry and outraged woman is capable was heaped upon the head of that rash, foolish husband and father, and so loud that he might hear it. "He ought to be killed," said one; "Put him off!" cried another; "He ought to be cowhided!" exclaimed another; and if all had been done to him which found expression in angry utterance, the man would have been rent in pieces. The contemptuous scowls, accompanied by flushed faces and flashing eyes, were sufficient to have terrified a Hercules with his club; but the idiotic father trying to force his child to silence did not hear the storm of hissing indignation until his wife became ashamed and called his attention to it. He subsided, but the sweet little girl kept on crying, until a benevolent-looking lady came and asked for the child; and, taking it to her seat, she brushed away the tears, stroked her curls, kissed her cheeks, and by some sort of soothing or assuring art got the child quieted, then to looking out of the window, then to talking, and finally to laughing. Love for children in her heart, good common sense, and tactful treatment did it all.

The great difficulty is to love bad children, and to know what to do with them; and yet, with few exceptions, nothing but love will do them any good. Some children are born worse than others, and thousands of them by heredity and environment seem impossible of reclamation. In the family, in the school, on the street, and in bad associations with one another, they often present problems in discipline, culture, and redemption hard of

solution, and problems without solution to those who do not love them. All sorts of punishments or harsh measures fail to help certain children, although it may be true that there are certain others who can be reached only by the rod, a hickory rod, and the rougher the better. But usually it is love alone, true philanthropic sympathy, that can come down to bad children, cure them of their malady, and lift them to a better life. It can be employed in the schoolroom by a sensible, loving teacher; and so in the Sunday school. It should be employed first of all in the family by sensible, loving parents; and it can be used with profit in reformatories, training schools, and workhouses, by those who attempt the reformation and elevation of the children intrusted to their care. Authority and wisdom, backed by love, can straighten up anything human, especially if they begin work early. I have known not only individual boys and girls, but whole classes of them, redeemed from the haunts of vice and taken from the alleys and gutters by a loving man or woman who went out and gathered them into the Sunday school, then brought them into the church, and later into business and proper social relations. We must go out and go down after these straying ones, bring them into a different atmosphere, and break the thrall of their environment; and when once saved from their surroundings, wisdom and practical care and *love* will do the rest.

But how are you going to have love for bad children, or get it if you do not have it? Selfishness, not philanthropy, rules the hearts of most people; and ordinarily but few of us have any love for the bad. How then are we going to get this love? Few, if any, have it naturally. It must come from God, the first source of all right love, and be cultivated by our own efforts.

Without Christianity, philanthropy is almost impossible.

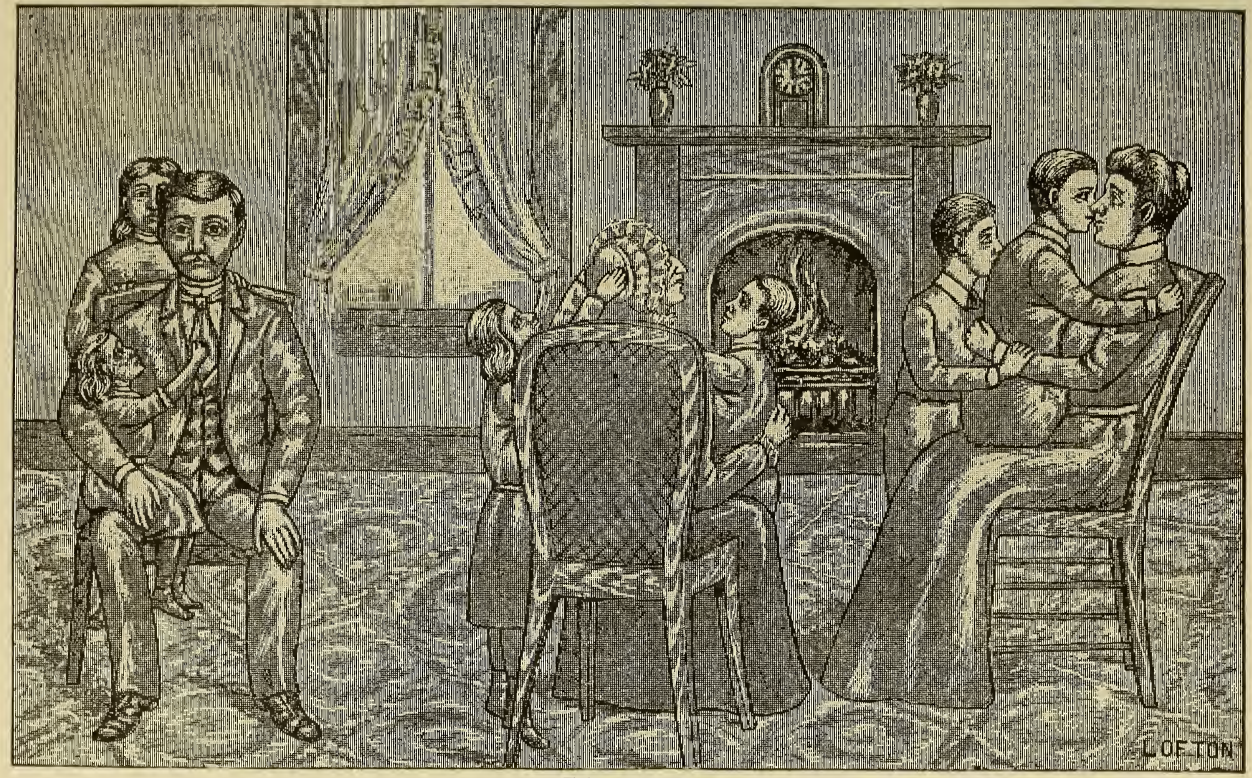
Much depends upon the start a child has in the world. The first things a child learns—the first impressions made upon its heart and mind—are the most lasting of all. To begin and grow up in the atmosphere of vicious and unloving surroundings, to know nothing of fatherly care and motherly affection, and to be accustomed to the sounds of brawls and profanity, is the lot of thousands of our children not only in the city but also in the country, and sometimes in respectable homes, as well as in hovels of poverty and ignorance. The only discipline many of them are subjected to is the cowhide or the hickory, both good when absolutely necessary and when other and better things fail; but in a bad home and with a bad parental example, the rod of authority becomes an impotent scepter. But few parents or teachers realize the sentiments of Thomson:

> Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
> To teach the young idea how to shoot,
> To pour fresh instructions o'er the mind,
> To breathe the enlivening spirit, and fix
> A generous purpose in the glowing breast.

FILIAL LOVE

HOW much a grown-up boy or girl costs is beyond computation. Food and clothing items are as nothing compared with those long years of watching and fatigue, of patient toil and ceaseless attention, of fears and prayers, of instruction and correction, of love and sacrifice spent by the parents—none can tell what the baby costs. It is from the beginning an imperious little despot. Mother, father, brother, sister, and all the kinsfolk and neighbors have to bow in homage at its feet and yield to its every demand for adoration, praise, and assistance. None dares to dispute its supremacy, superiority, or beauty over all other babies; and none thinks of complaining of the troubles and trials it imposes.

Why all this cost, and why all this attention and honor paid to the baby? Because for its size it is the greatest thing in the world. It is worth all that it costs, and due all the homage and devotion paid to it. It is God's masterpiece, and within its plastic brain and pulsing heart are all the possibilities of immortality. It is the miniature likeness of God, its infinite prototype; and within its embryonic entity lies its temporal and eternal destiny. What it may or may not be, none can tell; and what it can be and should be are quite within the grasp of parental care. Herein lies the tremendous responsibil-



Filial Love.

ity for the life of that babe, all in proportion to its inherent greatness and possibilities, dependent for development and salvation upon parental love and training. No wonder father and mother love this little godlike gift intrusted to them. They love it instinctively, as the animal loves its young; but, infinitely above instinct or intuition, reason grasps the immortal value of infancy and its possibilities. In the light of God and eternity, we love our children as God loves us. Parental love is not only natural, but it is rational and moral—yea, divine. Quite the best evidence of bestiality and total depravity in mankind is the absence from the parental heart of love for children.

Next to this the sweetest and most beautiful earthly thing is the love of children for their parents. Little puppies and little birds love their mothers from instinct. It would be strange and unnatural to find a child that did not love its mother at first from instinct, and later, when old enough to appreciate the relation of parent to child, from reason. Somehow, love for parent ends with the young animal when weaned, and it no longer recognizes its natural connection with or dependence upon its parent; but the older the child grows the deeper and more rational becomes its love for those who gave it birth and trained it for life and immortality. This is evidence of the human as distinguished from the animal; and when this evidence does not exist or continue, it proves the human to have fallen to the animal plane. The boy or girl who does not love father and mother is infinitely below a mean dog or a worthless cat, and had better not been born. A child without filial love cannot love God, nor be loved of him, for God's law of filial relation is, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and without this no child can hope to win heaven.

The finest illustration of infancy, childhood, youth, and manhood, in relation to filial affection and devotion, is Jesus, the Son of Mary. He was miraculously conceived, and yet naturally born of his mother. He was the "Babe in the Manger," the infant Redeemer, the Son of God, who came to give us a divine example of babyhood and boyhood, youth and manhood, in his love and obedience to his mother; and he naturally and humanly grew in wisdom, stature, and favor with God and man, as he yielded submission to his mother and received a mother's training. He so loved that mother as never to disobey her, nor did he ever cause her a moment of needless pain. He was so purely and perfectly developed in his human nature as to be the fit abode of God *Incarnate,* prepared in body and spirit for his divine mission. As he loved and obeyed his mother in childhood and youth, he never forgot her in manhood and death. Among his last words on the cross he said to John, "Behold thy mother;" and to his mother, "Behold thy son." Thus his *last* thought, amid the agonies and death of the cross, was of that mother to whom he gave his *first* thought in infancy and childhood. It took a human mother to make the Redeemer of the world human, to train his human nature for his mission; and it took the human love and obedience of Jesus to a human mother to give him all those human attributes and qualifications that enabled him, as God, to be touched with our infirmities, and so become our great sympathetic High Priest. Had Jesus ever failed to love and obey his mother, he would have failed to become our Redeemer. His purity and perfection as the child of Mary, combined with his divinity and power as the Son of God, enabled him in mighty conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil to come off more than conqueror. Jesus was the model child,

the model man, as well as the perfect God. What a lesson to children, the Saviour's obedience!

Every mother may be a Mary with her child, which, though not born sinless, may be so trained to love and obedience, "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," as to be early grafted by faith into the true Vine, the Tree of Life. Love and train your children, as Mary loved and trained Jesus; then they will love and follow you until they find Christ and begin to follow him. There would be few failures in rearing children if all were such mothers as Mary.

Jesus loved children with great tenderness. You remember he set a little child in the midst of his disciples as the pattern of the Christian who should enter the kingdom of God. He expressly said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for *of such* is the kingdom of God;" if parents would love and appreciate their children as Jesus did, and not forbid their access to him, the world would soon be saved. Somehow children, more easily than older folks, understand Jesus, and more readily believe, love, and obey him, especially when trained by pious parents.

How beautiful the example of Hannah, who asked God to give her a child, and when Samuel was born, she "lent" him to the Lord as long as he should live! Love did this through faith and obedience, both upon the part of the mother and the boy; and God not only accepted her gift, but made Samuel so great that none of his words ever fell to the ground; his mighty deeds and history left a lasting stamp on Israel and the world. Filial love is the fruit of parental love; and when that love is characterized by religion and piety, it bears fruit to eternal life in the destiny of our children. Should there be an exception to the rule, then the fault is not the parents';

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and if the child goes astray, they have this consolation, that the blame cannot be laid to their charge at the judgment.

The other day I saw a father and his son kiss as they met at the store, though in a public place and in the presence of others. After a purchase of some little articles father and son went out and rode off together. Then some one remarked that such a father was foolish about his children, and his children were foolish about him and each other. The mother had recently died, and the intercourse between the two children and their father seemed to me the height of real beauty and true sentiment, instead of foolishness; and I pitied those people to whom love was ridiculous. How few know anything of such love as this! and how seldom we see such manifestations of love between parents and their children! To have seen this young man so kiss his mother or his sister would not have been specially remarkable, but to see him and his father kiss was an unusual and tenderly touching incident. I know that boy. Instead of seeking companionship with his fellows about the drug-store corners or the hotels, or upon the streets at night, or in other worse places and worse company, he is at home with his father, his sister, and his books. His obedience and love are in marvelous contrast with hundreds of young people, especially young men, who would scorn to kiss their fathers, and who would kiss mother or sister but sheepishly.

One of the noblest exhibitions of manhood and womanhood is the filial affection and obedience of son and daughter toward father and mother. I know nothing else which so makes manly men and womanly women. One of the finest exemplifications of this fact is seen in a family of four boys and two girls whom I know, now

grown up to middle life, the sons and daughters of two aged parents who died a few years ago near Cincinnati, Ohio. There is not a black sheep in this flock; every one of them is well-to-do in life, a consistent member of the Church, a good citizen, honorable in every relation to society, business, and government. They loved their old father and mother, and were faithful and devoted to them to the end. A few years ago they held a family reunion, and were together for a few days at the old home where they were reared. Once, in order to bring back the days of childhood, the old folks told the sons to go out and work in the fields as of yore, and the mother put the daughters about their old-time household tasks. They all cheerfully obeyed, and went about their business as when they were children, and one of them, in telling me about it afterwards, said: "While it drew the tears, it brought back the days of youth as naught else could have done, and fastened more deeply, if possible, in our hearts the never-dying love for father and mother." What a scene of filial affection! What a lesson of life and character, formed and perpetuated under the bower of parental authority and training which under the promise of God insures them all a long life—and for practical results to the insured is the best insurance policy on earth!

The love of the daughter to parents is far more common than that of the son. There is nothing on earth more attractive than a loving, dutiful daughter; and when she is goodly, cultured, and accomplished, she is an irresistible power for good, the joy and sunshine of her home, the most graceful ornament of church and society. Though she may be a shining mark for the Devil's envy, and sometimes for the human demon's lust, yet the saving clause in the precious qualities of her precious character is her invulnerable love for her parents. Break

that "golden bowl" of filial love, and then she is left to nothing but a sense of honor, or the motive of fear, for her safety; and while these are strong incentives to female purity and high purpose, yet where love for the authors of our being—God, father, and mother—is lost, there is always danger. The power of love in a child's heart must be weakened or overcome by temptation or ill treatment before it can ever become the victim of vice and go to ruin.

Love as found in a daughter's heart and manifested in a daughter's life is not often surpassed. Many incidents are known of daughters clinging to depraved, drunken fathers when even the wife and mother had forsaken them and when their sons would not speak to them in public. The story of little Millie is perhaps familiar—the only daughter of a besotted father, who had broken the heart of his devoted wife and sent her to the grave. For weeks Millie had daily been compelled to fly from the house, thinly clad and shivering in the cold, when the beastly parent came home in his drunken debauch; but she would stand outside the door and listen and wait till he fell into slumber, and slip back to be with him. A friend found her one night asleep under the eaves, with the cold rain falling upon her frail form, and tried to take her home with him; but no, she would not leave her father.

One morning he woke up from one of his drunken stupors and saw Millie cooking his breakfast, and heard her singing a childish song. It touched his hardened heart, and for once in almost tender tones he asked: "Millie, what makes you stay with me?" "Because you are my father, and I love you." "You love me?" he murmured; *"you love me?"* and as he looked at his bloated limbs, his soiled and ragged clothes, he contin-

ued to murmur: "Love me, Millie? What makes you love me?" "Dear father," said the girl, with swimming eyes, "my mother taught me to love you; and every night she comes from heaven and stands by my bed and says: 'Millie, don't leave your father; he will get away from that rum fiend some of these days, and then how happy you will be!" So he did, and it was his daughter's love that saved him.

O, the precious children of the home—our sons and daughters! What a calamity to family life and to the world to see them unlovely and unloving to their parents and to one another! The most dangerous and deadly thing is for parents to fail in so loving and training their children that they do not love in return nor love one another. How perilous to see them loving better any other place or anybody else more than they love home or parents or each other! Preferring anywhere else but home, any company before that of father and mother, is a danger signal and should be promptly heeded. A family so bound together by instinct and interest only, with no bonds of love and affection, is a travesty upon home and the sacred relation for which that word stands.

LOVE OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

WE behold, in the accompanying illustration, the banquet of love in a group of brothers and sisters. They are seated around a table entertaining each other in conversation, and they illustrate not only the possibility but the practicability of happy and useful life promoted by charming and attractive association at home. They have no guests save the dog and the cat that wait upon their bounty, but the times should be frequent when they so associate and entertain each other. They should often play host and guest to each other, as if each were a dignitary, and thus acquire self-respect, culture, and refinement, and better fit themselves for social life.

How beautiful and endearing are all those words which have grown out of marriage and the family relation! Lover, husband and wife, father and mother, son and daughter, brother and sister—"Home, Sweet Home!" How euphonious, musical, and poetical! The very words touch the heart and set the mind upon a train of happiest reflections. They have a heavenly sound to our ears and fill our hearts with a tender pathos. How different and how much harsher are the words which express other relations, such as teacher, lawyer, doctor, politician, banker, merchant, and the like! Words usually have a sound as well as a sense meaning; and it is remarkable that words expressing sweet, pure,

Love of Brothers and Sisters.

noble, lofty, and holy things have a characteristic and beautiful orthography.

We come now to two of those words, brother and sister, among the sweetest in the family vocabulary. I have sometimes thought that it was unfortunate for a family to consist of all boys and no girls, or of all girls and no boys; and it is especially sad to see a family in which there is only one child, a boy without a girl, or a girl without a boy. Of course we cannot help this lot in life, as it is fixed by Providence. An only child has ever seemed to me unfortunate, both to the child and the parent, for the reason that the child is likely to be spoiled; and all the life, love, and anxiety centered by the parent in one child is not likely to bring so much happiness as if shared with many children who multiply ourselves and our happiness. I love to see a large family of children, not all boys nor all girls, but well divided between the sexes; and if a family has to be small, containing only two children, it seems to me that its happiest lot will consist in the two being brother and sister. Two sisters could love and cherish each other, two brothers could do the same; but the sweetest, happiest family I have ever known was that of brothers and sisters devoted each to the other. Where all the children are brothers they are likely to be selfish and unrefined, and the same is true when all are sisters; but when they are divided, there is a mutual contact of love by opposite sex in children, as in older people, which counteracts selfishness and develops respect and refinement. to be had only by this contrasted home relationship.

Opposite sex in the family, from the standpoint of relationship and love among children, is somewhat of the same nature as relationship and love in father and mother, or in lovers before they are married. Brothers

and sisters are lovers in a tenderer sense than brothers and brothers or perhaps than sisters and sisters. As a rule, those of the same sex, in any relation of life, never love each other as deeply and devotedly as the opposite sexes. I have watched brothers and brothers, sisters and sisters, and brothers and sisters pretty closely in their companionships, and while brothers will fight brothers, and sisters will quarrel with sisters—all from jealousy, selfishness, and such causes—this condition does not equally obtain between brothers and sisters. To be sure, there are brothers who do not love their sisters and mothers, and sisters who do not love their brothers and fathers; but in the average of family life, or in the majority of cases, the tie of love is very tender and sweet between brother and sister, almost as strong as any other tie in life except that between husband and wife.

Some of the sweetest and most lovely scenes of domestic life are witnessed in the affection and devotion of brother and sister. I once knew a family of three brothers and one sister. She was the idol of her brothers, who vied with each other in showing her attention and honor; and there was not a young man in all that town whom they regarded as good enough for that sister. She was equally devoted to them, sat up and waited for them to come home at night, often met them on the porch and kissed them as they came in, ministered to all their wants, as their mother did, and rejoiced or sorrowed, laughed or wept with them, as they were happy or afflicted. She would consult with them about all her little matters of social relations, her associates or engagements. The brothers likewise advised with their sister in similar matters, and it looked as if she were their sister queen in family government. She happened

to be a superior girl, and even father and mother bowed somewhat to her loving supremacy, as did Jacob of old to Joseph, but almost any other sister may be the same. You will be interested to know what became of her and her brothers. She married a splendid lawyer, a Christian gentleman who practices in a Southern city, and they now have a family of little children, the proper fruitage of happy married life, and their happiness is enhanced by her culture and former practices in her girlhood home. Two of the brothers are also happily married, and all three are prosperous, and promise well for this life and that to come.

One of the happiest and most contented couples I ever saw was an old bachelor brother and an old maid sister who kept house together. They loved each other and confided in each other with the utmost consideration and attention, and with the most marked affection. Whether or not they had been better off in life if they had married, Providence alone might answer; but I am certain that such a brother and sister would have made a good husband and a good wife if they had found their equal in marital partnership. Their life was a waste of fine marriage material; but, as brother and sister, they did the next best thing with their resources of love —they lived together and blessed each other's lives by an affection and devotion which exemplified and beautified a sweet family relation.

I have observed a good many instances of love and affection between brother and sister. One of the brightest exists in a minister's home between the two children, a son and a daughter under fifteen years of age. They are the only children, modest, polite, obedient, affable; and it is delightful. I have been a guest in this home a number of times, but I have never heard a cross word

between them, never saw a frown or evidence of displeasure from one toward the other, nor did I see that their love for each other ever had a shadow cast upon it. At church they both sit with their mother; and one of their pleasantest seasons at home is around the family altar or in the study together of their Sunday school lesson. Their lives are free from that perversion and corruption which so often touch the lives of even the best children who visit too frequently or communicate with neighboring homes.

Of course I am aware of the fact that such relationship does not exist between brother and sister in every family. There are some families where, with the cat and dog life between father and mother, there is the same between the children, even between brothers and sisters. I lived by a family once where there were two brothers and two sisters that played, quarreled, and fought almost every day. I think one of the girls had cried every day since she was born. Father and mother quarreled and sometimes fought at night, or on Sunday; and though the children all went to Sunday school, the effect was lost by their continual disagreement and their parents' bad example. And yet there was a natural, if poorly developed, love between these children; though they would quarrel and fight among themselves, yet they would fight for each other. One day I saw the youngest brother attacked and downed by another and bigger boy; an older sister ran out into the street, nearly tore that boy into shreds, and sent him howling home to his mother—bleeding at the nose and otherwise disfigured. I could not help admiring that girl's pluck, and I leave other people to judge of her discretion and propriety. Those children love each other in spite of their unfavorable surroundings and development, and as they

grow up they may, through extraneous influence and with better surroundings, become good men and women.

There are some distinguishing peculiarities between a brother's and a sister's love which I wish to notice. The brother will not cling to the sister, as will the sister to the brother, in misfortune or disgrace. His love, after all, is a man's, not a woman's; and the same peculiarities which characterize man's love in other relations belong to the brother's love for his sister. He may be passionately fond of her and ardently devoted to her, by reason of his pride in her beauty and accomplishments, her virtue and womanly character; but let her fall from this standard and he is among the first to forsake her. He may kill his sister's traducer or offender, but if that sister herself falls, his love is blighted or marred by loss of respect; and, while he may still protect and care for her, he never wants to see her again. The mother would not forsake her nor cease to love her. The father might feel some compassion for her, and take her back to his home; her sister's heart might break; but her proud brother seldom or never again can brook the presence of his fallen sister. He might excuse his brother and stand by him in vice or crime, fight for him right or wrong; but his sense of womanly honor and virtue presents in his ruined sister her image once angelic so marred and blurred as to blot it forever from his vision.

This fact is strikingly brought out in Robert Browning's fine tragedy, "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," where Earl Tresham discovers the sin of his sister Mildred with Earl Mertoun. In breaking his discovery to his sister, he appeals to her with a brother's love, saying:

> Mildred, I do believe a brother's love
> For a sole sister must exceed them all.
> For see now, only see! there's no alloy

Of earth that creeps into the perfect'st gold
Of other loves—no gratitude to claim;
You never gave her life, not even aught
That keeps life—never tended her, instructed,
Enriched her—so your love can claim no right
O'er her save pure love's claim: that's what I call
Freedom from earthliness. . . .
I think, am sure, a brother's love exceeds
All the world's love in unworldliness.

Nevertheless he slew his sister's lover, and saw her die upon his own bosom. It was the sting of pride that stabbed the honor of a thousand Treshams, whose estate and character, through many generations, had never had upon them a single stain.

A sister's love for her brother is different. Women too have much of pride, but more of tenderness; they too are animated by a sense of respect and honor, but they seldom yield to scorn, however much they grieve, under misfortune's weight or the blight of disgrace. Woman usually stands with a heroic fortitude that puts to blush criticism. I have seen the sister minister to the wants of the brother in the penitentiary, or cling to him on the gallows, or plead for his pardon; and if the culprit went home, while the world turned its back, there was the sister, loyal as the mother or wife, to receive him. I think Fry was nearly right when he said:

No love is like a sister's love,
  Unselfish, free, and pure,
A flame that, lighted from above,
  Will guide, but ne'er allure.
It knows no form of jealous fear,
  No blush of conscious guile;
Its wrongs are pardoned through a tear,
  Its hopes crowned by a smile.

Why this difference in standard for male and female honor? God makes no distinction. The difference can be explained only in the fact that woman is held up to God's standard by man, while he lowers his own to the level of his baser nature; and even women that cling to God's standard of virtue often tolerate the debasement of the same standard by man. Let woman hold man to the standard he holds for her, and the world will be pure and society safe. But whether man can be held up to it or not, it would ruin the world to lower the standard for mother, wife, or sister.

LOVE OF HOME

THE picture following this page represents the birthplace and home of John Howard Payne, with a likeness of Payne as a boy. He was the author of the immortal song, "Home, Sweet Home;" and I feel that no illustration so impresses upon our minds the sweetness and sacredness of *Home* as the reproduction of Payne's birthplace. Payne was a scholar, an editor, and the author of two famous plays, "Brutus" and "Charles the Second." He was also, during his lifetime, United States consul at Tunis. His greatest work was "Home, Sweet Home."

Perhaps there has been more of poetry, prose, and philosophy written upon the subject of home than upon any other subject in all the realm of literature. This is one place which almost everybody loves, which none ever forget, and which calls up the sweetest and most sacred recollections of life. We are ever wandering back to the scenes of our childhood, youth, young manhood and womanhood that still cluster in memory about the old home; and often in age we love to visit again and again the spot that gave us birth, where was enshrined that love and virtue, that charm and power, which shaped our life and destiny and made us man and woman.

Thirty years after I had left my childhood home, I

Home of the Author of "Home, Sweet Home."

went back to the old place, just to see it once more and drink the inspiration afresh from childhood memories that might be recalled by once familiar scenes. All seemed changed except the old house in which I was born. The hills were not so tall, the river was not so wide, the fields were not so extensive, the orchards were dead, the general topography of nature seemed diminished. At first I felt disappointed, but as I slept one night in the room where I first drew my infant breath, and where with the other children I had slept and played, my mind and heart began to revel through the scenes and events of my first years. Father and mother were dead, but there they sat and talked in the next room. Two brothers were gone, and two sisters were in a distant state, but I played and pranked with them again about the yard. The schoolhouse, the old neighbors and their children, the negroes, the animals, the summer corn, and the autumn cotton fields, the wild deer in the woods, the whistling steamboat on the river, a thousand recollections swarmed upon my memory and swept away—while I lived again the life of my childhood's home. It did my heart and life good; and it would help us all to sweeter life and happier homes if we could all occasionally thus live over again the days of our childhood. I have always enjoyed the pathetic words found in the "Old Oaken Bucket" running thus:

> How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
> When fond recollections recall them to view—
> The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
> And every loved spot which my infancy knew!

Marriage was God's first institution. It was enshrined in the home, in which not only centers all that is good and dear to those who grace the domestic sanc-

tuary, but all that is true and most helpful to organized society. In the formation of character and in molding the destinies of men, the mightiest influence is childhood's home. Here are made the scholars, heroes, statesmen, preachers, missionaries, and other great and good men who shape the affairs of time and rule the world; and that long train of valuable men and women who keep the walks of humble life and supply the vocations essential to human livelihood and progress, are all born and bred to virtue and usefulness around the family fireside. As Dr. Hamilton well says: "Even with men who have grown reckless and reprobate, and have broken all restraints, human and divine, the last cable they have been able to snap, the last anchor which has dragged, is the memory which moored them to a virtuous home." Out of the thousands who wander far away from virtue and from God, there is no telling how many are brought back by the still unbroken cord of love tied to conscience and still held in the hands of a pious parent, whose life is not forgotten and whose prayers are still heard. Some one has said: "The silent influence of a pious home is illustrated by the prodigal son. Had that home been repulsive to him, or had his father been a stern, forbidding man, that recovering thought about home would never have visited him." Family religion is like the fabulous song of the sea in the shell, to the ear of a child when far away from home and God.

Social, religious, business, political, and national life and prosperity are almost wholly dependent upon the culture and influence of our home. The family circle is the garden in which germinate public virtue and related integrity, organic purity and coöperative efficiency, commercial honor and patriotic devotion, philanthropic spirit and Christian character, lofty humanity and world-wide

fraternity, harmony, peace, and progress. The evil and destructive elements of society generally develop outside the home—seldom in it; but everything true, beautiful and good, great and valuable to the human race had there its germ. The average family circle—the great majority of homes—either positively or passively tends to the elevation of children who grace the social circle, attend our schools and colleges, constitute the membership of our churches, fill the honorable places in business and professional life, maintain good citizenship and government, and constitute the better elements and vital forces of civilization and progress. All our great men and good women trace their success and glory back to the family circle and family altar. Mrs. Sigourney says, "The strength of a nation, especially a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people."

The thing essential above all others, and at the bottom of all home existence and development, is *love*. There may be a family with a place of habitation ever so handsome, but without love it is not home; with love it matters not how lowly or humble or poor, it is "home, sweet home." The gilded palace of the rich, the buttressed castle of the strong, the splendid court of the prince, may have all the appointments which taste and luxuries can bestow for pleasure; but the absence of love will take all the warmth out of the sparkling grate, all the beauty out of the decorations, all the music out of the piano and organ, all the softness out of the downy bed, all of the gladness out of the smile and laughter and company. There may be a temporary forgetfulness in the game or the dance or the theater or the wine cup; but in the sober moment around the fireside, or at the general table, the absence of love will bring back the

somber look, the wrinkled front, or the dropping lip. There is no family life, joy, or development there; and the palace, the castle, or the court may be a gilded prison or a hell instead of a home. Husband and wife, one or both, may be saint abroad and devil at home; and the children may grow up little demons by association and influence, or rise above their surroundings by external example, or disgust with their family environment. The same may be said of the humble cot or the finer homes of middle life. The most miserable place on earth is the loveless hut, where in the absence of love are attendant the additional ills of poverty, ignorance, and vice; and many a home in better circumstances is little above those of dog and cat, with many a bark and bite and spat.

External conditions have but little to do with happiness in the home. If poverty, misfortune, or affliction comes in at the door and love goes not out at the window, then love is true and all is well, however cold the wintry blast upon their roof.

The sweetest and happiest home I know is that of a neighbor with his wife and four little boys. They are in moderate circumstances, and he is a hard-working tradesman. Their home is cozy and clean, supplied with every comfort consistent with their means; their children are well-trained, congenial, and happy with each other, as shown by their mutual courtesies. They have every attraction of books, music, toys, pictures, and apparatus for home entertainment; and twice a day they read their Bible and bow about the family altar. The children prefer the pleasure of the family fireside to bad association and playing marbles for "keeps" on the street, where the liar, the swearer, the drunkard, and the gambler are made. Loving care, consideration, and attention are

rendered each other. While the children have tempers and sometimes disagree and fall out, parental authority, with wholesome example, is applied never in haste but with gentleness and love.

One of the happiest and best-ordered homes I ever knew was that of a Christian negro and his wife who had reared a family of twelve children, eight boys and four girls, all of whom had worked together with their parents on a little farm. Some of them had married when I saw them last. Following in the footsteps of their parents, they seemed to love and respect each other very tenderly; and their home, though humble, was orderly and neat, giving evidence of some taste and sense of respectability. They were virtuous and hard-working people, and no stain had been written upon the life and character of their family. There was not a black sheep among them, though the skin of all of them was as black as the ace of spades. They grew up before the war; after emancipation they settled in their home on a farm, and to the last of my knowledge had maintained their integrity and honor. I have often thought that old "Uncle Jake" and "Aunt Sallie" were about as loving, good, and faithful a married couple as I ever knew, and they left behind them the honorable heritage of the best they could do in training up their children to the highest citizenship and greatest usefulness of which they were capable.

I have seen some homes in which love was all-powerful. I saw one such family, poor, ignorant, in distress, and requiring help; father, mother, two grown sons, two smaller boys, three grown daughters, and three girls, four dogs and two cats, all in one room. Thriftless and shiftless, they still loved and clung to each other in their despair, their helplessness, and rags; and I thought that

but for love and the attachment born of consanguinity there was nothing on earth to hold together such misery and wretchedness. They would rather have starved than separate or give up one of their number, and it would have broken their hearts to part with one of their dogs or cats. Better love with nothing else than everything else without love.

Naught can take away the sweetness and joy of home save the absence of love or the presence of vice. Sickness, sorrow, pain, and death only sanctify the purity and love of home and hallow it.

Home is the only earthly type of heaven except the Church, which is the earthly home of the family of God. It is the fortress of the marriage relation, God's first institution, the conservatory of every earthly good and the hope of heaven. The grandest pair who shall walk the golden streets and wear their fadeless crown will be the father and mother who reared the largest family to love each other and to love God—to bless the world while they lived, and people glory at last. What a meeting and a greeting that will be, when the redeemed parents who presented their children to Christ on earth shall be able to present them to the Father—the fruits of earthly life, ripe for the home above! O what a failure the loving home on earth that does not help to people the home in heaven!

And this brings me to another thought. The monuments of the family graveyard are often precious mementos of family glory, and the old home, the memento of many generations, is the heritage of lives more precious than gold. I have visited the spot where an old home once stood, and nothing but the graves were left; but the air was vital still with the sacred voices and memories of the generations that had lived and died

there, or passed out from the old roof to people and bless the world. "There," says a stranger passing by, "is where so-and-so lived and their fathers before them. They were good people and they have left a large posterity behind them, most of whom are following in their footsteps. They loved one another in life and were not parted in death." This is the epitaph of the old home now gone, as upon many which still survive; and it is the most honorable and imperishable inscription upon the memory of man of the triumph of love—the love that makes the happy and useful home.

One of the chief charms of the home circle is its happiness, the elements of which are many and peculiar to the family fireside. Here equality and confidence reign, and "Hearts are sure of each other." Here we wear no mask of guarded reserve, or suspicion, or coldness, or policy, which the world often forces us in self-defense to wear. Here we are not afflicted with the sense of ignorance, inadvertence, or awkwardness, which love corrects without ridicule or condones with charity. Here the multitude of our sins, frailties, or infirmities is chastised by a wholesome discipline, and then covered by the mantle of forgiveness; and they who are touched and exercised thereby yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness in all the beauty and sweetness of domestic culture.

LOVE OF KINSFOLK

IT is said that "blood is thicker than water," and hence by consanguinity it is natural that kinsfolk should love each other better than other people. Especially is this true when they are proud of their genealogy. Nothing is more delightful to some folks than the "family tree" upon which, from root to branch, from trunk to twig, they can trace their lineage. Whole volumes have been written to portray family history and display noble ancestry; and it is a very wholesome pride that gives incentive to honor and prestige in the life and character of descending generations. We have been taught by a humorous philosopher to be "more careful about the pedigree we go out on than the one we come in on;" but, nevertheless, there is power for good in the consciousness of family dignity through honorable ancestry. It is bad to have a good pedigree and dishonor it; but it is good to have such a pedigree and sustain it; it is a still greater thing to have a bad pedigree and make it honorable.

There is something, perhaps, in the idea of good and bad "blood." It is often the case that genealogical scions shoot amiss of their blood or pedigree; but it is a fact that families generally follow the trend of good or bad blood long running in their veins. Some people are very foolish about their blood. I saw one man who had actually gone crazy over his family pedigree; but all

Love of Kinsfolk.

the same, it is good to have something that stimulates family respect and honor, and adds to the conditions which promote the love of kindred. It does not make any difference of what kind or quality the blood is, just so it is the blood of good people, whether in the veins of the commoner or the aristocrat; and I have often been struck with the respect and admiration which very poor and illiterate people had for their family line. I would rather be a good "scrub" descendant from an honorable ancestry than to be a bad aristocratic descendant from the best blood in the world; and much of the virtue and honor by family descent and relationship is that which springs from humble life, and which is constantly recruiting the ranks of the higher circles of society and business.

Kinsfolk do not always love each other. There are grandfather and grandmother, sometimes great-grandfather and great-grandmother, still living; and there are uncles and aunts, great uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, first, second, and third cousins, and so on until kinship practically runs out. All these, whether by consanguinity or affinity, we ought to love, and the more of them we have to love, and the more we love them, the bigger and better our hearts and the happier and sweeter our lives. The same blood runs through our veins; and if blood relationship is a bond of kindred sympathy and union, we ought to cherish a specific family love for them which we feel for no others. It is a noble compliment to manhood when it can be said of one that he loves his kinsfolk to the last limit of discoverable relationship; and I never saw a man who did not love his kinsfolk that could be trusted to love anybody or anything else—not even his country. The old clan or tribal affection is the beginning of patriotism;

and it is not inconsistent or selfish in kinsfolk to be clannish or devoted to their tribal connections. I have always admired the racial enthusiast who is presented as standing at the grave of Adam, and weeping over his "paternal ancestor;" and the farther and deeper into our kindred relations we can extend our pride and love, the more love and devotion we have for our race. No man is likely to be humane and philanthropic who does not love his kinsfolk, no matter how faint the line of recognition; and I will venture the assertion that all the great preachers, teachers, missionaries, and lovers of humanity and of liberty have been great lovers of their families and kindred.

Sometimes kinsfolk fall out and fight and become the worst enemies in the world. A family row, next to a church row, engenders the most intense hatred, the widest alienations, and the deepest bitterness. The closer kin we are, in blood or religion, the more hate we seem to have for each other when we fall out. The tenderer and more delicate the relations, the wider apart when these ties are broken. It is sometimes astounding to see how kinsfolk, even Christians in the same church, can become estranged and refuse to make up and love each other. I know one church which has been divided for forty years into two factions with kinsfolk on both sides, who have not spoken to each other for years, all about some religious question not worth the attention of a lot of schoolboys. "Alas," sometimes, "for the rarity of Christian charity" in families and churches!

One of the most interesting features in the relation of kinsfolk is seen occasionally in communities where almost everybody is akin. When the sky is clear and all is peace, such a community presents the most lovable aspects of human relationship; but when the seeds of bitter-

ness and alienation are sown in such a neighborhood, they engender the fiercest warfare and unhappiness. I once knew such a community where for years all was love, unity, and harmony. Most of the people belonged to the same church, and in all their association and frequent reunions they were characterized by a common family affection and interest that seemed to make them one. Everybody was brother, sister, uncle, aunt, cousin; and nobody would ever have dreamed that a cloud could arise over that happy valley, destined to gather and vent itself in a merciless storm. At last two of the kinsfolk fell out about a goose and a pig. One of them killed the other's goose for getting into his garden several times; the other killed his neighbor's pig for the same reason, in retaliation. They met next day, shot at and wounded each other. The whole neighborhood took sides, and there were several fights. They never got over it; the feud broke up the church, scattered the community, and left desolation behind; yet most of the participants were kinsfolk and professed Christians, who once loved one another.

An amusing thing in such a community is that a stranger is often in trouble by inadvertent allusion to one of his neighbors, in the presence of a relative unknown to him. If you throw a stone in any direction, you are sure to hit somebody's kin, and it may be his kinsman is the man you are talking to. They can hit each other, but you dare not do it; and one of the best places I know in which to learn just how to control the tongue is the neighborhood of kinsfolk, who, though bad enough to be talked about by each other, yet are too good to be talked about by anybody else. They love their family *name* sometimes better than they love each other. "See here," said a friend of mine one day, "that man you

are talking about is my uncle; and while I have but little use for him myself, I can't allow you to criticise him in my presence."

Such is human nature among kinsfolk. Abraham and Lot were kinsfolk, uncle and nephew, and yet they disagreed about their flocks and pastures, and parted company. Bound together by the strongest ties of kindred and interest, away off in a foreign country and beset by dangers, they loved each other too well to fight over their property, and so well that by mutual consent they separated for each other's good—a far better thing than to remain together in strife over property or the "almighty dollar." The sublimest exhibition of love and honor among kindred was that exhibited by the lofty Abraham, who gave his nephew the option of taking either the left or the right, and he would take his leavings; and when Lot chose for himself the well-watered plain and green pastures along the Jordan valley, with the great market of the cities of the plain for his flocks, Abraham, in love and sacrifice, remained among the bleaker hills about Bethel and Hebron—anything for peace with his kinsfolk. And though Lot seems to have been actuated by selfishness in his choice of location, selecting the best for himself instead of extending the option to his uncle and his superior, yet Abraham loved his nephew, restored him and his goods when Lot was captured by the kings of Damascus, and pleaded with God for Lot's sake not to burn up Sodom and Gomorrah. This was true kinsfolk love; and Abraham, that noble and magnanimous patriarch, thus set the example for peace and fraternity among kindred by compromise. Were all kinsfolk like Abraham, there would never be an alienation, by whatever difference, among the families of all the earth.

Some of the most precious and lasting memories remain to us of our relation to kindred. That dear old aunt, sometimes the dearest of all kinsfolk, whom we used to visit when we were children, and who used to come to our homes, was often like a mother to us; and there was no sacrifice of toil or gift too good for us while she lived and blessed us with her smiles and ministrations of love. That dear old uncle that loved his sister and his sister's children, who in return loved him, used to be our model and guide in life. What he said and did was law and gospel, sometimes even beyond the counsel of father and mother; and when he came to see us, or we went to see him, we felt that affection and reverence, that confidence and respect, that made us realize that it was good to walk in his shadow. So of our old grandfathers and grandmothers, whose gray hairs and tottering steps and tremulous voices, with their sweet benedictions and loving-kindness, stamped upon our memories the image of patriarchal beauty and glory, and impressed upon our lives the dignity and honor of old age with all the greater force because related to us by kindred ties. Sacred, too, is the thought of many of our kindred dead, whose graves cluster in the old family burying ground or churchyard, whose relationship was sweet to us while they lived, whose life and character left an honorable record in the family line, and whose reputation and prominence often left an added impulse of righteous family pride.

A difficult problem sometimes occurs in the relation of "country cousins" to city society life. We love our country cousins and they love us. They always make us welcome to their country home and hospitality. Out in the country, when we go visiting, it is "cousin," "cousin," by the dozen, dozen; but when those cousins

come to the city, however welcome, they sometimes prove embarrassing to other social relationships.

Not long since, in a certain city, a great social occasion was announced to take place in a fashionable family. A complimentary invitation was sent to a country cousin's family—they were of course not expected to be present. Nevertheless, when the night came, those country cousins stepped into the midst of the magnificent festivities. Their unsophisticated rusticity was readily apparent by their dress and manners, but the country cousins made themselves at home in good old country style. "How d'ye do, Cousin Johnnie—Cousin Angie?" asked all the country kin; and so the familiar "How d'ye do?" went the rounds, as the country cousins shook hands with everybody they met. The city cousins were somewhat confounded, but they had to stand it; and while the splendid company were amused, as well as astonished, they had the good sense to accommodate themselves to the situation. "Cousin Angie," with a woman's sagacity, soon found a way to relieve the situation, and without offense to the country kin or embarrassment to her fine company all went on as merrily as a marriage bell.

We should love and treat our country cousins as they love and treat us. Especially should we honor and elevate, if possible, our poor and uncultured kin to our standard. I have always admired some people, in wealth and culture, who stuck to their poor kin, helped them in distress, educated their children, put them in places of business, entertained them in their homes, and were not ashamed to own them in company. The fop who slights his mother and sisters when in town because not up to his style and culture is an ass of the long-eared variety who ought to have his ears cut off.

One of the most beautiful instances of love to kinsfolk

in poverty and distress is that of Ruth and Naomi. The immortal words of Ruth to her mother-in-law,

> Entreat me not to leave thee,
> Or return from following after thee,

will glow upon the pages of pastoral literature forever. Such love not only meets the admiration of man but the reward of God; and she who forsook her home, her country, and her gods to follow and help her poor mother-in-law not only became the wife of Boaz and the grandmother of David but became a distinguished link in the ancestral line of Jesus Christ.

LOVE OF MASTER AND SERVANTS

OUR illustration for this phase of love shows the happy relation between the old-time master and the slave in the days "before the war." They are shaking hands as the master meets Ike and Tildy in the cabin yard where the chickens are basking in the sun, young Jim is eating a watermelon, and old daddy Joe is sitting by the door. Out in the cotton patch Ann and Henry are picking the fleecy bolls, and beyond old Jake drives an ox cart. This is only a part of the "old plantation" where often all were happy and contented, where the "old cabin home" was the subject of many a poetic song, where the negro spent the halcyon nights of yore fiddling, dancing, and telling his tales of ghostly wonder, and where chorus and laughter made the welkin ring. Not every master was so cordial and familiar with his slaves, but there were thousands who filled the representation in the picture.

It may be that we shall, after a while, have no use for carriage drivers; and it is possible that cooks, porters, house servants, waiters, and the like will have their places taken by some electrical apparatus, which, by the touch of a button, will wash our clothes, make up our beds, cook our food, set our tables, sweep our floors, brush our windows, put on and take off our garments,

Love of Master and Servants.

put us to bed and get us up in the morning—in short, do everything for us so to minimize the servant's calling that it will be practically abolished. However, the rich and the fashionable will never do without servants until this takes place; and even then they may desire some one to touch the button. Such a state of scientific civilization would require that all should have money enough to buy the apparatus, and that there should be no poor people; but this Utopian dream never will be fulfilled until we get to heaven, where slavery will be unknown, but where service will be the universal condition of life and joy. There will be full equality in heaven. There we all shall be peers. They only who surpass in service shall be greatest.

In the present state of things, however, there will always be some form of servitude or service which one human being inferior to another in ability and condition will have to render to his superior. Some one said, "It is a common law of nature, which no time will ever change, that superiors shall rule their inferiors;" and Byron said: "The many still must labor for the few. It is nature's doom." We read of no slave or servant before the flood, but there may have been such; and since that period in every age and country, the superior has risen above the inferior, wealth has dominated poverty, and learning ignorance; the weaker and the poorer have been the slave and the servant. Japheth has always dwelt in the tents of Shem, and Canaan has been his servant. Babylonian, Egyptian, Hindoo, Greek, Roman, Jewish, and all the history of all the nations of the earth, is full of the servitude of the slave and the service of the servants. At the time of Alexander Athens had a population of 18,000 freemen and 400,000 slaves. It is only in very recent times that slavery has been tech-

nically abolished, while the service of the servant, which is often as much as ever it was real slavery, still abides. In some form the master is still on top, while the servant is at the bottom. The tyranny, the cruelty, and the villainy perpetrated upon the slave and the servant by emperors, kings, nobles, aristocrats, and snobs, by masters of every degree, in the history of this world would fill one of the blackest volumes ever written by the pen of any of mankind. Throughout the brutal rule of unrighteous masters, servitude has been the sum of all villainies. In spite of all the laws of civilized nations regarding the relation between master and servant, the relation has been hardest to regulate and its abuse has been hardest to punish. The Roman master reached the point where he could kill his slave in order to wash his feet in his blood after a hard day's hunt; and poor slaves and servants in almost every age have been the victims of treatment far worse than that of animals.

In the Bible we find the relation of master and slave, or master and servant, regulated by the word of God, and so far as slavery is concerned, abolished by the spirit, if not by the letter, of the gospel. There was the "bond servant" and the "hired servant;" and whether bond or free in service, the apostle Paul lays down the beautiful rule to be observed by both master and servant, as follows: "Servants, be obedient unto them that according to the flesh are your masters, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not in the way of eye service, as men pleasers, but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as unto the Lord, and not unto men: knowing that whatsoever good thing each one doeth, the same shall he receive again from the Lord, whether he be bond or free. And, ye masters, do

the same things unto them, and forbear threatening: knowing that both their Master and yours is in heaven, and there is no respect of persons with him." The apostle is addressing, of course, Christian masters and Christian servants; and out of all this beautifully put law of relationship and duty between the two, we can clearly infer that love—love to God and slave, love to God and master—was absolutely essential to the execution of the mutual obligation. The service of the servant to his master must be as unto God, with the spiritual reward to his conscientious discharge of duty; and the treatment of the master to his servant must be as unto God, with the promise of spiritual reward to his conscientious discharge of duty. There is no difference between master and servant with our Master who is in heaven; and without an eye single to God and without a desire merely to please or be pleased, neither master nor servant can fulfill the divine law which regulates and promises to bless the relation between them. Hence no man can be a true master and no man can be a true servant unless he is a Christian, and in love trying to fulfill this law of relationship with its promises.

I have been struck with the example of the centurion who came to Christ in order to have a favorite servant healed, one whom he evidently *loved*. Christ would have gone to his house to perform the miracle, but the centurion, while he believed in Christ and his power to heal, objected that he was not worthy of such honor as the Master's visit, and asked him only to speak the word, and it was done as he asked and the servant was healed. Here was a model master with a model faith, and we may be sure a model servant. It was not a matter of dollars and cents, else faith had cut no figure and the healing had never been performed. It was the love for

a slave, found in a faithful master's heart to whose faith Christ paid the highest of compliments.

One of the finest illustrations of loving regard and treatment to a slave, one who had run away from his master, is found in Paul's letter to Philemon regarding Onesimus, who was converted under Paul's ministry in Rome and ministered, like a faithful servant, to the necessities of the apostle also in bonds. He wrote to Philemon to forgive Onesimus and receive him as a brother, and no longer a servant or slave; and the apostle agrees that if Onesimus had wronged the master by absence from service, and owed him anything, he himself would repay it. Paul evidently meant that Philemon should let him go free; and having lost him as a slave and a servant "for a season," that he should have him back forever—"no longer as a servant, but more than a servant, a brother beloved." This is the spirit of the gospel that makes the slave our brother by conversion, and in setting him free from the shackles of sin he ought to be free from the bonds of his master. This is the spirit of love—love that could make happy and profitable the relation between master and slave; and then, rising above and going beyond that relationship, could say to the master: "Let your brother go free, then hire him if you like for your servant and still treat him as your brother under God."

I used to see something of this spirit when I was a boy, before the Civil War, where the relation of master and slave existed. Some of the happiest people I ever saw were slaves under good Christian masters who housed, fed, clothed, and treated them upon the principle of relationship laid down by Paul. Many of those slaves were Christians, pure, virtuous, honest, who went singing their songs all the day, and who went to church on

Sunday; and I knew some of the old negro fathers who had their family altars and worship, or who went to the master's parlor and worshiped with the white family. They loved each other with a tender sympathy, and, as far as the relation went, sought each other's interest. I have often heard my mother and Aunt Betsy, my old "black mammy," talk about Jesus, and seen them shed tears together. That old black woman still lives, nearly eighty years old, and I never meet her that she does not put her arms around my neck, kiss, and weep over me like a child. I have seen my mother minister and weep over the negro children, badly hurt or sick; and I have often thought she felt toward them next to her own children. The negro boys were my best friends, those with whom I grew up, and I never go to Atlanta and fail to visit the capitol building where "Henry" plays the part of porter, and who, when he sees me, greets me as the best friend he has in the world. So of the other boys, now grown old, when and where I meet them. The whole secret of all this lies in the fact that love ruled the former relation of master and slave, and made us, though one was black and the other white, friends while we live.

All this was not true in every case, perhaps not in a majority of cases; and mean masters not only made mean slaves and servants, but brought slavery into a state of inhumanity and odium in many places. Large plantations with great numbers of slaves, run by brutal overseers and watched by "patrollers," never came under the rule of a Christian master; and fear, hatred, eye service and the spirit of revenge and insubordination lurked beneath the sullen submission of thousands who had no heart in their toil and no love for their master. In spite of all this, however, there was the general good will and the spirit of love which prevailed in the ranks of

slavery in the South toward the white people, down to the close of the war, 1861-65; and there is not another such exemplification of the fact in all the history of the world as seen in the devotion of the negroes to their white people, especially the women and the children, during that period, who were left helpless in their hands, while their masters were on the battlefield striving to keep them in servitude. We owe the debt of love and gratitude to those negroes, who, in the relation of master and slave, under the most trying and tempting conditions, remained faithful to their owners until emancipated by the law of the nation. I love those old negroes next to a Confederate veteran, and I never meet one that does not show that he loves me. And if we would but give them a better chance, they would still be our loyal friends and generally maintain their proper relations.

By all this I do not mean to advocate slavery. It was a curse in its best relationship of master and slave, to the white people themselves; and in the mass it was a curse to the negro, made so largely by the slavery agitation that drove the master to watchful scrutiny and severity in order to protect the institution. I am glad that slavery has been abolished, for the good of my country, especially the South, and for the good of Southern society, which, while it depended upon slavery, lost in the slough of luxury and ease the progressive spirit and enterprise which now characterize the "New South," animated by a new impulse and clad in new armor for the great battle of her own emancipation and elevation, which she is rapidly achieving. We no longer have the negro for a slave; but we have him as a citizen, a laborer, and largely as a servant; and with him we get along in these relations about as well as any other people in like relations. We love him better than any other peo-

ple love him in the world, notwithstanding all the misrepresentation of false sentiment by designing demagogue and politician; and, if the negro but knew it, he loves us better than he loves any other people in the world. We are his best friends, occasional lynching for certain reasons to the contrary notwithstanding.

There are forms of human servitude worse than slavery—*much* worse than the average negro slavery in the old South. Millions of poor girls working for a pittance in stores, shops, offices, and factories, particularly in the North, are subjected to ill treatment and temptations which are, because of general prevalence, worse for womanhood and worse for the economic and moral interests of our country than any of the evils of ante-bellum slavery. On a recent visit to New York I went through one of the great department stores of that city. In conversation with a lady, at the head of one of the departments, I learned about the salaries paid to the girls employed; they were too small to support them, and the lady complacently informed me that many of them were so poorly paid that they *"had to go astray"* in order to live and possibly support a dependent mother and little children. This, in my opinion, is worse than any form of slavery this or any other country has ever known.

Another piece of slavery and servitude in this country is the compulsion of men and women to work at night and on Sunday. The railroad, the street car, the Sunday park restaurant, some of our stores and factories, some places of amusement, rob the laborer of his Sunday rest, worship, and family relations; and whether it is hard and unremunerative toil or not, it is a specious tyranny enacted by law, over our time, our religion, our family duties, our divinely ordained recreation, our social relations, our individual culture, over every legiti-

mate interest of body, mind, and soul, dependent upon God's gracious gift of our nights for sleep and of the Sabbath for rest. You say this is a free country, and men and women can work or not, but this is a mistake. In this age of machinery and monopoly, men and women must have employment at a specific trade, labor, or business; and they are as much *forced to terms,* in laboring at night and on Sundays, as if they were arrested and put in the chain gang to work on the streets. It is compulsory servitude, without love in the master and without love in the slave; and much of the demoralization, disease, irreligion, infidelity, and general looseness of our life arises from this form of *practically compulsive labor.*

The very existence of class monopoly and millionaire preponderance of the few over the many is an evidence of servitude upon the part of the servant and the laborer, who make the monopolist and the millionaire what they are. "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent," says the Lord; and they who get so "big rich" in so short a time must wring their millions out of the servitude of the masses, as much as did the Pharaohs who built the pyramids and storehouses of Egypt out of the galling slavery of the Hebrews. The masters of this country are the millionaires and the monopolists, and the laborers, the tradesmen, the farmers, the small merchant, the toiling girls and women whose labor makes for them their millions are the servants—compelled to work for what they get, or tramp or starve. Talk to their masters about the Ten Commandments or the golden rule, and they tell you that ethics and religion have no more application to the business method of monopoly than they do to politics; and, as a rule, they have no more Christian love for their employees, who are in fact if not in name their

servants or slaves, than they have for the Devil; and *vice versa*. To be sure, some of these monopolist masters are Christians and give large sums to colleges, libraries, asylums, homes, and other educational or eleemosynary institutions; but it is poor charity which gives even millions—so earned. About the only way such wealth ever gets back to the people who created it by their toil and servitude is by the death of the monopolist and the dissipation of his worthless children. It is a blessed thing that some of the monopolistic or millionaire masters do not live to be as old as Methuselah. If they did, they would own the world and turn it over to a syndicate to operate as they now do railroads, coal oil, and the tin plate factories.

LOVE OF ANIMALS

SOME years ago I visited old Brother Brandon, a Baptist preacher, who lives near Christiana, Tenn., and who cultivates a large farm and owns a considerable number of stock. One morning he asked me to go with him to his pasture and see him salt his cattle. When we arrived in the middle of the field he gave a peculiar call, and to my astonishment there came running from every quarter horses, mules, cows, hogs, sheep, goats, and every other animal known to the farm, all gathering about the old master in the most gleeful and frolicsome way. He loved them, and salted them, and they seemed to love and appreciate him, and to have no antipathy for each other. My picture is somewhat exaggerated in the race of the animals for the master; but the scene at the time forcefully struck me as an illustration of love and kindness for animals, and their affection for those who treat them mercifully. In the chapter to which this picture belongs there are other illustrations of a more specific nature; but this is an illustration of congregational affection for and by different animals.

The last thing in the line of domestic life and relationship is the animal that comes within the pale of our use and care. The old home is not complete without its complement of dogs, cats, cows, horses, sheep, goats; its

Love of Animals.

chickens, geese, turkeys, guinea fowls, peacocks, ducks; its birds, deer, rabbits, and other animals captured and tamed for the purpose. Man is an animal himself, a religious animal of superior order, and he has a great affinity for animals of the lower order. Sometimes, according to his peculiar taste or fancy, he cultivates alligators, snakes, tarantulas, bugs, and other species of the reptile and insect world; and it is often wonderful to behold the charm which the most dangerous and hideous species of the animal kingdom have for some people. The fish of the sea and of the streams also come in for a share of our affection and care; and in many of our homes their golden or silver sides flash in beautiful aquariums made for their comfort and preservation. It would be hard to find an animal, reptile, or insect, that some man has not taken a special fancy for; and, as we all know, the naturalist is a loving enthusiast over almost every form of animal creation. In accord with the popular sentiment created by the love of animals laws have been enacted, altogether prohibiting the destruction of some species, or at special times protecting others for game and sport. Our zoölogical gardens contain many species of animal, bird, fish, reptile, and insect, for the study and pleasure of those interested in the animal creation. The animal occupies a large place in the interest, happiness, and affection of most people; and the naturalist, the poet, the artist, the humanitarian, and the legislator for the information and delight of civilized man have devoted volumes to the study and protection of the brute.

The animal in some form of beast, bird, or reptile, real or fabulous, appears in the heraldic designs of nearly all the nations of earth. The British lion, the unicorn of Scotland, the red dragon of Wales, the Russian bear,

the eagles of France and other countries, our own proud bird of liberty, indicate the impress of animal peculiarities and life upon national genius and character. It is a fact that man embraces in his own nature almost every trait of the animal, which demonstrates his analogy to, if not his evolution from, the brute creation. How significant is the spirit of the lion, the tiger, the wolf, the fox, the hog, as their animal characteristics appear in human life! We speak of the lion-hearted Richard, the eagle-spirited Elijah, the dovelike John, the lamblike Redeemer; and not only in national emblem and individual character do animal traits find their likeness, but the Bible represents the divine attributes in their symbolization of wisdom, power, patience, and swiftness, respectively set forth in the composite form of a living creature, with the head of a lion, the head of an ox, the head of an eagle, with that of a man, all having wings.

What a prolific theme is the animal in the Bible! Herod was called a "fox," and the devil is represented as the "serpent" and the "dragon." David tells of the little swallows that made their nests about the altars of the tabernacle, of the fleet hind on the mountain, of the bulls of Bashan; and he designates the mighty wicked by the figures of the lion, the bear, and the dog. "Beware of dogs," is the language of the Saviour, who also says: "Cast not your pearls before swine," and "give not that which is holy unto dogs." God makes a special law, in his rainbow covenant with Noah, for the protection of animal, as of human, life; and he requires no more the life of every man at our hands than he does the life of every animal. The master is to care for the ox that lows for food; and even upon the Sabbath day he is to pull him out of the ditch. Some animals are for service, some for food, some for show, and all of

them are God's creatures, put here for his purpose and for our good. He observes the sparrow's fall, he clothes the sheep of the field, he hears the young raven's cry. The same providential affection and care which God shows to his animal creatures, he demands of us; and one of the greatest sins against God is man's abuse of animals. When we stand before the judgment God will call us to account for every neglect or ill treatment of the animal. He cites to us sometimes the wisdom and providence of the animal, such as that of the "stork" and the "little conies;" and, if for no other purpose, it seems that many animals are given us for their charms of beauty or for their lessons of instinct.

One of the best evidences of humanity and religion is man's love for animals; and if there is a civilized human being neglectful to any degree of such love, he ought by all means to read that little volume entitled "Black Beauty," which is simply the biography of a horse that had been both well and badly treated, and knew how to instruct us by means of "horse sense," on the subject of animal culture. The greatest and most useful animal in the service of man is the horse, whether for peace or war, for profit or pleasure, for utility or sport; and for the combination of good sense and qualities akin to man, perhaps no animal is superior to the horse. The man that owns and uses a good horse and does not love him does not properly love himself; and the man who will starve or overwork such a horse is fit only for the penitentiary. The horse is susceptible of great friendship and devotedness for the master that understands, loves, and properly cares for him; and the man whose horse is an enemy to him has no true friend among men. Some people take good care of their horses, as a matter of profit or policy, who have no particular love for them;

but if he is indifferent in love for his horses, he is indifferent in that affection toward his fellows, and so of his fellows toward him. The Pennsylvania Dutchman, from whom Lee's cavalry took a fine horse, went weeping and begging for the restoration of the animal. He said that he loved it better than he did his own wife and children; but evidently the value of his horse was a matter of property only. Really he loved the horse no more than he loved his family; and it is likely, as he loved neither, so neither horse nor family loved him. The most stringent laws in many States and countries have been passed, through the efforts of humane societies, to prevent and punish cruelty to animals, especially to horses; and if there is a man that deserves the scorn of his fellows and the punishment of his government, it is the loveless and cruel wretch who abuses the good horse he owns, because it cannot defend itself.

So of the dog, the only unselfish friend that never proves treacherous or unfaithful. Whether rich or poor, prince or peasant, the dog stands by his master, defends him in trouble, and will kiss the hand that smites him, or that is too poor to give him bread. His love is as constant as the needle to the pole; and he would lie down by his friendless master, guard him in starvation, and starve with him. Often he will lie by the grave where his master is buried, faithful even unto death. The dog, by association and culture, has attained many of the traits and much of the intelligence of man; and of whatever breed or species, he is among the most useful creatures, as well as the best companion of man. He manifests an anxiety to serve his master, and about the home he seems to understand that he is its guardian and protector. He never sleeps too soundly for the enemy's approach, and at all times he is ready

for the master's bidding. He will work as faithfully to the cart as will the horse or the ox, and when at rest he will lie by the vehicle he draws and defend it from the approach of all intruders.

Never marry a man who does not love a dog, nor a woman that hates a cat. Of course there are too many dogs, and there are vicious and sheep-killing dogs that ought to be killed as well as legislated against; but the man who would illtreat his good dog, one of the best friends he has in the world, would be mean to his wife and children and betray his human friends. He is meaner than a dog, and to call some men a dog is a slander upon the canine family. At the present time the dog has developed almost into an educated gentleman, and can boast of an aristocratic pedigree among many of his species; and often he is among the finest performers in the shows, the proudest protégé of many of the best families, and rides out with the ladies in the finest carriages! The great love and favor bestowed upon the dog is one of the signs of the times, if not an evidence of civilization; and one of our household songs is entitled, "Old Dog Tray," of whom the author says:

> Old Dog Tray is ever faithful,
> He is gentle and he's kind;
> A better, better friend you'll never, never find
> Than Old Dog Tray.

What may be said of our love for horses and dogs may be said of other animals. The pastoral spirit loves the sheep of the field; and perhaps there was never greater affection felt or shown by any being than by the shepherd for his sheep, or by the sheep for the shepherd, so beautifully portrayed in the poetry and song of every age and country, and so significantly set forth in some of the parables of Christ, who called himself the "Good Shep-

herd," and Christians the "sheep" of his pasture. David never sang sweeter than when he said:

> The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want;
> He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
> He leadeth me beside the still waters.

The beautiful strain is taken from the figure of the human shepherd, who loves his flock and provides for their sustenance, comfort, and rest. So the noble farmer loves his lowing herd that "winds slowly o'er the lea;" he works them with mercy, houses them in winter, feeds them when hungry, and waters them when thirsty. One of the last questions a dying farmer asked his boy was this: "My son, have you fed the horses? Have you turned in the cattle? Have you looked after the pigs?" When the boy had answered in the affirmative, the faithful and loving father turned to his spiritual matters, and after a few words passed away. The faithful housewife loves the fowls in the yard, and she is almost as much affected by the cry of a young chicken as by the cry of a child. The crowing of roosters, the cackling of hens, the gobbling of turkeys, the squawking of peacocks, the "poterack" of guineas, are all music to the lover of domestic fowls; and when I was a boy I thought an old hen that tried hard to sing made the poorest attempt of any bird at music; yet my mother thought she was a pretty songster. Some women, and men too, do love chickens most dearly.

Thousands of people love pet birds and animals, and are devoted to them. This is especially true of married people who have no children. I often feel deep sympathy for such people when I see them making more of their pets than people who have children do of their own offspring. Many of our good women are affectionate beyond degree toward their canaries, parrots, mock-

ing birds, and other of the little feathery tribe that make music about the house, or delight us with the beauty of their form and plumage.

Some people love all sorts of pets. I read of a lady in a certain city who kept two tamed tigers in her back yard! Horrors, I thought when I read the article, who would go to see such a lady, and what else could live on the premises? But when the account told how, by loving-kindness and singular mastery over their ferocious nature, she had trained them from little cubs, and had made them as docile as kittens, my hair that stood on end came down, and the cold chills that ran up and down my spinal column changed into the warmth and glow of wonder and admiration for the power of love and discipline that had conquered the fiercest beasts of the forest. Many people love snakes as pets—I do not; but the charm of some of them over these venomous reptiles is wonderful. I saw a negro once who could catch them wild, put them in his pockets and take them out at pleasure; but the peculiarity of the fool consisted in the fact that, if they bit him, they did not hurt him any more than if they had bitten a hog, which is snake proof. Of course he could pet and play with snakes whether he loved them or not; and when it comes to the love of snakes, alligators, terrapins, lizards, and tarantulas, there I stop. I have seen young ladies perfectly devoted to chameleons (biped and quadruped), but I close with the high and more benevolent animals. There is no telling what love, with the proper training, will do in overcoming even the venom and ferocity of reptiles and animals; but I am certain that I have no affection or tact that would be successful over the disposition of serpents and hyenas. I never much liked a "pet pig;" but some years ago my respect was very much raised toward the

genus swine by observing the sagacity and intelligence of an educated hog in a show, where he performed a number of clever tricks. I always despised fleas; but to my surprise I saw the show of an enterprising flea trainer in New York who drilled them to military performances, in which they marched in ranks and had muskets on their shoulders. This was getting down, infinitesimally, farther down than I could go, and I gave it up.

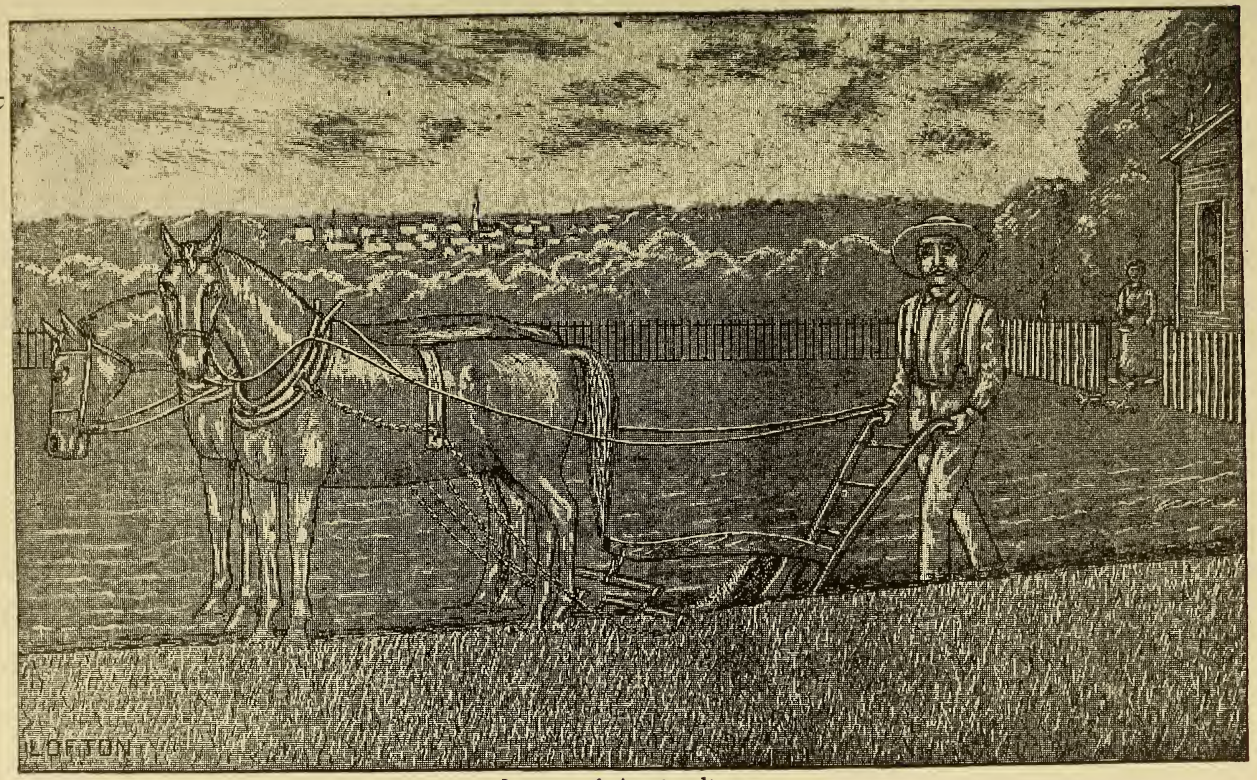
It is a great thing to love, to love animals and birds, even reptiles and insects. I have known several persons so tender in their affections and sensibilities that they would not tread upon a spider, or kill a wasp, or stop the course of a serpent. Their idea was that the least and worst are God's creatures; and that in the enjoyment of their life and happiness, they should not be killed or disturbed. This sort of sentiment might seem overscrupulous to most people, and wrong to those who think that the venomous and ferocious of God's creatures should be destroyed; but it presents a high type of civilized affection and consideration for the animal creation. It is infinitely better than that beastly and reckless spirit of sport which, for the gratification of a bloody appetite, goes about slaying the beautiful birds of the forest, that could be spared for the pleasure and taste of the æsthetic eye and the loving heart. I was struck with a sea captain once, on board of his vessel, when a beautiful sea bird perched on one of the masts. A fellow whipped out his gun and attempted to shoot the bird, when the captain exclaimed: "Hold! I would not have you shoot at that beautiful creature for a hundred dollars. They often light upon our masts, because no one ever molests them; and we love to see them and have them drop down among us." That was humanity with a sense of the beautiful, accompanied with a love for God's creatures;

it was a severe rebuke to the senseless brute that wanted to kill the bird, and a wholesome lesson to all who appreciated the captain's benevolence. Let us all have the heart of the sea captain. Some people have not the heart to kill the chickens they eat. We need not be chicken-hearted, but better this than beastly-hearted in that wanton pleasure that needlessly and cruelly makes havoc of animal life.

LOVE OF AGRICULTURE

THE man plowing in the field, his home in the distance, his wife bringing him water, his noble span of horses, with all the surroundings of nature and art, form a most noble picture of civilization. He is breaking the soil, the fallow ground, from which springs the support of the world, and without which the wheels of commerce would stop and mankind would perish. Take that man and his plow from the soil, and ere long there would be no men left. I am proud of the man with the plow. He represents every element in human sustenance and progress, and I scorn the wretch that looks down upon him or does not appreciate him.

I shall ever be thankful that I learned to labor on the farm—how to live in the sweat of an honest face—and to relish the fact that in response to virtuous toil Providence and Nature always make an adequate return, an equitable reward. There were no short cuts to riches and honor upon the farm, no political tricks or business devices which hastened fortune without innocence; but with trust in God and with plodding industry, we reached legitimate compensation with contentment and happiness. We read the books of nature and revelation, and we grew in grace and strength of body, mind, and heart, according to the slow but sure development of country culture and religion. We had the earth for



Love of Agriculture.

our dwelling place, the blue sky for our canopy, the sun, moon, and stars for our candles, the woods and flowers for our companions, the birds and the breezes for our music, the beasts for our helpers. As we toiled we sang, as we ate we gave thanks, as we slept we rested, as we woke we were refreshed, and when the Sabbath day came we worshiped. We had only the "old-time religion;" and whether rich or poor, learned or unlearned, we rolled logs together, reaped the fields together, shucked out the corn together—all without much, if any, social distinction. Peaceful, honest, hardy, happy old days, ye are gone forever, except in memory; but it was good to begin life, if not to follow it, on the old plantation.

Agriculture is an absolute and fundamental necessity. Everything in commerce and manufacture, in peace and war, in progress and prosperity, depends upon the farm and the farmer. No alchemist has yet discovered the manufacture of food and clothing from the elements of nature. Let the famine and the drought come, and all else perishes. As Lord Chatham said: "Trade increases the wealth and glory of a country, but its real strength and stamina are to be looked for among the cultivators of the land." Paralyze the hand of the farmer, and you paralyze the world; and if there is a human being under heaven whose interests should be protected, supported, and honored at the hands of the government, it is the farmer. The system of speculation which "corners" the necessities of life, and cheats the producer of them out of the value of his hard-earned labor—a labor whose productions are absolutely essential to every other interest—is the most criminal and accursed form of business in the world. It is anathematized of God, and should be most severely restricted and punished at the

hands of civil authority. Corn and cotton, meat and bread, wool and flax, sugar and coffee—these and the like of these are the sacred gifts of the honest sweat of the producer, and he that would rob the reaper of his fields, or "corner" a market against his crops, will certainly find a "corner" in hell, if not a cell in the penitentiary. All labor is honorable, and ought to be respected and protected against the wiles and power of monopoly and combination; but the labor of the agriculturist is back of all other labor and life, and has been pronounced sacred of God himself.

The value and dignity of agriculture from an ethical point of view have been nobly characterized by Lord John Russell, who says: "In a moral point of view the life of the agriculturist is the most pure and holy of any class of men; pure because it is the most healthful, and vice can hardly have time to contaminate it, and holy because it brings the Deity perpetually before the view, giving him thereby the most exalted notions of supreme power, and the most fascinating and endearing view of moral benignity." The bone and sinew in every department of life, business, and profession, either lives in the country or comes from the country, and vice and crime, irreligion and infidelity have but little origin or hold in the rural precincts. Our merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors, bankers, teachers, preachers, politicians, judges, statesmen, were generally born on the farm or sprang from country ancestors; and a large portion of the wealth, intelligence, piety, purity, and manhood of our cities has a rural origin. The great recruiting force of our civilization and religion consists in country brawn, brain, and hearts, and as fast as city society goes to seed or decay it is invigorated or renewed from country blood, nerve, and purity. "If

country life," said Ruffini, "be healthful to the body, it is no less so to the mind;" and Alcott said: "I consider it the best part of an education to have been born and brought up in the country." The same writer says again: "There is virtue in country houses, in gardens and orchards, in fields, streams, and groves, in rustic recreations and plain manners, that neither cities nor universities enjoy." The awful problems of life are often presented, and seem hard of solution in the city. The moral ends of our being are revealed amid struggles and conflicts in which evil sometimes seems certain of mastery over good, but the country soothes and refreshes us, supplies us with moral and religious forces, and continually lifts us to courage and hope by the infusion of its strength and reclaiming power.

Let us realize the dignity of agriculture, and love it for its infinite value to the manhood and womanhood of every rising generation. Daniel Webster said: "The farmers are the founders of civilization;" and Thompson numbered among them

> The kings and awful fathers of mankind.

"Agriculture, for an honorable and high-minded man," says Xenophon, "is the best of all occupations and arts by which men procure the means of living;" and Beecher said: "He who would look with contempt upon the farmer's pursuit is not worthy the name of man."

Let all the world love the country and the farmer, and let the farmer love and magnify his calling. Of all the men who ought to be good, generous, noble, liberal, and useful, the agriculturist is under the deepest obligation. He may not be so educated and refined as the city people, but he ought to be better and nobler. A mean, stingy, useless, or vicious farmer certainly never looks

up to the heavens above or around him to the wide and beautiful expanse of nature. He has everything to broaden and uplift his soul; and in his independence and freedom of spirit he has the greatest reasons for glorifying God and for blessing the world in which he lives, because of his gracious and bountiful gifts. To no human being are earth, air, and water so free and pure; and to no mortal is nature so lavish of her music, her beauty, her grandeur, her health, vigor, and virtue. An undevout farmer, like an undevout astronomer, is mad—or, if not mad, exceedingly bad. No other human being has such reasons to thank God or to supplicate the divine help, since all his bounties and blessings come directly from God.

One benefit of farm life is the pleasant and pure neighborhood relationship which usually prevails. I do not mean to say that everybody is good in the country, or that peaceful and happy relations always exist. There are some bad people and some mean neighbors in the country, as in the city, but generally the wider separation of people and their industrious attention to business, added to their general virtue and honesty, make neighborhood life in the country agreeable, hospitable, sympathetic, and helpful. There never was anything like the old-fashioned country hospitality and sociability in the South, and it is largely so yet.

And the greatest of these is love.—1 Cor. xiii. 13.

Religious Love.

PART II.

RELIGIOUS LOVE

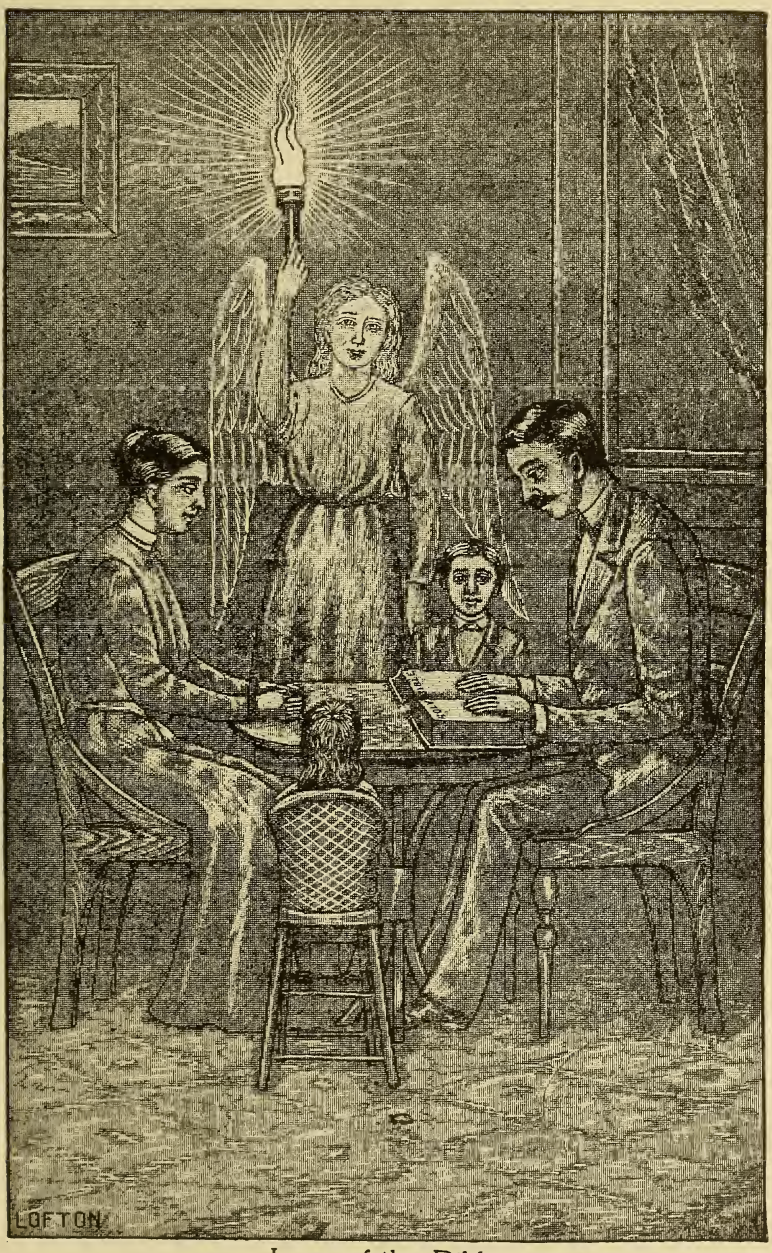
Thou my all!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in ages! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth! my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast through time! bliss through eternity!
—Young, "Night Thoughts."

LOVE OF THE BIBLE

WITH this chapter is presented the picture of a devout family—father, mother, and two children—earnestly and studiously engaged in reading the Bible. They love the Bible, and therefore love to read it; and beside them stands an angelic representative of the Holy Spirit, holding aloft in her hand the torch of "illumination"—always the work of the Spirit in those who spiritually read and try to understand the Word of God.

The Bible is the Book of Books. No other book ever written soars beyond the Bible, or the Bible position on any subject. None has lived so long, nor can live, except as some literary curiosity.

It is the test and standard of all recorded or current thought, and the mightiest and most lasting literary productions of any age are those that came out of the Bible or ran parallel with its teachings. The writings of such men as Milton, Shakespeare, Bacon, Bunyan, Locke, and a host of others whose works have become permanent classics in every language, are immortal largely because they are consistent with the Bible. It may be said that the heathen wrote hundreds of books, without any specific knowledge of the Bible, that have come down to us as permanent classics; but as Bishop Thompson said: "As the profoundest philosophy of ancient Rome and Greece lighted her taper at Israel's altar,



Love of the Bible.

so the sweetest strains of the pagan muse were swept from harps attuned on Zion's hill." No artist, poet, scientist, philosopher, moralist, jurist, or religionist has ever written a thing anti-scriptural or extra-scriptural that has any permanent value or life.

The world is flooded every year with books upon all subjects, and the average life of books is said to be not over five years. The reason is plain that either most of them are inferior productions of truth, or else sensational or overstrained representations of truth, or else in opposition to truth, as revealed in God's Word. Human text-books upon all subjects, because of imperfection, are constantly undergoing modifications of statement and change in expression. Speculative science has to restate itself every few years, because of its false premises and new discoveries. Infidel works are constantly multiplying in contradiction with each other as well as the Bible. Even theology is multiform and constantly on the change. All sorts of master efforts from conflicting standpoints have been made by critics to contradict, destroy, or depreciate the value of the Bible; and when one set of adverse criticisms has become obsolete, men originate new ones; but only the Bible and the classic that conforms to the Bible remain permanent and unalterable. The Bible is the Gibraltar of literature. Around that famous summit of granite the storms, with their thunders and lightnings, have played in harmless fury for centuries. Time and again it has been the scene and subject of battles in which the heaviest artillery has played upon it in all the fierceness of war; but, after every storm and battle has closed and the clouds and the smoke have drifted away under the sunlight of heaven, there stands Gibraltar, as if it had never been touched by thunderbolt or cannon shot. They have nev-

er chipped a fragment from its hoary brow, nor left a scar upon its serene face. There is not to-day another book so popular or universally disseminated as the Bible; and it is the only book read in all the languages of the earth.

From every intellectual or moral view point the Bible stands infinitely above all the books of the ancients; and the finest productions on intellectual and moral philosophy in modern times derive their excellence from an intimate study of its contents. "I am of the opinion," says Sir William Jones, "that the Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than can be collected from all other books in whatever age or language they have been written." What is true from the intellectual and the moral view point is true also from the social and civil and every other issue of life upon which men have sought to philosophize or legislate. The great Milton says: "There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach."

Then, above all, when it comes to our religion, the Bible is God's only book given to man—plenarily inspired by the Holy Spirit—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is a progressive revelation of God to fallen man, from the Garden of Eden to the Cross, and from the Cross to the Apocalypse.

The Bible, like the book of nature, is replete with mysteries above reason, but not contrary to possibilities conceived by reason; and this is an evidence of its divinity. A book wholly comprehensible to reason could not be above a human production; and hence, while the historical statement of fact and the ethical requirement

of duty are clear to the apprehension of reason, the mysteries of the Bible appeal to our faith and to the test of our experience under the illumination and operation of the Divine Spirit. A true spiritual understanding of God's Word depends upon the mind and the heart of the seeker after Bible truth; and the whole reason for infidelity or disappointed profession in religion lies in the fact of a rationalistic or ritualistic attempt to solve the mysteries of the Bible without direct dependence upon God's Spirit through faith and experience. The deeper a man believes and the more he experiences of divine truth, through God's Spirit, the more he knows; and it is this experimental knowledge of truth, through faith, that makes the Bible consistent with, and apprehensible to, reason, even in its profoundest mystery. The true Christian is thus enabled to say, as did Job, David, and Paul, "I know;" and it is this which gives true love and delight in the study of the Bible. A vast amount of it we know to be true, intellectually, without any reference to spiritual help; but the mysteries of divine revelation the infidel, the skeptic, and the formal professor do not know, because they have never "spiritually discerned" them.

Truly has it been said: "The Bible is the window in this prison of hope through which we look into eternity." It teaches us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the only way to die victoriously. It is the Christian's Magna Charta, his only storehouse of provision, his only armory for battle, his only solace in trial; in it he reads the only record of the Father's loving care and of the Saviour's dying legacies, finds the only map that will direct him across the stormy deep of time to the haven of glory. How foolish for mortals to undertake to sail across that ocean without chart or com-

pass except the eye of reason! No sailor could cross the Atlantic by his reason and his eye. . The frequent fog and cloud and storm would often keep him out of sight of the sun by day and of the polestar by night, so that he neither could take bearings nor rectify his variant course. How much more vain to attempt the voyage to heaven without the chart and compass of the Bible! Even then we get into the storm of trial and temptation, and sail for days with the clouds obscuring Christ, our Sun of Righteousness and our Polestar of Hope, to which the needle of faith, whether adrift or not, ever tremblingly points; but when the Sun shines again and the Star comes out into the clear sky, we can take our bearings, rectify our course, and sail straight on. What could we do but for the Bible and its Christ? The Vedas, the Koran, the philosophies of Confucius, Socrates, Pythagoras; the vagaries of Swedenborg, Joe Smith, Mrs. Eddy—even though some of them put Christ on the banner at the masthead—are all short of, or in conflict with, the Bible, and have neither compass nor chart by which to navigate the dark ocean of life that lies between us and heaven. Reason cannot sail that ocean, and neither can false and conflicting faiths which are sailing in cross or opposite directions. Nothing but the old-fashioned Bible, with its crucified Christ—our Sun and our Polestar—can ever guide us into the heavenly port across such a deep.

The strangest thing in the world is that so many people do not love the Bible, nor love to read and study it. Almost everybody has a Bible. It would not be fashionable to be without one. The great mass of people would feel a superstitious dread of being without a Bible; but they read anything else. It is about the last thing they consult, except for Sunday school or other public service

in religion; and then it is often only a cramming process for a specific occasion and purpose. Good, so far as it goes; but the temporary and spasmodic use of the Bible falls infinitely short of its value and service upon the life and character of the reader. It is a good thing to hunt up its passages, or run through its references, or trace up a subject by means of the Concordance, but even this is a poor study of the Bible. Some people read it as a matter of curiosity, or for the purpose of finding fault with it; but this is a deadly and paralyzing use of the old book, which, like nature, affords all the darkness a man is hunting for with his eyes shut or with his colored glasses on. The power of the Bible lies in reading it and feeding the soul upon it as you would eat bread. To read as a daily task or duty, simply to feel or say that we have read it, gets but little good out of it; but to read and study it as you would Shakespeare or a novel or a text-book is to understand it, love it, and grow by it as by no other book in all the world. As Romaine says: "The longer you read the Bible, the more you will love it; it will grow sweeter and sweeter; and the more you get into the spirit of it, the more you will get into the spirit of Christ."

The tendency to neglect the Bible, the indisposition to read it, is a sure way for the Christian to neglect his religion and never cultivate it. Worse than this, it is a pretty good evidence that we either have no religion or that we have a very poor article of it. Beecher put it very forcibly when he asked and answered the question: "What is the Bible in your house? It is not the Old Testament, it is not the New Testament, it is not the Gospel according to Matthew, or Mark, or Luke, or John; it is the gospel according to William, it is the gospel according to Mary, it is the gospel according to Hen-

ry and James, it is the gospel according to your own name. You write your own Bible."

All equipment for service is dependent upon the study of the Bible. It is the will and the way of God, and the Holy Ghost never operates effectively in the mind and heart of a worker for Christ beyond what we know of God, truth, and duty; and we have no other guide in this respect than the Bible. There are many who know better than they do, but there are none who do better than they know. The might and power, the magnificent results of Dwight L. Moody's evangelistic and other work, arose from his study and application of the Bible; and "Moody's Bible" has become a valuable souvenir of the history of the greatest evangelist the world has known. "The gospel is the power of God unto salvation." It is not in human philosophy, logic, or eloquence. A great writer says: "The flight of preachers sometimes entertains me, but it is Scripture expressions which penetrate my heart."

The Bible is a marvel and a wonder. It is God's book, written by his finger, a message sent to man from heaven. I never look upon it but I feel that it is God speaking to my soul in concrete form and in words directly from his lips. It embodies the wisdom and power of God in human speech; and when I think of its matchless effect upon the world and its history, I tremble while I rejoice before its golden pages. How it speaks to my conscience against sin! how it reveals to my mind the glories and terrors of truth! how it calls aloud to my heart to plead its claims upon a lost world and send it to the uttermost parts of the earth! What Christian can look at this divine oracle lying upon his table and not be startled by its voice that thunders the proclamation of salvation and cries out: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel

to every creature?" What is it that makes the anti-missionary and the omissionary? That unloved—that unread or misread—Bible. Some Christians stay at home and claim to read their Bibles in lieu of going to church and worshiping with the saints. The Bible says: "Forsake not the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is." It says again: "Give, and it shall be given you." It says again: "Go" and "Do." No true saint can read it and stay away from God's house, or refuse to give, or decline to work. There is no such thing as a saintly Bible reader who belongs to the non-churchgoing, non-praying, non-giving, non-doing fraternity.

The way of salvation is made so plain in this old book that a wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein, and its teachings will be the basis of decision at the final judgment. How few Christians realize the importance of reading its pages as they do the newspapers and secular books that are placed beside it on their parlor tables!

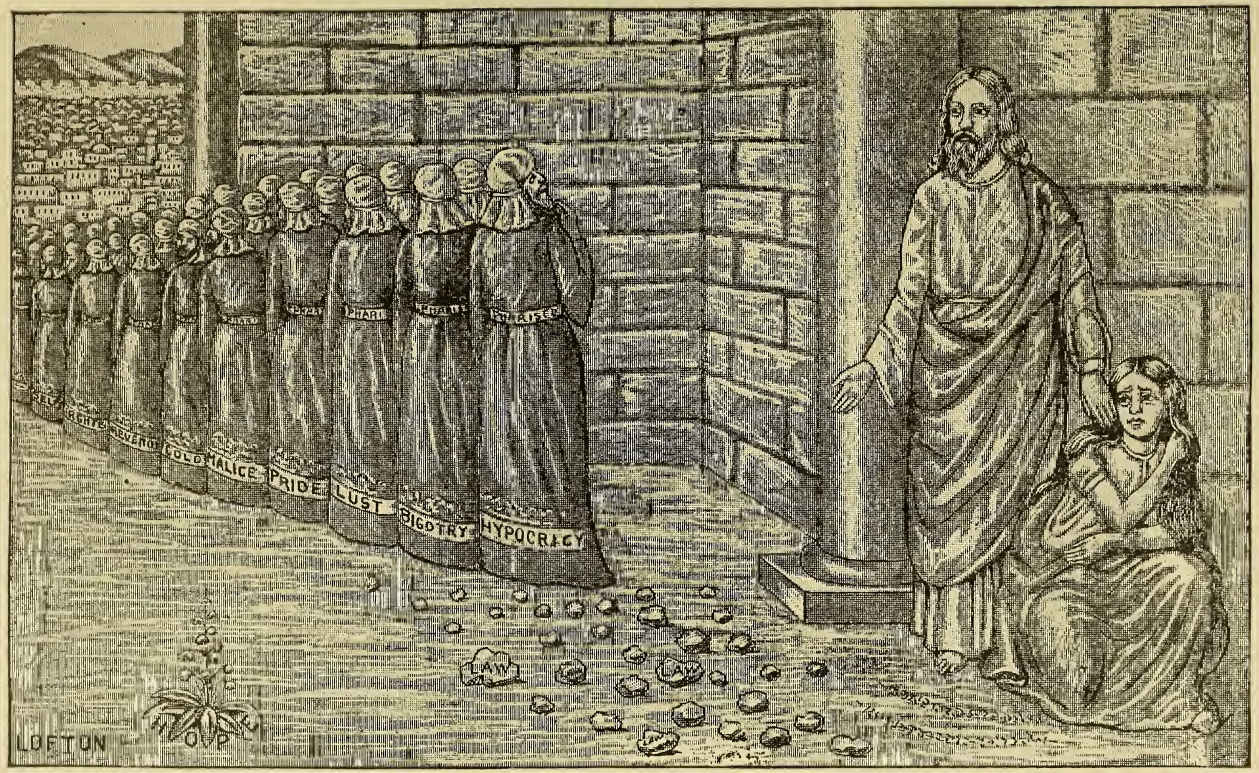
> This Book, this Holy Book, on every line
> Mark'd with the seal of high divinity,
> On every leaf bedew'd with drops of love
> Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
> And signature of God Almighty stamp'd
> From first to last; this ray of sacred light,
> This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
> Mercy took down, and in the night of time
> Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow;
> And evermore beseeching men with tears
> And earnest sighs, to read, believe and live.

Thus wrote Robert Pollok, the Scottish poet, and every word of his measure is instinct with truth and reverence.

LOVE OF CHRIST

THE subject of the opposite illustration is the woman taken in adultery and brought to Christ by the scribes and Pharisees to tempt him as to the law which required her to be stoned to death. "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her," said the Master. The result was that, thus convicted of sin in their own hearts, they all took their departure—and, so to speak, dropped behind them the stones of the law. "Neither do I condemn thee," said Jesus to the woman; "go thy way; from henceforth sin no more." Behold the hypocrites, variously branded, leaving the scene; the Saviour, with the terrified woman crouching at his feet, stands with calm indignation watching the retreating wretches who, themselves no better than the woman, would have stoned her to death. Near her lie the death-dealing stones, marked "Law," which Christ fulfilled; beyond springs the living flower of "Hope," the gift of the gospel.

Love finds its center, source, and perfection in Christ. He is the incarnation of love both human and divine. "God is love," but Christ is that love made manifest in the flesh. Abstractly the love of God is universally demonstrated in the adaptation of creation to human want and happiness; but in Jesus Christ is the concrete illustration of God's infinite love to a fallen race. Christ brought down God and his love in all their tangible



Love of Christ.

fullness to the apprehension and realization of the human heart; for in him was God "touched" with all the tangible fullness of human nature and experience. In the bosom of Christ the love of God became infinite compassion and sympathy—the highest form of love; and when he became one of us and with us, and died for us, he entered the sacrificial relationship of an eternal fraternity and fellowship tenderer and deeper than earth or heaven had ever known before.

How perfectly was that love illustrated during the earthly ministry of Christ! He who had fashioned the world "went about" upon it "doing good." He was God in a peasant garb going from place to place, touching and being touched with the heart and life of sinful men, loving and being loved in the salvation and blessing of the lost. The winds and the seas, the elements of nature, the laws and forces of the universe, obeyed him, in his ministration of love to the blind, the deaf, the diseased, the wretched, and the dead; and wherever he trod, the desert fields of sin blossomed with the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. He had no money, but he made thousands rich in grace. He dispensed no earthly honors, but he promised thrones of glory to the faithful. He gave no immunity from earthly trials and afflictions, but he opened up the way of escape to endless joy and reward. He ignored social distinctions and ate with publicans and sinners, companioned with the poor and the outcast, lifted harlots to the kingdom of God, and, when crucified, took a thief with him to paradise—the first trophy of the cross.

It was love incarnate that hungered in the valley, that was tempted upon the pinnacle of the temple and beset upon the high mountain-top, that Satan might be vanquished in our behalf. It was love that rebuked

Peter, his friend, and tolerated Judas, his enemy, both the victims of Satan within his own fold, that the Church might never be discouraged by imperfection or treason. It was love that endured the slanders and persecutions of the powers that be, from without, and drove the thieves out of his Father's house, from within, that Christians might not be dismayed by opposition nor overcome by corruption. The bloody sweat of Gethsemane overwhelmed love divine with the sorrows of death for sin; and on the cross of Calvary the insupportable agonies of that love paid the penalty of sin and satisfied the claim of infinite holiness against the sinner. The traitor's kiss, the rude arrest, the mockery of trial, the shout of crucifixion, the crown of thorns, the scourge of Pilate, were but preliminaries to the awful drama in which love played the character of deicide for sin; and while love might have called down twelve legions of angels to fight against the fate of crucified innocence, the Lamb of God opened not his mouth, but went dumb to the slaughter for the salvation of a lost world.

Love bore the cross to the place of its own execution and hung on that cross for its executioners; and love alone could have transformed that instrument of cruelty and disgrace into a symbol of universal power and glory. After all, it was not Judas, nor Annas, nor Herod, nor Pilate, nor the Pharisees, that did it. Joseph said to his brethren who sold him into Egypt: "It was not you that sent me hither, but God"—to "save much people" —and so he forgave and kissed his brethren. So the loving Christ on the cross exclaimed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do;" and on the day of Pentecost the penitent crucifiers of the Son of God were pardoned. It was God that did it. The crucifiers knew not what they did; but Love on the Cross under-

stood it. The law was being satisfied—sin was being atoned—hell's penalty was being canceled—Justice and Mercy were shaking hands, while Peace and Righteousness were kissing each other. When the world's great Lover cried, "It is finished," he gave up the ghost, entered the grave, arose from the dead, ascended on high, and is seated at the right hand of all Majesty to wield the scepter of universal empire in behalf of his beloved.

But the love of Christ does not stop here. He loved his own from everlasting to everlasting. Love laid the plan of redemption in the councils of eternity, executed it on the cross, and now applies it to the salvation of the world. To this end Love wrote the Bible and sent the Spirit to woo the human heart. Love made but a single requirement of the sinner—the least that could be made—faith in Christ, symbolized by baptism and manifested by loving obedience. Love made the full sacrifice without a single demand of *merit* on the sinner's part; and hell's penalty was paid and heaven's glory bestowed without money or without price.

This is not all. The love of Christ freely gives us all things besides salvation. He not only gives the sheep eternal life, but he says "they shall never perish." He not only saves them by grace, but keeps them, through faith, by his power, unto salvation ready to be revealed at the last time. Enlightened by his Word, comforted by his Spirit, chastened by his Father, he guides and guards them through trial and duty to the end; and when one sheep strays, he leaves the ninety and nine safe in the fold and restores the wanderer. The blackest sheep in the flock, the feeblest lamb, is more precious than the apple of his eye; and the dearest assurance of the saint is the pledge of Christ that "whosoever is born of God overcometh the world." The

love of Christ "never faileth;" for "nothing can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus."

One of the sublimest scenes in the life of the Christian is his final triumph over the dying hour. The sheep walks through the valley of the shadow of death and fears no evil, because his Shepherd is with him, and his rod and his staff they comfort him. The day of the death of the saint is greater than the day of his birth; and the grandest hour in his life is that in which, through the gates of death, he goes to heaven.

But the half has never yet been told. O the hereafter! One of the richest manifestations of divine love in the Bible is seen in the angelic escort of Lazarus, God's pauper friend, to paradise and to the companionship of Abraham. So of the thief on the cross who had the honor of going right from the horrors of crucifixion to paradise with his Lord. So of Stephen, who looked up from the martyrdom of stoning to Jesus standing on his throne ready to receive his spirit. So of Elijah, who went to heaven in a chariot of fire without dying; and so of Enoch, who went from walking with God here to live with him through eternity. What must be the glory of Paul and Spurgeon and Moody and of that great blood-washed throng who go up to God through great tribulation! What millions of saints in paradise peacefully, restfully waiting for the redemption of the body—the perfection of salvation —through the love of our Lord Jesus Christ!

Then we shall walk the golden streets, breathe the celestial air, and bask in the light of the great white throne. The marriage supper of the Lamb shall be the everlasting feast of love. Hallelujah shall be the endless music of praise. Service will be the eternal flight upward in the development of the redeemed, as

they shall still grow in grace and knowledge toward the infinite perfections of God. Ecstasy and bliss shall fill every soul to the full of its capacity with the rapture of love divine; and not a shadow of doubt or fear shall ever fall upon the heart to mar its felicity. There shall be no more stormy sea and no night. Not a tear shall ever fall—not a pang of grief and not a touch of pain—and not a remembrance of the sad and sinful past. This is the inheritance of love, incorruptible, undefiled, and that never fadeth away. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, the good things God hath in reserve for the redeemed in Christ. O, what shall it be to be there?

LOVE OF SOULS

IN the accompanying picture we find wretched people in a sea of sin, vice, and pleasure; some floating on the plank of self-righteousness; some on ancestry; some on education, or science; some on infidelity; some on culture; others drifting on nothing at all; and only a few grasping the gospel rope and reaching out for help to those standing upon the Rock of Ages, the only pulpit of the minister and the only safe refuge for souls. On the other side is the Devil seeking to entice the sinner away from the Rock, congratulating those upon the planks, and pointing all to the vain delusions of the world—the bar-room, the club, and the like—behind which is the sea of damnation over which the angel of darkness and death presides.

The difference between the lowest man and the highest animal is the immortal soul, which the animal has not. The spirit of the animal goes downward, becomes extinct; the spirit of man goes upward, returns to the God who gave it, lives as long as God lives. When God created man, he made him in his own likeness and image; breathed into his nostrils the breath of life from his own being, and gave him a living soul. This is not said of any other thing of the animal creation; and hence by no process of evolution did man ever spring from a monkey, ape, or chimpanzee.

Love of Souls.

Man's only prototype is God, in whose image he was created, and whose personality and attributes he possesses to a limited degree. He is not of the essence of God, but is in the likeness of God; and his immortality is fixed by God's decree. He can never die; and though the body dies, God has decreed its resurrection through Jesus Christ, and its reunion with the soul, never to die again. Good or bad, in heaven or hell, men are going to live as long as God lives. The best thought of both philosophers and Christian scholars has been given to the study of the immortality of the soul, and their conclusion, in the light of reason as well as by revelation, is that only the fool hath said in his heart, "There is no God and no immortality." Pope grandly says:

> Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
> Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
> His soul proud Science never taught to stray
> Far as the solar walk or milky way;
> Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
> Behind the cloud-topt hills, a humbler heav'n.

No mortal was ever born an atheist, or a disbeliever in the immortality of the soul; and there has been no nation or race of people that did not believe in a deity. The thought is solely the result of a perverted mind, isolated from the universal belief in God.

If one of the ideals of love is the beautiful, then the soul should be the object of man's deepest affection. I have seen people go into ecstasies over a flower, or into raptures as they look up into the starry dome at night or as they watch the glories of the landscape beneath the splendors of the setting sun. I have seen them charmed with the personal beauty of those who have been favored in form and feature. How lovely the beautiful things in nature, made so by the impressive

touch of God! and so adapted to please, delight, and bless our sensuous natures! How much more, then, the beauty of the soul, created in the image and likeness of God! Its beauty was holiness and purity; and though marred by sin, it is capable of wearing God's likeness and image again; beautiful even in its ruin, like some splendid temple fallen or a moldering column, yet rich with the traceries of the sculptor's art. The soul is the only thing in the universe like God; and he that loves the beautiful in God cannot fail to love the beautiful in the soul.

There is a beauty that can never perish—
A hidden path no vulture's eye hath found.
Vainly ye seek it who in sense alone
Wander amid the sweets the world hath given;
As vainly ye who make the mind the throne
While the heart bends a slave, insulted, driven.
Thou who wouldst know what beauty this can be,
Look on the sunlight of the soul's purity.

Value is also an ideal of love; and the more valuable a thing is, the more we love it. We love gold more than brass, and diamonds more than pebbles. Beauty and preciousness in an object combine to intensify and enhance the exquisite delight of our affections; and if to beauty we add the value of the soul, we have an object eminently worthy of our love. Some things are beautiful but not valuable, others are valuable but not beautiful; but in the soul made in God's image, and partaking of God's character, we have an object of love both infinitely valuable and beautiful beyond the power of the mind to estimate. Christ gives us some faint conception of the soul's value when he says: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange

for his soul?" The soul is spirit, not matter; it is eternal, not temporal. It is a personal entity, like God; and, in the spirit world, next to God. All else shall pass away, or be changed, except God and the soul.

Again, another ideal of love is greatness and glory. If the soul is the most beautiful and valuable of all God's creations, it is also the greatest and most glorious. The material world is not conscious of its own existence, a great passive mass made active only by the presence and power of the immanent God; while the soul has capacities for knowledge, virtue, and happiness, susceptible of an almost infinite development even unto likeness to God. The soul comprehends not only time, but eternity; and while the plant and animal world may perish and be forgotten, the soul will continue to live and grow in value and greatness.

The most startling phenomenon in human nature is the spiritual indifference of men toward the soul. With few exceptions, the Christian world does not make the soul a paramount study; and vast numbers of the non-Christian world live as if they had no soul. Millions of men and women live only upon an animal plane, thousands below it, and but few above it, and even those few live in a perpetual conflict between the animal and the spiritual. Christ tells us to lay up treasure in heaven, but we are laying it up on earth. Paul tells us to be content with food and raiment, that we brought nothing into the world and can take nothing out of it; but gain in excess of needed food and raiment seems to be with many the prime object of life. The Master tells us to "Seek first [make paramount] the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," and that all these things shall be added to us; but not one Christian in a hundred is controlled by this startling proposition. Interest in

the soul, even by God's children, judged by our giving and doing for religion, in comparison with what we do for the flesh, is a pittance instead of a beneficence. But for the honored few who put the soul above every other consideration, man's immortality might seem a myth in the midst of the most Christian age the world ever enjoyed.

If a man wants to conceive of the worth of the soul, let him look at the price which God paid for its redemption. God so loved the world as to give his Son for us; and yet there are but few that ever stop to ponder upon that wondrous love that paid such a price to redeem us, or to love in return. Thousands view religion as a bare escape from hell, a bare securement of heaven; and beyond the fear of hell and hope of heaven, they have no interest in the soul and no gratitude to God, who bought them with an infinite price. They neither love God, love their own souls, nor the souls of others; and, without any degree of faith or hope, they spend their years in worldly pleasure with only formal attention to the soul and its God.

The passion for the salvation of lost souls is the noblest affection which ever yet animated a human breast; and the grandest and most profitable work a mortal ever engaged in is the winning of souls. The soul winner is the greatest man in God's eyes, and he has promised that they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever. This love alone brought Christ to the world as the sinner's substitute and sacrificial offering; and he whose sympathy and love cannot get down into the sinner's place and take his stead, feel his woe, and seek his redemption knows nothing of the life and love of Christ in his own soul. A mighty test is Christian love for enemies, to bless for cursing, and

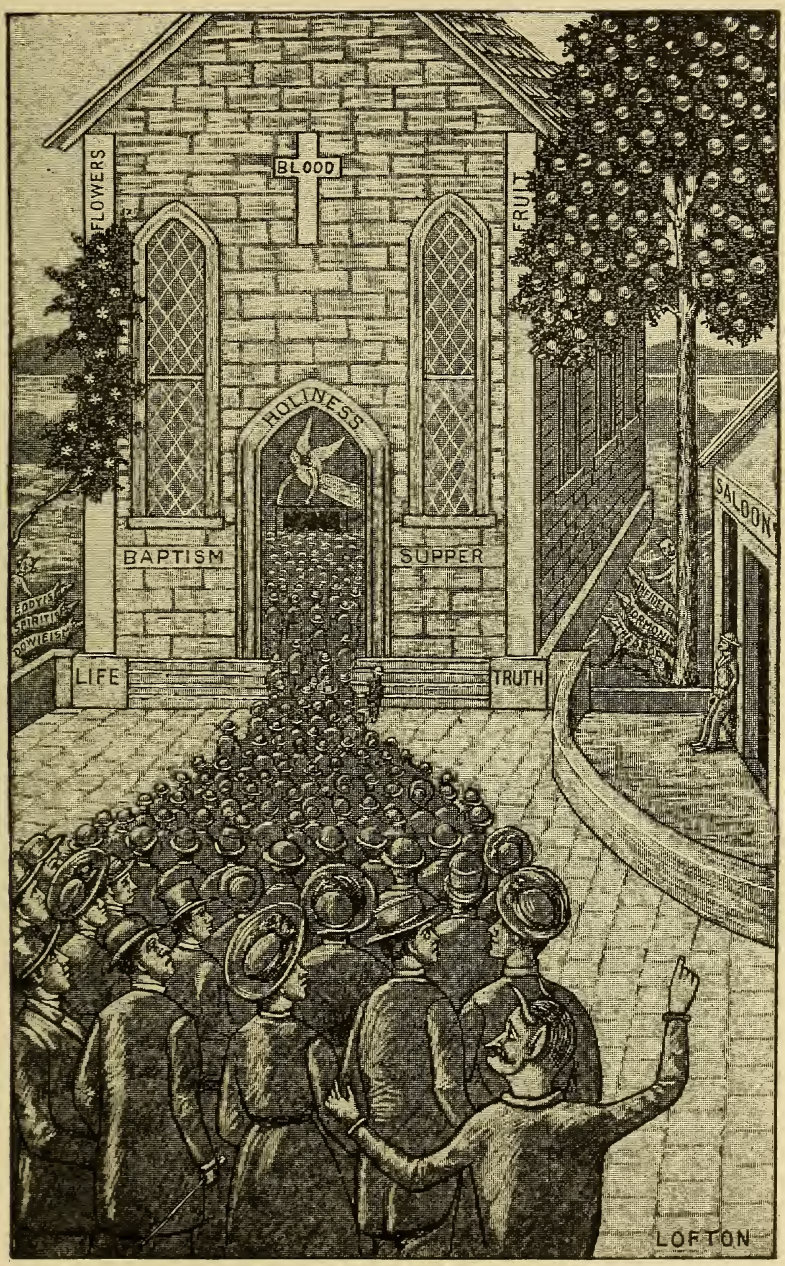
to do them good for evil; but a grander grace, and one which marks more deeply the Christian spirit, is love for lost souls.

There are 1,500,000,000 people in the world, and more than 1,000,000,000 souls yet unsaved. The Christian people of the United States give annually about $25,000,000 for home and foreign missions, not as much as we pay for kid gloves, and yet there are about 25,000,000 Christians in this country! They spend far more than this upon amusements and luxuries. There is a vast amount of religion in the world and there are millions of Christians, but comparatively few who primarily and passionately love the souls of men. Nothing but love can properly estimate the value of a soul and meet that responsibility.

LOVE OF THE CHURCH

WE behold, in the picture accompanying this chapter, a great crowd vigorously pressing its way to the house of God in testimony of its love for the Church. People who love the Church, which is the Bride of Christ, love to attend upon its services. There are other individuals and impersonations in the group who go to church, but who do not love it—some even try to destroy it. Behind the crowd is the busy Devil trying to tempt a man to turn aside to the saloon, or some other evil of which it is a type, in front of which stands a keeper or a victim. On each side of the Church are also characteristic devils seeking to introduce false doctrines, here symbolized by wolves seeking an entrance into the sheepfold. They are here variously branded as Dowieism, Spiritism, Eddyism, Theosophy, Mormonism, Infidelity, and the like. The Church itself is symbolized by the corner stones of truth and life; its door of holiness overshadowed by the Spirit; its windows, the ordinances; its central doctrine, the cross; its joy and prosperity characterized by flowers and fruits.

The church is Christ's organized body, the "pillar and ground of the truth." It is a local institution composed of baptized believers, with its bishops and its deacons, continuing steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, administering the ordinances of the gospel,



Love of the Church.

and constituted for the purpose of saving the world and edifying saints. It is a self-governing body, independent of all organic connection with any other body; and its only head is Christ, its only law is the gospel, and its only guide is the Holy Spirit. There is an ideal or figurative sense in which the word "church" is used to embrace all the spiritual Israel of God. This is the mystic body of Christ, of which the visible body of Christ is the concrete expression or type; but the New Testament reveals no organic general church of which the local church is a constituent body.

We have no practical dealing with the universal spiritual Church, except to extend it by increasing the visible Church. It is with this organic Church that we have to deal by relationship and duty; and as Christ's sole and only visible institution on earth we are to love and support it for all the purposes of its institution. The highest position a mortal can enjoy upon earth is membership in a local church of Christ, and the highest office this side of heaven is that of a minister in that church. No other organization represents Christ on earth, and to no other has he committed his oracles and his cause. "Unto God be glory," says Paul, "in the Church by Jesus Christ throughout all ages, world without end;" and through no other medium can I let my light shine, or my life be felt, than the congregation of Christ to which I belong. There may be general organization by way of church coöperation, in order to create general comity, unity, and world-wide efficiency; but the glory of results must belong to God through the churches which constitute the general bodies. There may be extra-scriptural organizations and institutions called churches, or otherwise, in the name of Christ. They may do great good and be blessed of God, but they

are not the repository of God's oracles or authority, nor the medium of God's glory. Religiously every Christian should be a member of some one of Christ's local churches; and whatever that Christian does to glorify God, or bless the world, should be done, directly or indirectly, through his church.

I see Christians isolated from the churches, working in their own way, coöperating with everything but the local body of Christ. They give to missions or charity, devote themselves to religious effort, or belong to a half dozen orders or organizations to do the work of the churches, and they seem to glory in glorifying God in their own way—anything but God's way. I grant that there can arise conditions in which church relations would be impossible, and that Christ has not prescribed every detail and method of his work. The man casting out devils, and who was proscribed by the apostles because not going with them, was commended by Christ. Nevertheless, wherever the churches of Christ are set up and convenient to relationship, they are the sole medium of Christ's authority and God's glory in every service we can render. It is our duty to live in the church, give to it, work through it, pray for it, and love it; and as a matter of order, discipline, and orthodoxy there is no other institution in which God's authority can be executed.

I admit also that some churches are imperfect institutions, and may err or be destroyed. Nevertheless, as long as one of them exists and is owned of Christ, it is the body of Christ, and as Christ loved and admonished the defective churches of Asia, so, if I am better than my church, I must love it and help to make it right. Christ had a betraying Judas, a denying Peter, and a doubting Thomas among the twelve—one-fourth of the apostolic

body in defection; and he did not forsake even Judas until his apostasy was complete. It is a poor Christian who gets impatient with his church and forsakes it, until its candle goes out. I knew a church which collapsed with disorder and indifference, and seemed dead for years; but three pious women prayed until it was revived and restored, and is now a flourishing body. Those women loved the Church, and understood the meaning and purpose of membership in a church.

Some people join the Church for selfish purposes. They seek a church congenial to their social tastes, or that will subserve their popular or financial interests. They may live next door to a church that sorely needs their influence and support; but they want a church that can help them, not one they must help. The fine singer leaves the church that needs her, to take pay in a church that could do without her; and so she makes merchandise of the kingdom of God, and knows nothing of love and service for the glory of Christ in the Church. Why not as well pay the competent deacon, Sunday school superintendent, and teacher for their service in the Church? Humility and self-sacrifice should be the price of membership in a church of Christ; and there can be no love for the Church when pride, ambition, and self-seeking enter as an element of relationship.

Such alone is the Church of Christ in its spiritual aspect; and though the number be few, the membership poor, the place a hovel, yet it is God's Church, and dearer than the apple of his eye. Such alone can sing:

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

LOVE OF THE BRETHREN

THE scene represented in the picture with this chapter is that of an old-time Baptist Association at the close of its session when the brethren and sisters sing "Blest be the tie," shake hands, and go home. If there have been any arguments or cross words, they are forgotten; often, with tears streaming down their cheeks, the members say "Good-by and God bless you" to each other with a grip of the hand and a heartfelt expression that cannot be mistaken. They go among each other, until each has shaken the hand of each, and whatever else about the gathering may be forgotten, the farewell handshake and the valedictory blessing are remembered.

I come now to speak of God's family, his spiritual household, the Church or body of Christ. God's family is made up of God's children; and his family, like a human family, is composed of all sorts of children. There are good, bad, and indifferent children in God's family, just as there are in human families. There are black or spotted sheep, as well as white sheep, in the divine as in the human fold; but a sheep is a sheep, no matter what its character may be. A sheep is not a goat, and a goat is not a sheep, though he may wear a sheep's clothing. The sheep and the goat look something alike, but there is a big difference betwixt the

Love of the Brethren.

sheep and the goat nature. There are no goats, however sheeplike, in God's spiritual family; and there are no sheep, however goatlike, in the Devil's family. The visible Church, which should wholly be God's family, often has goats in it; but in the Church spiritual there is not a goat to be found. Sometimes a sheep is found outside of Christ's visible body, wandering in the world and companying with the goats; but he belongs to God's spiritual body, though astray, and not to the Devil's family. Sometimes a sheep will follow a goat and try to live like a goat—on sticks, paper, and straw —or climb fences and crooked trees, as the goat does, but the sheep away from the fold will soon starve, and he will always be in trouble.

God's family is the closest of kin and the best related of all families. They are "born of God," through Jesus Christ, by the Holy Ghost, of "incorruptible seed;" and hence they are of the flesh and spirit of Christ and "partakers of the divine nature." They are all the sons and daughters of a King; and no other people have such a pedigree as theirs. They have a joint inheritance with Christ, through whom they were begotten, to all the position and glory he enjoys; and they are to wear white robes and regal crowns, as they sit with him on thrones of glory. They are a royal kinghood and priesthood, and there is not a plebeian in all the stock of the spiritual Israel. Not even the angels can boast of such a line of ancestry or descent; and the kings and princes of earth are "scrubs," beside the least and lowest of earth born into the family and kingdom of God. The beggar becomes a prince through Christ, and the prince becomes a beggar without Christ. Seraphim and cherubim are to be ministers to the heirs of salvation.

Now the evidence of birth in this family is a family likeness and love. It is a unique love and a peculiar likeness; and hence is the subject of a "new commandment," "Love one another." This love is the bond of a divine and eternal brotherhood, created by the tie of crucial blood which covenanted forever the relationship. In this relation Christ tells us that if we do not love him more than father and mother, brother and sister, houses and lands, we cannot be his disciples; and hence the kindred relation between the saints should be closer than in the human family. Often this love has been displayed by the martyr spirit that parted from every kindred bond of earth in order to follow Jesus and be with the brethren, even at the risk of the dungeon, the wild beasts, and the burning stake. If necessary, any true Christian, as Paul was, would be separated from and suffer the loss of all things for Christ's sake and for the sake of his brethren. Love for Christ and the brethren, against every other relationship and interest in the world, is one of the signs and tests of true discipleship, and under the most trying ordeals and sacrifices this love has been demonstrated in millions of saints in every age and country.

The loving John makes this phase of love one of the infallible evidences of our being born of God. He says: "We *know* that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not [his brother] abideth in death." Again he says, "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light," and he says more, "He that hateth his brother is in darkness," and "is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." John bases the kindred love of the brethren upon our love for God; and he unanswerably fixes the logic of Christian love in

these words: "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

There have been many forms of brotherhood in the world. Aside from family relationships, there have been hundreds of orders, societies, and organizations which, through some common interest, bound men together by the ties of organized brotherhood. Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Labor, and other such sodalities are forms of brotherhood among men bound together by principles and purposes which involve and develop the closest ties of human sympathy and fraternity; and often these human forms of brotherhood are beautiful in harmony and efficient in great usefulness. There is nothing so productive of unity, peace, power, and fruitfulness in good as brotherhood, order, and coöperation; but there is a brotherhood divine, whose kinship and purpose are to bring the world together in Christ and in the unity and relationship of an eternal love, which is to characterize us when all earthly bonds are broken and when heaven shall be the everlasting fold of God's family. The center of this great fraternity is Christ, our Elder Brother. He walked through this world of sin, and by miracles of love and labor he restored nature to order and harmony and man to God. He was our Brother, and by this fact he established a brotherhood which we should imitate, and love one another as we love him and as he loves us. It is not an exclusive brotherhood, though royal in blood and relationship. The only coat of arms required is the converted heart, upon which has been imprinted the cross of Calvary.

LOVE OF FRIENDS

DAVID and Jonathan, who form the subject of this chapter's illustration, furnish the most pathetic story of disinterested friendship in the world. Jonathan loved David as his own soul, and their love was stronger than the love of women. Jonathan had every reason to be the enemy of David in the interest of his father, the king, to whose throne he was heir, and in view of the fact that David was to take that throne from him; but, instead, he loved David, saved his life, and pledged him, when he should become king, to remember Saul's house in mercy. On the other hand, David covenanted with Jonathan to carry out his request, and was faithful to his promises for Jonathan's sake. When Saul and Jonathan fell upon the fatal Gilboa, David sang their praises in the loftiest pæan ever devoted to the heroic dead. The friendship of David and Jonathan is one of the highest examples of affection in any age of the world.

Friendship is an important phase of love. There can be no true love without friendship; and there can be no true friendship without love. There may be a technical difference in definition and degree, but there is no real difference in fact or in effect. Love among mortals gets its distinction from friendship mostly through its application to love between the sexes. Here the word "friendship" is regarded as too tame an expres-

Love of Friends.

sion for the holy passion by which two souls are made one. Here beauty can love the ugly, symmetry love the deformed, and often adore the wreck of immorality, without regard to any basis upon which to found a sentiment of that respect or approbation which is essential to friendship. Parental or filial love presents the same phase of indifference to quality because it is instinctive and inborn by reason of fleshly ties. Friendship may be distinguished from the love that springs up by some mysterious affinity between the sexes, or in blood relations, because it is always based upon sentiments of esteem and respect. A friend is one who looks propitiously upon us and our best interests in prosperity, and who will not forsake us in adversity. Friendship is based solely on quality or qualification, which creates our appreciation for one another; and while it may begin in caution and care, without any great degree of affection, yet it may grow and develop into the most ardent love. There can be no true friendship without confidence; and there can be no confidence without these well-sustained conditions essential to friendship. When once established and matured, friendship involves one of the most rational loves that exist in the relations of life.

A friendship based upon selfish interest, however apparently ardent or sacrificial, is not only false, but it is sure to have an end where the interest ends or fails to be subserved. "That friendship will not continue to the end," says Quarles, "that is begun for an end." The fawning and obsequious flatterers that flutter like butterflies and bees about the flowers of wealth, power, and place are only for the pollen and the honey; when the flowers fade the butterflies and bees fly away to others. The prodigal son, who wasted his substance

upon wine, women, and gamblers, no doubt had the most enthusiastic friends while his money lasted; but when he reached the confines of rags and beggary there was none to respect or give unto him. Constant prosperity often makes us the victims of the self-seeking schemer and flatterer; and one of the greatest fools in the world is the man so blinded by success that he succumbs to the guile of parasites. Like old Timon of Athens, he sails into stormy seas by his loans and indorsements for his so-called friends; and when the ship of his prosperity is wrecked upon the reefs of misfortune, they know him not.

Even among the good and great we sometimes hear the melancholy wail that arises from a want of true friendship. Goldsmith sadly says:

> And what is friendship but a name,
> A charm that lulls to sleep,
> A shade that follows wealth and fame,
> But leaves the wretch to weep?

On the other hand, the greatest and best of earth have paid the highest tribute to this sacred passion. God's Word says: "A friend loveth at all times; and a brother is born for adversity." While the world stands, the friendship of Damon and Pythias, put almost to the very test of death, will remain as the greatest example of disinterested devotion between friends. There have always been, are now, and ever will be men and women capable of true and lasting friendship. Especially among Christian people should true friendship be found. The most dignified compliment ever paid to a man was that bestowed upon Abraham, who was called the "friend of God." No man can be God's friend who is not his brother's friend. The very worst of people have sometimes been found with the truest

and most lasting friendships among them. The very weakest, as well as the strongest, may be friends to each other; and it is perhaps as often in our kindred weakness, as in our kindred strength, that our friendships are made.

The greatest treasure in the world is a friend. Brother, sister, father, wife may not always be our friend; and hence it has been said that "friendship is stronger than kindred." Whether Napoleon was ever the true and lasting friend of anybody, I know not; but in the dark hours of his captivity he knew how to appreciate the friends that followed him to the lonely isle of his imprisonment; and hence he was able to give the subject its loftiest definition when he said: "A faithful friend is the true image of the Deity." The true friend will not flatter us in evil, will tell us our faults to cure them, and will not court us in fortune to forsake us in adversity.

One of the most important things in life is the making of friendships; and, in order to become fast and permanent, they should begin cautiously and grow slowly. Washington said: "True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation."

The poet sang truly:

"Hail, friendship; since the world began,
Heaven's kindest, noblest boon to man;
All other joys with meteor fire
Quenched in the mists of time expire;
But thou, unhurt by fortune's blast,
Shin'st brightest, clearest at the last!"

LOVE OF ENEMIES

THE illustration following represents the Good Samaritan, the central figure of the Saviour's most beautiful and pathetic parable. The priest passed by on one side of the wounded and half-dead brother, the Levite on the other; but the Samaritan, a national enemy, became the sufferer's friend and helper. This is perhaps the most difficult form of love and one of the highest and best evidences that we are the children of God.

Love your enemies! It is hard to love disagreeable folks, the crippled and deformed, the bad or vicious. It is a strain upon affection to love the unlovable and like the unlikeable. Some people don't even love those who love them. It is absolutely natural to hate your enemies, and to do to them as they do to you. There is not an element in our human constitution that prompts love of an enemy. Before Christ, in all ages and among all creeds of men, among all philosophies and religions of the human race, man was never taught to love his enemies. True, under the legal dispensation the Old Testament implies such a teaching in the command to love God supremely and your neighbor unselfishly; but Judaism, under its false interpretation, taught that while one should love his neighbor he should hate his enemies. Rome, Greece, Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh, all hated and destroyed their enemies; and

Love of Enemies.

even now nations hate each other and leave their differences to the arbitrament of the sword. It is a startling command that we must love our enemies.

Most people do not love their neighbors as they love themselves, even when upon good terms. Real, unselfish love, that strictly observes the golden rule, is scarce. It is not found at all in politics, rarely in business, and but little oftener in social intercourse. David Harum's quaint maxim, "Do to the other fellow as he would do to you, and do it fust," is very much the sentiment of the world. Society may be cultured, decent, high-toned, and respectful to itself. Certain general rules of relationship, unity, and amity are carefully observed. There is a standard of honor, virtue, and integrity held up, the violation of which blights reputation and breaks the circle of intimacy and acquaintance. There are social, business, political, and other forms of friendship and love based upon esteem or interest which are highly prized and maintained. But, however near we may approach to the ideal of loving our neighbor as ourselves, few actually reach that high standard of life. How easy to break the sweetest and happiest relations even among good people! A joke, an unconscious blunder, an angry word, a witty retort, may easily turn conventional friendship to hate which may lead to tragedy and disaster. Every neighborhood, every family, is sleeping upon a smothered volcano that may burst into eruption at any time.

Where did this idea, new to the world, come from? Who originated it? Is it a possibility? Can it be done? True, it was imbedded in the Old Testament; but it came out plain and clear in the light of the New. Christ said to his disciples: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate

thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." The apostle Paul emphasizes the fact that God loved his enemies and that Christ died for them when he says: "God commendeth his own love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners [enemies], Christ died for us."

There is here no equivocation or dodging the question. God requires his children, as he does himself, to love their enemies, and to show it by praying for those who despitefully use them, returning good for evil, blessing for cursing. It is no answer to the question of duty that we never knew anybody who did this; and it cannot be assumed that one of God's children cannot do what God tells him to do. Christ did it, even amid the cruel agonies of the cross, when he prayed for his enemies and said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do;" and Stephen did it when, in behalf of his enemies who were killing him, he also prayed that God would not lay this sin to their charge. Millions of martyrs since, rotting in filthy dungeons, or thrown to the wild beasts, or burning at the stake, have loved and prayed for the salvation of their persecutors. So there is neither use in trying to construe away the truth of what God says, nor in saying that such love has not

been thoroughly exemplified upon God's part and on the part of millions of saints under the most trying conditions. I grant that it is not natural but supernatural, and possible only to the soul born of God and a partaker of the divine nature.

Some Christian people assume that the Bible teaches that we are not to love our enemies nor forgive their wrongs until they repent. They maintain that even God forgives and loves only upon this condition, and that they should not do more than God. Peter wanted to know of the Master how often he should forgive upon repentance, and seemed to think that about seven times would be enough; but Jesus said seventy times seven in one day. God loves men irrespective of their attitude toward him, for he rains upon the just and the unjust alike. He forgives and accepts the repentant under the same love he had for them before repentance; and so we are to forgive and restore to fellowship our penitent enemy under the love we had for him all the time, and we are to be in the constant attitude of doing him good whether he repents or not. As God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven us, we must in heart love and forgive even our impenitent enemy; and when he does repent, extend that forgiveness to an open acceptance and restoration of fellowship. Christ taught us to pray: "Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us."

Love is the law of fraternity in the Church and even in worldly organizations. Already we see the fruits of this spirit in Christian and other fraternal organizations, international arbitrations and peace congresses, which indicate that even rulers and statesmen are animated by the spirit of the gospel, and are leading the nations to settle their differences without strife and bloodshed. An elevated spirit of compromise between the great con-

flicting interests of mankind is everywhere manifest; and the injunction of Christ to love and forgive our enemies, and to do good for evil, is leavening the whole lump of national life and international relationship. The *code duello* is no longer recognized or respected among good people; and the arbitrament of the sword will ere long be a policy of the past. It has too often been demonstrated that what Jesus said to Peter is true: "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Hatred of enemies never yet won a permanent victory. Hannibal said, "I hate those Romans;" and although he came near conquering them, yet the cry of old Cato, *"Carthago delenda est"* ("Carthage must be destroyed"), at last prevailed. All the nations, civilizations, and religions that conquered and ruled the world by hate and cruelty are dead or dying.

There is nothing so magnanimous and noble as the love and forgiveness of enemies. Not even the repentance and confession of the wrongdoer compares with the grace and dignity that can look above wrong and enmity, and which, while it suffers injury, can love the wrongdoer, and return good for evil. To be envious or jealous of the good, or of our neighbor's reputation and prosperity, is the sin of self-wrought misery, born of infinitesimal meanness; but the spirit of hatred toward an enemy is the venom of small minds, which, like the scorpion girt by fire, stings itself to death while stinging others. Every blow of hatred upon its enemy is but a boomerang that hits back to hurt the projector. The man armed with pistol or dagger to slay his enemy is loaded for his own destruction; and while he may slay the victim of his revenge and send him to hell, he cuts himself off from God and heaven, and goes with the

trophy of his madness to join with him in the horrors of a double doom, wrought by his own hand.

The severest test of Christianity is the love of our enemies. The Christian who loves his enemies has attained love in every other direction of duty and obligation. Such love is the topmost blossom that grows on the tree of Christian graces. He who has it is Christlike. There is nothing on earth or in hell that can hurt him. Like some rocky summit around which the thunder and lightnings play in harmless fury, he is above the scorn, contempt, and violence of all opposition that may hit him but never hurt him. Such a man can be absolutely fearless and impenetrable to earthly criticism and obloquy; such a man can God use for the defense of the truth and the exemplification of Christian love.

LOVE OF THE AFFLICTED

THE subject illustrated for this chapter is the sick-room, with which we are all more or less familiar. Next to the grave the sick-bed is the universal leveler of mankind. What a pitiable object is here presented: a sick man utterly dependent upon the ministrations of the doctor, the nurse, his family, or friends! It is here, too, that love has a fine field for manifestation. It is shown not only by the nurse and doctor who watch every movement and symptom of the patient, but by the faithful minister who kneels to pray beside the bedside of his parishioner. In the background is the winged angel of mercy who represents God's Holy Spirit and who comes to lay an unseen hand upon the fevered brow, and minister spiritual comfort to the soul.

Human defectiveness is not so extensive as human poverty and vice, but we have enough of it to attract our constant attention and sympathy and to make it the subject of organized charity and governmental legislation. In every State of our Union and in every civilized country there are schools for the blind, the deaf and the dumb, asylums for the idiot and the insane, hospitals for the helpless and the afflicted. This is but another evidence of the love and charity of our Christian civilization. Paganism had little or no sympathy for

Love of the Afflicted.

human defectiveness; and it was not until Christ preached the gospel to the poor, healed the cripple, and gave sight to the blind that the world felt any sense of charity in the vast realm of the defective. Even among the Jews there was no idea of organized charity in behalf of the defective classes. The blind sat by the wayside and begged; the demoniac howled and raged among the tombs; the leper was driven from society. Beyond the customary giving of alms to the helpless, there was no charity which provided for or protected the defective class.

One of the most difficult things in human nature is to sympathize with defectiveness and love those who are afflicted. There is something within us that covets perfection. We love to look upon that which is symmetrical, proportionate, and beautiful. Our whole nature is averse to deformity, monstrosity, or mutilation. We may sympathize with respectable suffering and misfortune, but the faculty of taste and discrimination, the sense of order and relation, the perception of unity and harmony, in the constitution of the mind, revolt at any violation of our ideals of physical or moral perfection. We love to view the perfect man, the perfect tree, the perfect flower. Coupled with the selfishness of our depraved natures, always blind to our own defects, we are often without sympathy for others afflicted like ourselves; and it is no wonder that under the rule of some savage and semi-civilized nations the defective were neglected or destroyed. Atheism and infidelity would not only establish the theory of the "survival of the fittest" by the neglect, but probably by the destruction, of the deficient. We kill the crippled horse, and why not the crippled man? The Hindoo mother hangs the deformed babe in a basket to a forest tree, to be eaten

by the vultures; and why not cast our blind or crippled baby to the dogs?

Ordinarily in Christian countries parents cling more closely to the defective child; but outside of Christianity there have been but few civilizations which have ever extended any charitable protection to the defective classes. Even in Christian countries the blind, the cripple, and the diseased are sometimes seen upon the streets, helpless and uncared for; but I apprehend that what we see are exceptions, and mainly those who prefer to risk personal to institutional charity. In the main, the greatest compliment to our Christian civilization is that the defective classes are not allowed to suffer. What is it that, contrary to the spirit and custom of past ages, has wrought this mighty change in the minds and hearts of men, naturally averse and often cruel to human defects? What is it that has transformed taste and sense from the critical to the sympathetic, and melted the hard and selfish heart into loving care and protection for the most unfortunate class of human beings? The spirit and example of the crucified Christ, who was "touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

If any one wants to study this love and catch its inspiration, let him visit the hospital and the infirmary, the school of the blind and of the deaf and dumb, the asylum for the insane, as well as the home of the orphan and the place for the poor. Behold that medical attention at the hands of noble physicians; that diligent care and sleepless ministration of the trained nurse; that affectionate patience and skill of the faithful teacher; that vigilant guardianship over the harmless imbecile or the dangerous maniac—all supported and sustained by Christian sentiment and civic aid! Almost every physician, nurse, teacher, or guard in these institutions is a

Christian; and if there are any places on earth where love has a greater burden and reigns with purer sway, it is round about these institutions which enshrine the spirit of a Christian civilization. In countries where exists that loathsome disease, leprosy, which renders its victims hideous to the eye, they have now provided the lazar house or asylum for lepers, where formerly these poor wretches were driven from the sight of men. The spirit of the Moravian missionaries who sacrifice themselves by entering these lazar houses, that they may reach and evangelize the victims of this loathsome disease, is the product of Christianity, and it is the characteristic spirit of the Christian era.

There are many people, defective and indigent, who do better than become objects of public or private charity, and for such we have the greatest admiration when, in spite of misfortune, they live and succeed without help. Poverty and affliction are in fact not always misfortunes. The sense of poverty has driven many a brave man to work and kept many a proud man from the poorhouse; and the sense of defect or deformity has impelled many similar spirits to make great discoveries and inventions, and to attain noble accomplishments in the arts and sciences. The two men planting corn in the field, the one with feet and no hands carrying the one who had hands and no feet, who did the planting, illustrate the ingenuity which is born of necessity in minds determined to overcome the disabilities of defect and misfortune. Alexander Pope's deformity probably stimulated his genius to the achievement of his fame and the beauty of his verse; for he said to himself: "If my person be crooked, my verses shall be straight."

Let none despair of self-help and self-sufficiency so long as he has the genius and the courage to put even

a remnant of ability to the test. De Quincey says: "Many a man has risen to eminence under the powerful reactions of his mind in fierce counter-agency to the scorn of the unworthy, daily evoked by his personal defects, who with a handsome person would have sunk into the luxury of a careless life under the tranquilizing smiles of continual admiration." Beauty, wealth, and education are often the sources of greatest failure; but how admirable and inspiring to see men and women without those advantages making their living, doing good, and even rising to eminence by their own exertion and in spite of their misfortunes!

Nevertheless, there are many of the defective who are utterly helpless and dependent upon our charities. The worst defects often lie in the brain and heart. It is not every man that is born with a great mind, a strong heart, and a mighty will. Sometimes there is great intellect, without the motive power of a strong will. Again, there is the motive power of ambition without intellect to sustain it; and still again, there may be the mighty will and great intellect without the strong heart. Many people are so feebly made up in all these faculties that they are objects of pity and compassion; and when their physical defect is added to their mental, emotional, or volitional defects, their case is indeed helpless and deplorable. There should be charity and consideration toward the internal, as well as the external, deficiencies of human nature. We easily sympathize with the broken arm, the crooked leg, the blind eye. Why not with the weak mind, the insufficient courage, the imbecile will?

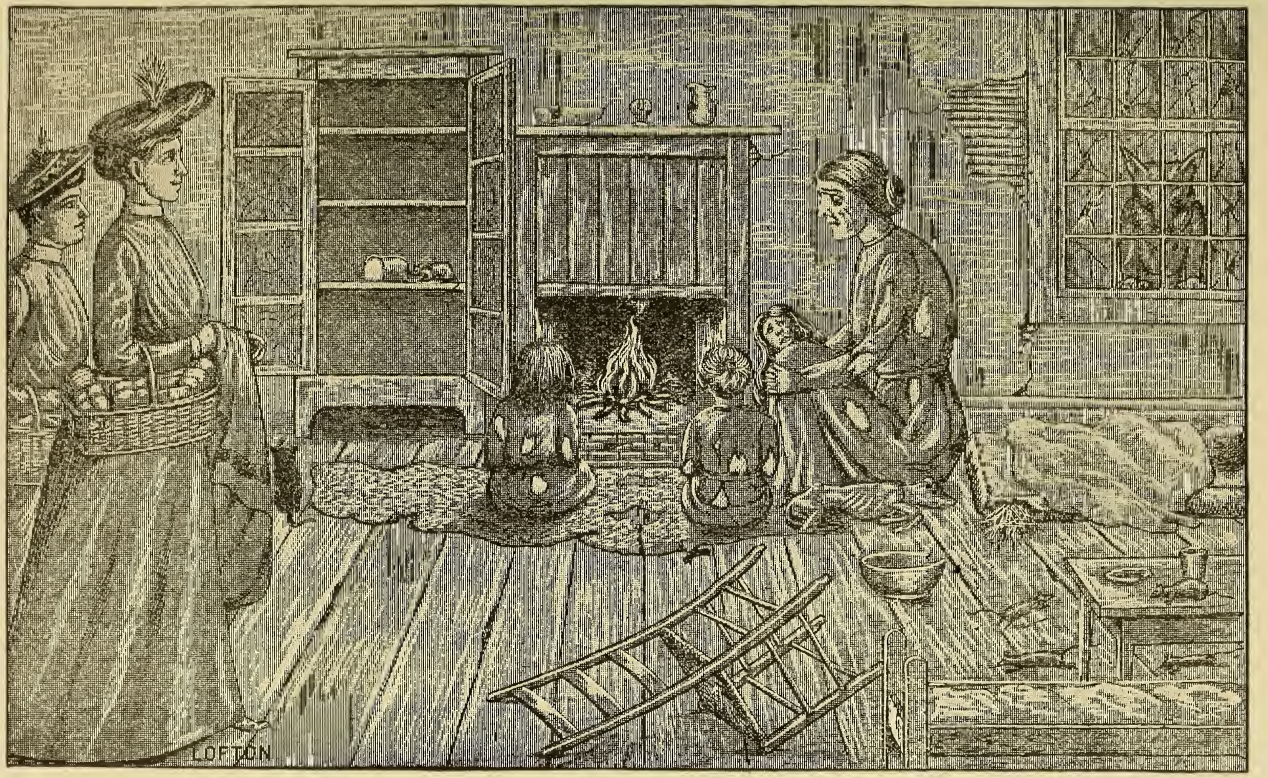
That helpless cripple in the hospital, that hopeless idiot or that raging maniac in the asylum, is a man for all that; and, behind his broken body or his imbecile

brain, breathes an immortal spirit that must live forever. God has infinite passion for these poor, helpless, weak, deficient, half-made people, and he loves and watches over them as tenderly as over the prince upon the throne. They were made in God's image and likeness, however marred and dimmed; and when they slip from the infirmities or hallucinations of their disordered brains, they return to the God who fashioned their spirits, as perfect and pure as Elijah, Enoch, or even Moses, who closed his career in physical perfection with "his natural force unabated and his eye undimmed." There will be no cripples, idiots, or maniacs in heaven.

LOVE OF THE POOR

HERE is a representation of abject poverty—a mother and children in rags, hungry, cold, and comfortless—the cupboard empty, the fire low, the babe upon a bed of straw, the dog and cat starved, the rats running riot in the room, and the proverbial wolf at the door. It could not be much worse; and yet there is one bright side to poverty. It is seen in the angels of charity, in the persons of two women, who are coming into the room with food and raiment for the relief of these poor.

Love for the needy poor is what we call charity, and charity is another translation of the word "love." It is very hard for many people to love their needy poor. Many who have been reared in wealth and luxury and pampered with pride and self-importance, and even some who have struggled up from poverty and obscurity to fortune and honor have a profound contempt for *poor folks*. All of us dread the undesirable lot of indigence; and the "poorhouse" is the synonym for utter wretchedness and disgrace. If it were left to many people, the needy poor would perish from the face of the earth as fast as they develop. The sentiment of atheism and infidelity is the "survival of the fittest;" and human pride and selfishness have always exclaimed: "Let every man take care of himself, and the Devil catch the hindmost."



Love of the Poor.

Part of the glory of Christianity consists in love and consideration for the poor. Both the Old and the New Testament lay emphasis upon the fact that the poor belong to God. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." The eye of God is always upon the poor, as upon the falling sparrow. He hears their cry, as that of the young ravens; and he has ordained that those whom he has blessed with favor and plenty shall remember and feed his poor.

According to the universal law of degree and variety, God has created inequalities among men, as he has among all other orders of being; and, in his all-wise providence, has left some to be poor as well as some to be rich. All cannot be rich; and if God has left to the "hewer of wood and the drawer of water" to do service for the strong and the great, he has taken particular pains to enact the law of charity and protection for the benefit of the needy.

There is no difference in heaven between the rich and the poor, and God makes no difference between them in the honor he accords to fidelity. The poor widow in casting her two mites into the treasury did more, in the estimation of the Master, than all they that cast in of their abundance. Poor Lazarus, lying at the rich man's gate, full of sores, ministered to only by street dogs, and feeding upon the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, died and was buried; but a cohort of angels, flashing their jeweled wings upon the place of his poverty and misery, escorted him to paradise. God is no respecter of persons. He says: "The rich and the poor meet together: The Lord is the maker of them all."

One of the crowning glories of our civilization is our organized and legislated charities. We still have the poor with us, and shall continue to have them until the

millennium; but the conditions of poverty and misery are infinitely better now than when Christ was on earth. There is not a civilized country on the globe, not a state or territory in this Union, not a town or a city, not a denomination or church, not a sodality or a society, in which there is not some organized charity for the poor. There may be millions of the poor in the world not yet directly reached by these institutions, but the great mass of them are indirectly cared for in some way and to some degree. There is not a state or province that has not its poorhouse; and there is perhaps not a city or town that has not a board of relief for the poor. Thousands of schools for orphans and homes for widows are maintained by Christian denominations and benevolent orders. Thousands of wealthy and generous people give liberally to help the indigent; and some of them have built institutions for their education and relief. The history of the world has never recorded such an age of benevolence; and one of the grandest movements known in the annals of time is the Salvation Army, whose work is to feed the poor and lift up the fallen masses from ignorance, poverty, and vice. Truly Christ said, "The poor have the gospel preached unto them;" and he who fed the thousands with five loaves and two little fishes is yet performing the miracle of the centuries by carrying the bread of life to millions of the poor through the loving service of his people.

The treatment of poverty is the problem of the age, and it is one of the hardest to solve. The Utopian dreams of philanthropists and political economists have conceived many panaceas for poverty, but no such schemes will ever banish poverty or relieve the world of its afflictions. Anarchy may bring chaos and a universal equality for a day, by the equal distribution of

all property; but the inequality of intelligence, ability, and motive power would make equality of physical resources impossible of retention for any length of time, and poverty worse than ever would follow. Socialism, with its joint ownership of real estate and the governmental employment of the unemployed, is a plausible paternal scheme; but it could only modify poverty by making it the common burden of all, by a law which would encourage the dependence of the indigent upon the thrifty, who alone support government. It is contrary to the natural order of social relationship, in which ownership of property and success in business depend upon individual effort; and hence all men will continue, under the natural compulsion of individual responsibility, to secure their own livelihood. Community of goods in the first church at Jerusalem was a benevolent and temporary expedient to meet a pending emergency, and was not practiced anywhere else. There have been some orders or societies which worked upon socialistic principles; but they did nothing for the progress of the world and make no history. Upon any general or universal plan in the social relation and government of mankind, the scheme is impossible; and hence, according to their several ability, there will always continue among men the distinction of success and failure, prominence and obscurity, wealth and poverty.

Often amid the haunts of helpless poverty lie the jewels of genius and immortality, unpolished and obscured by misfortune, unable to shine for want of motive and encouragement; and here may Christian charity dig from the mine its rarest gems. Jerry McAuley and his wife, the great slum reformers of New York City, nobly illustrate the truth of what has been said. It may be, as Addison says, that sometimes "poverty palls the most generous

spirit, cows industry, and casts resolution itself into despair;" and therefore the more need for the mighty ministry of love in Christian charity, to lift up the fallen and helpless and help them on to success and happiness.

Society and government ought to favor the poor masses by restricting the grasp of the millionaire monopolist upon the industries and necessities of life. The charitable spirit, permeating the life of a Christian civilization, ought to fight every social or business power which goes beyond the limit of moderation and oppresses the masses, whether by tyrannical authority, or by the absorption of physical resources. Plutocracy creates infidelity, bitterness, and anarchy among the poor and oppressed.

Jesus says: "Ye have the poor always with you." He knew, therefore, there would always be poverty. Its mission undoubtedly is to elicit charity and cultivate love. We love the souls of men the more by loving their bodies, their hungry mouths and their ragged forms, and the poverty-stricken masses have no confidence in that love that does not feed, clothe, and warm their needy bodies. During a great famine among the Ongales of India, the Baptist missionaries devoted themselves to the physical wants of these people; and when the famine was over there were 17,000 converts in their mission.

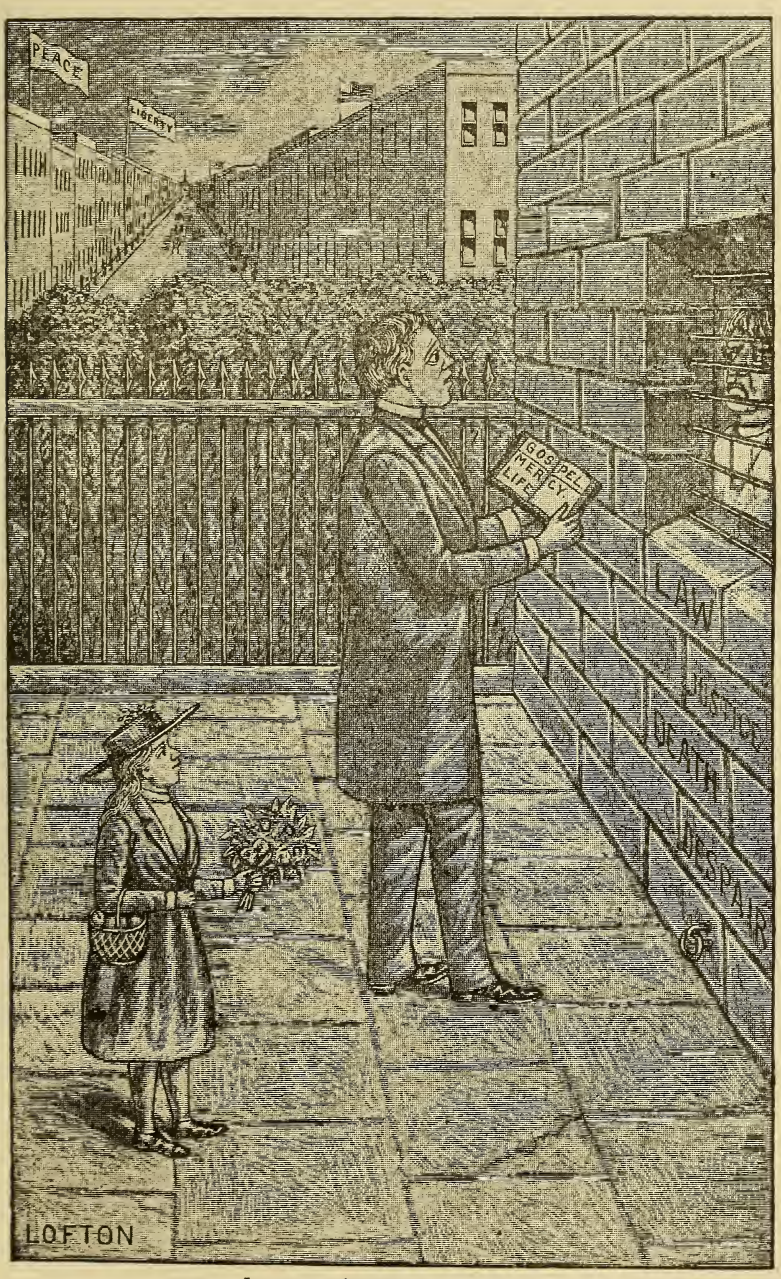
Lord Bacon well said: "In all human gifts and passions, though they advance nature, yet they are subject to excess; but charity alone admits of no excess. By aspiring to be like God in power, the angels transgressed and fell; by aspiring to be like God in knowledge, man transgressed and fell; by aspiring to be like God in goodness or love, neither man or angel ever did or ever shall transgress. For unto that imitation we all are called." A cup of cold water given in charity

shall not lose its reward; and a lifetime spent in loving service to the poor cannot be too much with him who said: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Christ himself "for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich." The Son of Man, cradled in a manger at his birth, and who, in after life, had "not where to lay his head," was the impersonation of love. "He went about doing good," ministering to the wants of the unfortunate and distressed, and preaching the gospel to the poor. Those who love Christ truly cannot fail to appreciate the importance of the work he has left for them to do in casting out the gospel net into the great sea of humanity that he loved.

LOVE OF THE CRIMINAL

THIS brings me to the consideration of those known as the vicious or criminal classes, for whom we should have love and charity. We consider now the courthouse, the jail, the penitentiary, the gibbet, the headman's ax, the guillotine. Guilt and punishment at the hands of the law, the protection of society, the abhorrence of evil and evil people; the judge, the jury, the sheriff—these are the objects that now come into view; and before us rise the hideous forms of the murderer, the burglar, the robber, the adulterer, the liar—all the train of evildoers that curse society. What shall we do with them? Can we love them and do them good, even though we must punish them, and sometimes destroy them? Human nature rises up in revolt and cries for vengeance upon crime; and often the mob takes justice into its hands, and with frenzied fury inflicts summarily the most cruel punishments upon the victims of its madness. It is often astounding to see the haste of hate as it retaliates upon wrong, or the spirit of retribution as it is quick to mete out vengeance. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," is the maxim of the world; and resentment everywhere strikes back at the slightest infringement upon human right and dignity. How impatient we are of injury, how sensitive to insult, and how ready we are to take revenge?



Love of the Criminal.

It was not until Christ came into the world that we learned to distinguish between sin and the sinner, crime and the criminal, or that we learned to love the sinner and the criminal while we hate the sin and crime. The holiness or justice of God abhors sin, revolts and reacts against it, and demands punishment of it; but the love and mercy of God compassionates and forgives the sinner. It was thus upon the cross that sin was punished in the atoning Redeemer, and that God showed his love for the sinner; and though our sins be as scarlet, they are, through faith in Christ, made as white as snow. Christ and him crucified is sin's satisfaction to God's holiness or justice; and it is through the Redeemer's satisfaction to law that God can love the sinner, and forgives sin's penalty paid on the cross. What a splendid illustration of this fact is seen in the salvation of the thief on the cross! He was the first trophy of the cross. A thief, a robber, hanging by the Saviour's side, railing and blaspheming a moment ago, yet repenting, believing, and praying now: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise!" was the loving reply; and on that day, with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the redeemed and blood-washed throng, with Jesus himself, that "thief" took his place in glory!

The cross did it, and from that moment the world changed front. From that moment love began to conquer the human heart, and the white-winged angel of mercy lighted upon the pinnacle of the temple of justice —cold-blooded and heartless down to that time; and since that day Mercy and Justice have shaken hands. Peace and Righteousness have kissed each other over the form of the penitent sinner, however dark and damning his crimes. The Christian is a unique char-

acter, impersonating the love of Christ for the lost, the least, and the lowest; and there is no sin so vile, no iniquity so base, that the true Christian cannot forgive and at the same time love the offender, however much he abhors the offense. This is Christian love, in the purest and loftiest sense, put to the test of compassion for the vicious and fallen masses; and the tens of thousands of men and women toiling in the slums, visiting the jails and penitentiaries, pleading with the condemned victim of the gallows, dying in the jungles of heathenism, murdered and eaten by cannibals, demonstrate that love which, through Christ, can hate sin and yet compassionate the sinner, and upon repentance forgive and forget his iniquities.

Now all this does not abate human justice, but it tempers it with mercy. Crime against human law has no way of escape from justice. There is no one that can take the place of the culprit at the bar of a human court. He has no substitute; he must suffer his own penalty; and while justice is not revengeful, it must be vindicatory. The safety of human society depends upon the supremacy of law; and while it cannot prevent crime, nor reform the criminal, it must punish him. Justice is not a matter of benevolence; it is blindfolded and evenhanded, and must swing its balance with exact scale for the good of the honest, the true, and the peaceable. Nevertheless, the Christian holds out the hand of charity to the criminal against all cruel and excessive punishment, and it holds forth the bread of life to the victim of the crime in the meshes of the law, divine or human. Christian love goes to the prisoner's cell and to the chain gang, and stands beneath the gibbet; and while human justice punishes the body, and divine justice

dooms the soul, love points to the cross whence the thief went to paradise.

It is startling to read the story of human cruelty to the criminal classes in ages gone by. Truly "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." The French Bastile and the London Tower, even in Christian ages, make us shudder at the mention of their inhuman barbarities; but they were erected in an age of ecclesiastical perversion and despotism, not in a period of evangelical liberty, light, and love. Beside them and back of them, in every country and age, the iron manacle, the filthy dungeon, the absence of light, with the deadly damp of starvation, the rack and torture, with the horrors of a hopeless and merciless despair, give us some conception of prison life to the criminal; and the refinements of cruelty, by which he was made to suffer or die, make the blood run cold with freezing terror. Who could tell the story of Roman, Grecian, Babylonian, Hindoo, Chinese, or Egyptian imprisonment and punishment at the hands of judicial or political power? Think of the poor galley slaves! Think of the Inquisition! Think of Siberia! Think of the Dry Tortugas! Think of Judson in the hands of the king of Ava! Hell itself could not be much worse than human cruelty and torture in prison life and punishment formerly administered to criminals and heretics.

It has been the province of modern civilization gradually to break into the dark and deadly cells of prison life and ameliorate the sufferings and punishments of the criminal, as well as administer spiritual consolation and hope to the perpetrators of vice and crime. An enlightened civilization, permeated with a Christian spirit, has ventilated and illuminated the prison, abolished inhuman strictures upon the prisoner, and instituted a healthful

and reasonable service to the government; and so all excessive and cruel punishments have been abolished. With little exception, there is not a civilized country but what has abolished its harsh and inhuman treatment of vice and crime; and the poor, condemned wretch, suffering protracted imprisonment and servitude, or sentenced to die, is made to feel at last that justice is tempered with mercy and backed by reason. The branding iron, the public stocks, flogging in the navy and in the troops, all species of torture to exact testimony, the gag, the headsman's ax, the drawing and quartering, public executions, and the thumbscrew are things of the past, relics of barbarous and inhuman customs and ages, even in some so-called Christian countries. It is enough for the criminal to get justice in the punishment of his crime; it has been the part of Christian philanthropy to destroy, so far as possible, the idea that the accused or convicted was entitled to no human consideration, as an added horror to his punishment. Unfortunately, charity has sometimes gone too far in the direction of the other extreme, in cheating justice and in endangering society by the unintentional encouragement of crime.

More than all this, Christian philanthropy has entered upon every scheme not only for the amelioration of criminal confinement and punishment, but for the reformation of the criminal and the vicious. Institutions are everywhere established for the refuge of fallen women, who have the gospel preached to them, among whom are hundreds of converts and restorations to life and relations resulting often in happy marriages and steadfast religious integrity in the families thus created. The noblest work is being done among the slums and brothels of our great cities, by institutional churches and evangelistic labors, to reclaim vicious men, women, and children; and

reform schools and workhouses have been erected for the benefit of the young in vice, crime, and idleness, with splendid results in favor of intelligence, morality, and religion. As said before, our public schools, another result of Christian civilization, have not only alleviated the evils of indigence and defectiveness, but they have done much to lift the criminal and vicious masses into higher and better life, through the education and refinement of the children born and bred in the atmosphere of ignorance, irreligion, and iniquity. To be sure, there is a vast work of reformation yet to be accomplished in behalf of the criminal classes. The saloon, the gambling hell, and the brothel—forms of instituted and licensed vice—are always planted in the very center of vicious and criminal communities; and in partnership with all the advanced movements of Christian civilization and progress is the prohibition war which, amid varied success and discouragement, is being carried with gradual but mighty conquest against the organized forces of vice and crime. The battle for reformation is fierce and protracted, but the victory is, sooner or later, certain.

Into almost every precinct and hole of vice and crime the missionary and the evangelist, the Sunday school teacher and the angel of mercy, carry the torch of enlightenment and religion. Some of the worst criminals go from prison to heaven, or come home converted men and women, to fight the hard battle of life against temptation and public aversion; and one of the finest illustrations of the morally sublime is to behold a man or woman dragged from the cesspool of sin and degradation, or released from the disgrace of punishment for crime, struggling almost against fate to live the life of virtue and honor and to win an honest livelihood. Often he has no friends from the ranks of the world; but for

the few Christians who love his soul and seek his reformation and help, he would be practically hopeless. In the face of public aversion and prejudice, it is hard to tell which is the sublimer spectacle, the once disgraced and discouraged criminal struggling for life and honor, or the loving philanthropist trying to help, lift up, and put back the fallen to such a condition.

One of the peculiar features of mean and fallen human nature is to condemn others for the thing we allow in ourselves. Hence we are commanded to judge not, that we be not judged by our own judgment. The self-centered sinner is the meanest and severest judge of another sinner; and it is not until, in the light of the gospel, we reach, like Paul, love for sinners, that we discover ourselves the "chief" of sinners, saved by grace and not by our own merits. It takes the grace of God, gratuitously conferred upon us for salvation, and spiritually wrought within us for sanctification, to make us sing:

> Give me to feel another's woe,
> To hide the fault I see;
> That mercy I to others show,
> That mercy show to me.

Self-love, self-righteousness, self-importance, can never know anything of the spirit or sacrifice of Christian love and philanthropy; and so long as a shred of the cold legalistic or pharisaic spirit lives in a man or woman, it will be "eye for eye, and tooth for tooth," and let the indigent, the defective, and the vicious look out for themselves or perish. Such people are liberal in building colleges, courthouses, jails, penitentiaries, or gibbets; but they never build reformatories, asylums, or poorhouses. They build monuments, even to the prophets their fathers slew; but they have only a potter's field

for Lazarus, the tombs for the demoniac, and a cross for the thief, only stones with which to kill heretics and to beat to death the poor woman taken in adultery, when not one of them, when put to the test, could throw a stone, by reason of his own guilt.

The chief direction of charity in favor of the criminal classes is toward the children of these people. Christ's invitation to little ones to come unto him was directed as much to the children of publicans and sinners as to those of the noblest Jewish families—as much to the children of the streets and alleys, of the slums and brothels, as to the children of the mansion and the palace. It is in the child that vice and crime begin; and under bad environment and example, it is from the children of every such generation that our criminals of every class and grade come. The Earl of Shaftesbury said: "Of all the adult male criminals in London, not two in a hundred who have entered upon a course of crime have lived an honest life up to the age of twenty; almost all who enter upon a course of crime do so between the ages of eight and sixteen." What is true of London is true of Paris and New York and every other city; and if ever love had a special mission in its combat with the monsters of vice and crime, it lies in snatching the young victims from the grasp of their surroundings before it is too late to care for or help their malady. Robert Raikes took practically the first step in the direction of this primary and essential work in establishing the Sunday school. In my humble opinion the mission Sunday school, planted in the midst of the poor and vicious masses, has accomplished more good in rescuing the race from the effect of vice and crime than has any other agency; and it is within the power of every Christian community to do this vastly important work.

LOVE THE LAW OF LIFE

HE accompanying illustration presents the philosophic view of love. The law and the cross agree in teaching supreme love to God and unselfish love to man; and both Moses and Jesus affirm that the man who exercises such love shall live. The cross is the law fulfilled for man, and secures for him through the death of Christ the love he did not have under that law. Moses has his right hand on the law which he gave, and his left on the cross to which he points as the end of the law for righteousness to the believer; Christ has his left hand on the law and his right on the cross by which he fulfilled the law and gave righteousness to the believer. Christ is the *Rex* (King) who satisfied the *Lex* (Law) in Love, and who brought together Sinai and Calvary. The man kneeling represents obedience and faith.

There are a number of laws which involve our being and existence. We eat and drink, think and feel, will and act, in our individual and social relationships, in what we call a state of life; and until we die we are governed by the natural laws of our being in all these relationships. In the sunshine of health, prosperity, and peace, we naturally enjoy life according to the exertion of our capacities and the favor of our environment. Amid the clouds and shadows of adversity, suffering and sorrow, we endure the hardships and trials of life;

Love the Law of Life.

and amid the alternations of sunshine and darkness, we live, die, and pass away from this stage of existence into the unknown and the eternal.

The Bible recognizes this state of *life* as one of *death*. The "natural man" is "alive" and yet *"dead."* This is the woeful paradox of human existence. We are represented as born dead—conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity—and by nature the children of wrath—and so living as still "dead in trespasses and in sins." In order to create an antithetical paradox, "dead and yet alive," we must be born again, made anew in Christ Jesus, so as to be alive unto God. Regeneration is a transformation of our being from spiritual death unto life eternal; and the sole medium through which this transformation takes place is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Author and Source of Life. Faith, hope, and love are interdependent; for faith and hope without love are not. Love is the consummation of faith and hope, and the great essential principle and evidence of the new life. A religion that does not go as far as love is not Christian, and hence love is the fundamental law of life in the Christian dispensation.

A lawyer asked Christ this question: "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Christ answered him by another question: "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" The lawyer replied: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." "Thou hast answered right," said the Master; "this do and thou shalt live."

Where supreme love to God and unselfish love to man exist there is life—life eternal. Such love is "the end of the law for righteousness" without any need for Christ; but such love must have been perfect, personal,

and perpetual in the life of him who lives by it, without any trait of sin by nature, or prior transgression, and continue to the end of existence.

Christ demonstrated by one of the purest examples of morality and legalism, in the case of the rich young ruler, that no such man ever lived; and there never has been but one such person who perpetually loved God supremely and man unselfishly. Adam must have had such love before the fall; but in the fall of Adam and the ruin of his posterity such love was lost to the human race, and without Christ it could never have been restored.

The purest and best characters of all history furnish no illustration of such love out of Christ; and even those in Christ Jesus have never been able to live a perfect life. Even the apostle Paul prior to his conversion was, as "touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless;" when he made a spiritual discovery of himself in the light of Christ's love, he pronounced himself the "chief of sinners." So of the lofty Cornelius, who, with all his ethical character, his legalistic almsgiving, and pious praying, had to be saved by faith in Christ as any other sinner.

John says: "We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren." Again he says: "Love is of God, and every one that loveth is *begotten* of God, and knoweth God." Again: "He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love." Wherever love is there is life, and wherever life is there is love. Life and love in the spiritual world are correlatives. He that hates his brother hates God, and so abides in death. In Christ love became the subject of a "new commandment," because the world had never realized the old commandment under the law; and only

in Christ is the fulfillment of this commandment made possible.

There are many forms of love common to the human and animal nature which are solely characteristic of our natural affinities and relationships, but which are not evidence of spiritual life. We may be highly moral and scrupulously correct in our life and have it not, for "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." To some who have done many wonderful works in his name the Master will say: "I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Paul tells us the secret of this startling revelation. We may speak with the tongues of men and angels; have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and knowledge; have faith so that we could remove mountains; bestow all our goods to feed the poor, and give our bodies to be burned—and yet without LOVE all is sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

Did such love exist even in proximate perfection, it would supersede the necessity for all statutory legislation, criminal code, courthouses, jails, penitentiaries, and the gallows. Every true Christian partially or more perfectly possesses this divine attribute; and, though imperfect, it is this love which constitutes the only bond of peace which unites the human family and elevates it to the promise of the future.

By all means let us have more love and more to love. We cultivate the intellect; why not the heart? Intellect without feeling simply is a form of most dangerous brutishness. He that would grapple hearts to him must himself have a heart; he that would win love must have love. Domination over man is not given to the merely clever but to the truly loving. Sympathy, devotion, sacrifice—all synonyms of love—win more hearts than

brain, intellect, and reason. The true test of art and letters is not cleverness but kindness The men who hold the world's best regard to-day are not the statesmen, the warriors, or the financiers, but the poets, the prophets, the mystics, the saints, the men of heart and soul, not of head and hand. Men are being guided in what they do and think more and more by the example of those who lived and died to better them. Lamartine called Christianity a revolution in favor of the weak; he might have said love and justice. Christ is reigning more than ever in men's hearts, and where Christ is there, too, must be love.

It could not be otherwise. We are mounting toward heaven, not descending to hell. God forbid that any man should say the world is worse to-day than it was when the Redeemer went to Calvary and the sublime tragedy of Golgotha was played out. Nay, it is better —far better—for man is learning what love really means. It isn't simply a passion of the sexes; it is the essence of God; it is one of the lights that guide us on the way to immortality; it is man's humanity to man to make countless thousands rejoice; it is the masterwheel that imparts God's power and Spirit to the universal machine He created ages ago and whose people Christ came to redeem ages hence.

Whatsoever things are lovely.—Phil. iv. 8.

Natural Love.

PART III.

NATURAL LOVE

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

—*Scott, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."*

LOVE OF LIFE

THIS chapter's illustration shows the instinctive love of life which pervades the existence of the human race. The scene is that of wreck at sea, where, amid the turbulent billows that dash upon their victims, an exhausted and half-dead man is clinging for life to a spar and waving a handkerchief to a tempest-tossed ship in the distance, from which a lifeboat has been lowered and is making its way to the rescue of the poor fellow displaying the signal of distress. "What will a man give for his life?" is an unanswerable question propounded by the Master himself. This man waving the handkerchief has thrown away all, and is clutching for his life to the spar; while hard beside him is a man in the billows, holding on to his gold, and yet sinking beneath the waves. He too loves life, but loves it only for its sordid purposes; and in clutching his base idol, he forgets to cling to the means of life and signal for the help that would save him. What a picture it is of the sinner convicted and crying to Christ for salvation; and of the sinner clinging to the things of this life, and sinking down to hell!

Life is a magnificent heritage and a solemn trust. To the animal life has no rational object or meaning. However noble or prized, the animal, except for man's use, had never lived. God made the universe for man

Love of Life.

—the earth to live upon, and to own and subdue—the sun, moon, and stars to give him light by day and night; and in the distinction between man's importance and all creation besides, whether animate or inanimate, we discover the value and purpose of human life. Created in God's image and breathing the breath of immortality, he was only short of God in the absolute and the infinite; and yet his life was stamped with the signet of eternity and of absolute and infinite value.

Man's life was given to express the image and glory of God, to develop and beautify the earth on which we live, and to enjoy the benefit and blessing of relationship between the finite and the infinite; and but for sin and death the earthly Eden had been still the abode of love and companionship between God and man. Paradise lost, however, only gave way to paradise regained; and the beautiful and glorious image marred in the first Adam has been restored in the second Adam. Human life has been lifted to celestial importance and excellence above the earthly; and man's loftiest destiny is not only to live forever, but to compass the realm of endless bliss and of infinite development to his capacities in a new heaven and a new earth. He is not here to stay, but here to learn of God in the academy of time, and to graduate in the university of eternity. Life yonder depends upon the life here; and the only purpose of this life is to so learn and love God as to subserve the eternal purpose and glory of God in the life to come. Surely every man ought to love life beyond every other gift of God.

To love life truly, we should make the most of it for good. They live longest who live best. A short life, well lived, is longer than the longest badly lived or lived for naught. The octogenarian does not live out half his

days who lives for evil or who lives for nothing. Some who cling closest to the present and who hate worst to leave it have not lived at all. They have all to leave and nothing to gain. But he who has filled up the measure of his days for good can afford to exchange this for the higher life. He leaves behind him a rich inheritance for his fellows, and lays up a richer heritage for himself in eternity. His is true love of life consummated in deathless good here and glory hereafter.

The Christian, above all, should love this life. It is springtime to an endless summer—not, as to the sinner, the autumn, fading to an endless winter. He can make every hour on the sundial of time count for earthly good and endless result, and in addition to his earthly joy pile up daily treasures in heaven. To such life, through trial and to the grave, is but a gladsome journey; and though the flesh may shiver at the approach of the grim monster, "the valley of the shadow of death" is lighted with the promise and glow of the celestial reward. Some are even glad, at the weary end, to lay down the life they have loved so well, to welcome through the gates the grander life eternal.

Some men fling away this life and the hope of that to come. Such do not love life in the light of its value and purpose, but only in the light of its selfish gratifications, or in utter indifference to its infinite end. Some idle it away, or wickedly abuse it. To others it is but a gala day of pleasure and amusement, or only the harvest time of treasure and honor; and about the time their pride and ambition settle down in the snug inheritance of this life, the body goes to the grave and the soul to its endless account with the God who gave it. Wasted life—and what a waste! How constantly true of the multitudes who lavish life upon their selfishness, or fling

it away upon worldliness, or who debauch it in vice, and then die dissatisfied with the results of their existence. Only a Macbeth, to whom life becomes a failure, or a curse, can say:

> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more.

True life depends upon the purpose in living. With millions it is simply all of life to live, or all of death to die, without any purpose beyond the present. Others estimate life upon the basis of merchandise or manufacture, of houses and lands, or of other earthly considerations of value. They are daily taking stock of their temporal possessions, but never take down the deeds and results of life—never overhaul existence—to discover what they are doing, what achieving, whither drifting, with reference to the soul in its account with God and eternity. Most men are simply considering the profit and loss of everything except life in its relations with God. They are letting life take care of itself. The soul is left to drift unconscious with the body in the great current of time, oblivious of the great end of life; and only the comparative few stop to think with Bailey, that

> Life's but a means unto an end.

Life is what we make it. The life of an imbecile may not be valuable or available for much; but if it is the best he can live according to his conceptions of purpose and duty, he has the sanction and reward of conscience and God. I would rather live and die an idiot than be the genius who, with all his abilities and opportunities, saw life only through the glass colored by avarice or ambition. Some have very low ideals, and behold life

only through the medium of base or clouded views. Others see it through glory glasses. Whether in time or eternity, in heaven or hell, life will be the result largely of our ideals. There are giants and pygmies, in good and bad, according as they have idealized life; and between a Paul and a Judas, or between a millionaire and a tramp, the hiatus of distinction is but the difference between ideals.

The best way to conceive of the value and purpose of life is to behold the estimate God puts upon it. The cross of Calvary is the symbol of the soul's infinite dignity. God estimated that a human life was worth the sacrifice of his only-begotten Son; and as our redemption, so he values our life. Heaven and glory are the crown of life to the saved and the faithful. For man, in the light of God's infinite estimate of human life, to undervalue himself is to wrong his own soul. Truly does Christ put the awful question: "If a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul, what shall it profit him? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Think of the rich fool in the parable who confounded the value of his soul with the substance of his possessions! Alas for the man who says to his soul: "Take thine ease; thou hast much goods laid up in store for many years!"

Many millions seem to think that this is the only life they shall ever live! They are often careless of their health and culture, and spend their life upon everything but its immortal purpose. They expose it, work it, dissipate it, amuse it, and often kill it. One man, for the slightest offense, snuffs out the life of his fellow-man, and nations butcher each other in war. Thousands drown life in drunkenness or destroy it in debauchery. By the tyranny of fashion women blight their beauty,

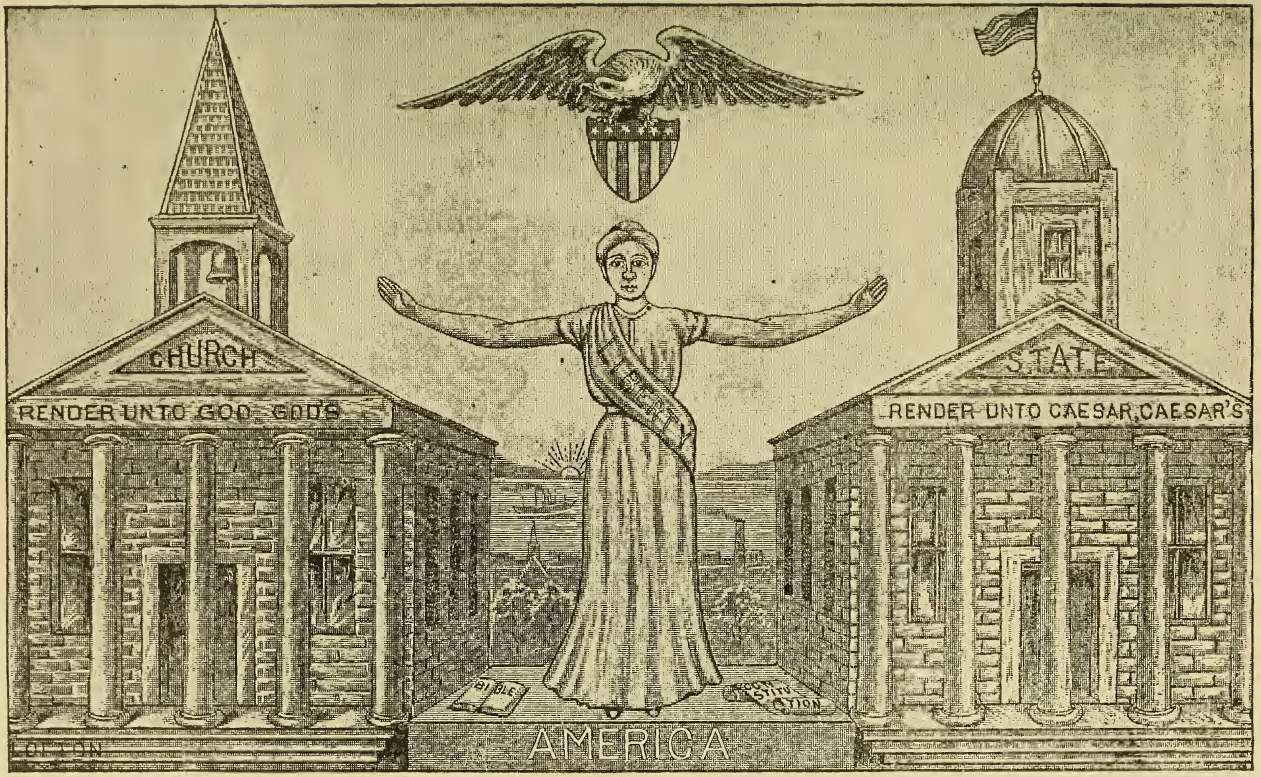
ruin their health, shorten their days, and take their lives. The invalid, having exhausted all the remedies of medical skill and healing waters, catches at the straws of patent humbugs to keep his life; and, though oft in sight of the grave and hopeless of recovery, refuses to take the Physician of the soul. How many millions have no appreciation of life and health till they are lost, and even when lost look not to the hopes of the future! They fight the grave to the last; and with one foot in the grave, they refuse to take the proffered help for life eternal. Grinding in the mill of business or swirling in the mazes of dissipation, they disregard every law of self-preservation here below; and when this life has been recklessly thrown away, they become oblivious of the life eternal. Such is the mockery of life with millions.

Most people have a horror of death. Even down to old age, and in spite of afflictions and infirmities, we cling to life. Some of the best people shudder at the entrance of the dark valley, and only a few go shouting into the black river. While the stream was shallow to Greatheart, it was deep and overwhelming to Christian. The great mass of people dread the scythe of the grim Reaper, and many are afflicted with terror and pleadings for life. No matter how well prepared to go, we still cling to the life we have so long loved. It is difficult to close the eye of sense and open the eye of faith, in passing from this to the life to come; and we are so bound up by the ties of flesh and earthly interests that it is hard to surrender to the dissolution of our earthly loves and relations.

LOVE OF LIBERTY

THE picture here sets forth the great idea of American liberty, both religious and political, in the organic separation between Church and and State. The Goddess of Liberty, under the eagle that symbolizes liberty and its protection, stands upon the American platform between the temple of State and the temple of God, with outstretched arm and open palm to indicate organic separation between the two, and with the Constitution and the Bible on respective sides, at her feet. On the temple of State is written, "Render to Cæsar, Cæsar's;" on the Church is written, "Render to God, God's." These are the words of Christ, who implied liberty for both Church and State, but organic separation between the two.

Soon after the war, when the slaves in the South had been freed, I passed an old negro lying sick and destitute by the roadside. I said to him: "How goes it now? You seem to be in a pretty bad way. You are not having as good a time as with old master." He looked at me, smiled, and answered in a moment: "Yes; dat's so, but I'se free now." Poor fellow! He had but little capacity to understand freedom and its responsibilities, but, in spite of destitution and misery, he enjoyed it to the best of his knowledge and ability. I began to reflect upon the natural love of liberty in the feeblest and darkest bosom. I pondered over the awful contest



Love of Liberty.

that had just closed, in which I had been an active participant. What a bloody price had been paid for the preservation of the Union and the freedom of the negroes! How blind I had been to the decree of modern civilization! How I had hated and fought the theories and armies of Lincoln, Sumner, Seward, Grant, and Sherman, which had at last prevailed in the abolition of slavery!

The words of that old negro rang in my ears and softened my heart. After all, emancipation was of God and the spirit of the age, of that gospel which had set the world free. From that day till this, I have never had any difficulty about the solution of the problem of the Civil War. These reflections softened my prejudices and modified my hatred of the Yankees, who till then had seemed to me only a cruel instrument in the hands of Providence for scourging the best people in the world—a people honest and patriotic in their convictions, however blind to the logic of events.

Not long ago I met another man, an anti-prohibitionist, full of liquor. I said: "My friend, you are in a pretty bad condition; hadn't you better go home and get sober before some harm happens to you? I'll go with you." He replied about as promptly as the old negro, but with an oath, "No, sir; I'm ag'in' you; I'm for personal liberty;" and on he went in the full enjoyment of his freedom.

I love the liberty of the old negro—the liberty to go when and where he pleased, to enjoy even his poverty, when not trespassing upon the rights of others; but I abhor the liberty of the debauchee, who invokes the law to support his insult and injury to the moral sense of the community, which plays the leading part in corrupting youth, under the sacred plea of personal rights.

There is no such thing as liberty or freedom except as guarded by just laws, which protect the civil rights and the moral dignity of the people. Liberty is a misnomer outside of law and morality. The second table of the divine code applies to murder, adultery, theft, perjury, and covetousness; and underlies the rights of life, property, character, and happiness of all men. Any government which does not fully protect these rights falls short of securing liberty. The first table of the divine code applies to idolatry, the worship of images, profanation of God's name, the observance of the Sabbath, and the obedience and honor of children to their parents. These are matters of religious and domestic life, and must be left to the individual, so long as he does not run counter to public rights, social order, family sanctity, nor inflict Sabbath work upon others. Civil government has nothing to do with my religion, my personal character, my family, or my Sabbath, except to protect their rights. Religious liberty and civil liberty, while morally interdependent, are organically independent of each other. We render unto God, God's; unto Cæsar, Cæsar's. Christ pays taxes to Cæsar, and Cæsar protects Christ's rights in religion; but there is no organic connection whatever between Church and State, between God's kingdom and Cæsar's kingdom. Matters of faith do not belong to civil legislation; and civil matters do not belong to Church legislation. This is New Testament liberty, which millions have died to maintain, and which Christians love to maintain with a deathless devotion.

Liberty depends very greatly upon the surrender of rights and privileges which would be harmless in men living in isolation. To be justly and happily free, we cannot be independent of one another, individually or

collectively. The man who loves liberty best and will do most to foster it is willing to make every compromise and surrender which will bestow the greatest good upon the greatest number. The spirit of liberty is unselfish loyalty to just and enlightened government, for the good of others as well as of self. Liberty is altruistic, and is secured by the contributions of all we can surrender for the good of the body politic; and it is this which distinguishes our free and enlightened civilization from the life of the savage and the hermit. We surrender a part of our property in the form of taxation for the support of government; and if necessary, we give our lives in war for the protection of the government and the preservation of our common country. We give each other half the highway when driving, and we share a common fund to keep up the road. I have a right to walk in a straight line if I choose, but not if it passes through another man's house. We live by all sorts of compromises, and he who most truly loves and best promotes liberty is the one who makes the greatest sacrifice for the benefit of all.

The extremes of liberty are despotism on the one hand, and anarchy on the other. The glory of modern times is to have abolished the former and to have avoided the latter.

The day of the political or religious autocrat is passing. Government of the people, by the people, and for the people—guarded by constitutions and laws—is the ideal of human rule. The autocrat, religious or political, claims the bodies and souls of men, and insists upon the surrender of every right and privilege to his rule; the anarchist declaims against the surrender of any right or privilege to governmental control. We have both theories to contend with, even here upon this free

and hallowed soil. If the autocrat is not here in old and kingly robe, he masquerades in the garb of the plutocrat, the monopolist, the political ringster, and even in the priestly gown. Centralization or usurpation of this government at the hands of any political, financial, or religious monopoly only means an imperial autocracy in the end; while disintegration and wreck at the hands of anarchy, socialism, or nihilism may at some time be the result of counterirritation. Many theories and constructions have put a strain upon our Constitution; but the growth of monopoly and priestly power in the politics and legislation of the country is the most serious problem of our future.

Freedom guarded by just laws, guaranteeing the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, is the hope of the American people. I am not a pessimist, I believe in the perpetuity of the American government; but there are serious problems confronting us, whose solution must depend upon the patriotism of the people. They dare not sleep who have such a trust in their hands!

We should be opposed to all centralization except the imperialism of equal rights. Voltaire's paradox was true in his day: "All men love liberty, and seem bent upon destroying her." There is now some truth in what he said; but with the mighty growth and hold of liberty upon the American heart for more than a hundred years, it is hardly probable that the paradox can have any special application to future American history. But who can tell? Let us cherish the advice of Rousseau: "Free people, remember the maxim, 'We may acquire liberty, but it is never recovered if once lost.'" It is possible to go from liberty to despotism, or to anarchy to prevent despotism, but there would be no re-

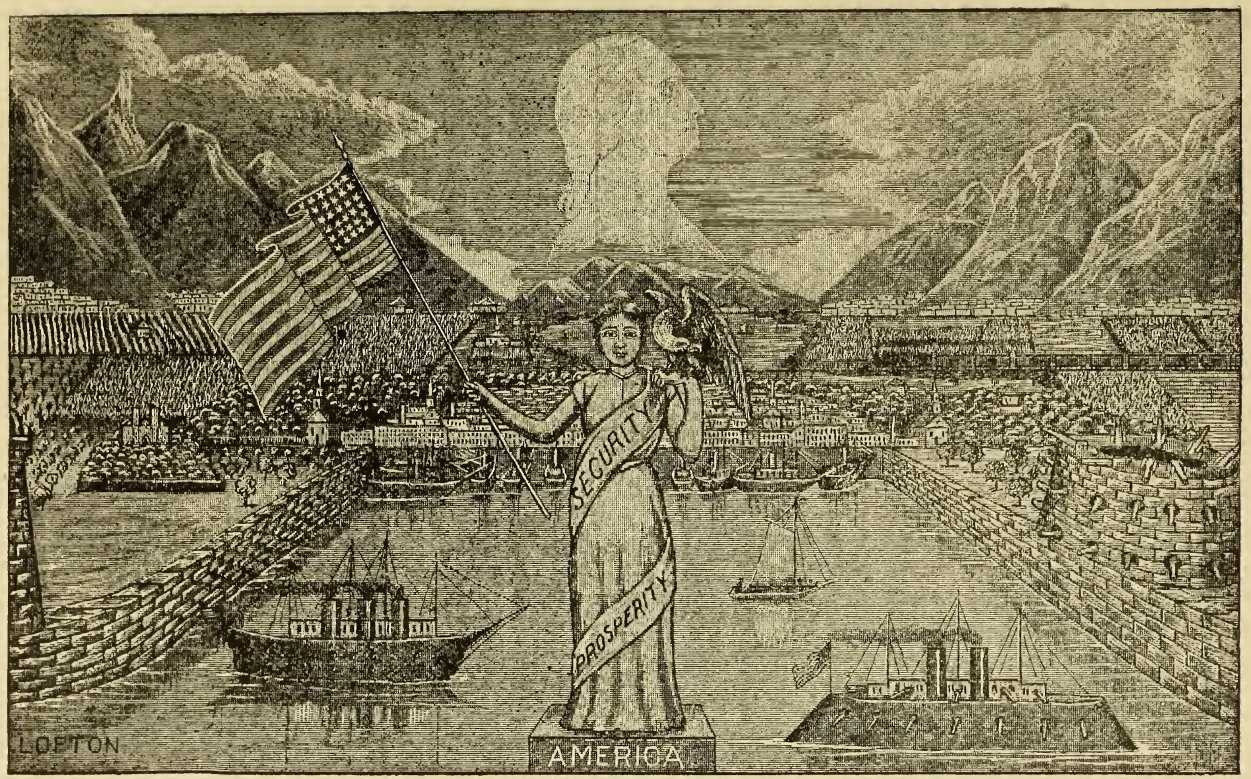
turn to liberty in either case. In the optimism of my highest hope, I believe that the *people* of this great country will never allow the tree of liberty to wither and die.

Religious and political liberty have been twin ideals since Christianity began. The American system could never have been a possibility but for the New Testament. The Constitution of the United States is Christian in spirit, if not in letter. It had its germ in the gospel; all along through the centuries of superstition and despotism its doctrines budded and blossomed, here and there, in the utterances of sages wise beyond their time, and in the doctrines of the oppressed sects which revolted against religious and political tyranny. The Paulicians and Waldenses caught the ideal. The Anabaptists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries boldly proclaimed the doctrine of religious liberty, as Savonarola and Arnold of Brescia had intimated it before them; but it was reserved for the Anglo-Saxon to lay its foundations alongside of civil liberty. Magna Charta was forced upon King John, though anathematized by Innocent III. Oliver Cromwell and the battle of Naseby, though obscured for a time by the accession of Charles II., changed the destiny of the world in its approaches to religious and political liberty. The same spirit crossed to America and set up the Constitution of the United States, which separated the Church and the State, and left man henceforth to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

WHAT a glorious picture does America present with the shade of Washington in the background—calmly and steadfastly looking up to God and to the future of the greatest member of the family of nations! In front, with the flag of her country in one hand and the eagle borne upon the other—the symbols of power and freedom—scrolled with Prosperity and Security, stands the Genius of Liberty, to foster progress and inspire love of country in the heart of every American. Between the two we behold the signs of the mightiest country and civilization in the world—mountains, hills, lakes, and plains—dotted with cities, towns, villages, fields—teeming with every variety of harvests and interspersed with homes, churches, factories, railroads, steamers, telegraphs, and every facility which promotes religion, education, commerce, government, civilization—supported by every means of defense known to the science of war, forts, battleships, armies, and the like. Such a picture of our country in miniature cannot fail to animate patriotism in every heart that studies it.

The love of country is a sentiment born and bred in almost every human heart, indigenous to the soil of the poorest and meanest country. The Esquimaux Indian delights in his frigid zone; and above all the luxuries



Love of Country.

and refinements of other countries he relishes his blubber oil, and would not exchange his ice cabin for a king's palace. The Icelander sleeps amid eternal snows and over a constantly slumbering volcano, but he feels that his is the fairest and best land under the sun. The Norwegian is proud of his barren summits; and upon his rix-dollar he inscribes this motto: "Spirit, loyalty, valor, and whatever is honorable, let the world learn among the rocks of Norway." "Stand Fast, Crag Elachie!" stirred a Scotch regiment to heroic valor in a great battle, because it was the name of a beetling rock in the fastnesses of their native land. Switzerland is a poor country, but nothing is dearer to the Switzer's heart than his barren and snow-covered Alps; and wherever he may be away from home, nothing awakes his heart with love of country more than the note of his mountain horn or the melody of one of his native ballads. The Ethiopian thinks that God alone made his sandy desert, while the angels made the remainder of the world. Nothing is more charming and thrilling than the stories of Wallace and of Bruce, of Tell and of Kossuth, of Kosciusko and of Leonidas, and all the long list of heroes who fought against tyranny and power for the liberty of many of the little countries that have fallen at last into the hands of stronger nations. No land so small or so poor but has had its patriots and martyrs who have died for the freedom and independence of its people, and it is especially to the feeblest and most insignificant countries that history ascribes the sublimest conflicts for liberty at the hands of the immortal patriots and warriors. Little Greece, Palestine, Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, Ireland, Hungary, and Poland are among the most renowned spots upon the globe; and they preserve in their history the most ex-

alted illustrations of the spirit of heroic patriotism. It is exceedingly trite, but it is like quoting Scripture, when we cite the words of Walter Scott on this subject:

> Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> "This is my own, my native land?"

So of the beautiful words of James Montgomery:

> There is a land, of every land the pride,
> Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?
> Art thou a man, a patriot? look around;
> O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
> That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

Everything essential to national greatness and security is due to the love of country, an enlightened patriotism. As Virgil said:

> The noblest motive is the public good.

The good citizen not only loves his country, but lives and dies for it, as he would live and die for his family.

One of the best evidences of the existence of the patriotic spirit is national enthusiasm. So long as this spirit exists among the people, it is evident that the worst elements of society, however strong in politics and government, are not in power. The demagogue insists that the golden rule has no place in politics and government; but while the masses enthusiastically exhibit a national spirit and love their institutions, patriotism has the sway over all the forces of wealth and power. Such enthusiasm is the nursery of genius and statesmanship, of culture and development of every type; and it is at the height of patriotic or national enthusiasm that the greatest men, measures, and institutions

are born in any country. Never was national enthusiasm greater among the nations of the earth than now; never was patriotism at a loftier height. The secret of the fact lies in the great enlightening and progressive tendencies of religious and political liberty at the hands of modern civilization.

No greater responsibility lies upon the shoulders of a human being than upon those of the patriot. A writer says: "After what we owe to God, nothing should be more dear to us or more sacred than the love and respect we owe to our country." No man is a patriot who will dodge his taxes, stay away from the ballot box, take a bribe for his vote, shrink from the burdens of office for lack of emolument, or refuse to fight in defense of his country. Nor does a man who loves his country seek to foster principles and institutions in conflict with the moral and social interests of his government; with unflinching integrity he stands by every form of political righteousness, no matter what the issue may be. The patriot is always for peace, loathes the idea of war, and will do everything in his power to avert it; but in the last extremity he will sacrifice himself, if need be, upon the bloodiest horn of the altar of war for the best interests of his home and country. He is absolutely independent of his party if, in the main, he thinks his party is wrong; and, in all issues of moral or political importance, he will vote against his party if he is conscious of being right. No patriot in this country will seek to foster his denominational interests by any sort of union between Church and State; and certainly no patriot would vote with any party, in any issue, which sought to license or promote the liquor traffic or the social evil, which curse society and beggar disgraced women and children. Shakespeare lays

down the only maxim by which to create good and true citizenship when he says:

> Be just and fear not;
> Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
> Thy God's, and truth's.

I am aware of the distinction which makes "practical politics" essential to governmental economy in spite of party evils; but the policy of doing evil that good may come, or of necessary choice between evils, is condemned by Holy Writ, and cannot be followed by any Christian patriot or good citizen.

The destiny of a free nation is in the hands of the citizens; and the sovereign franchise of the ballot box is one of the sublimest obligations laid upon the heart of every patriot. Better suffer the temporary wrongs of existent tyranny, or the delays of badly executed laws, than adopt wrong or lawless methods of doing right things. The sovereign citizen has the power of making laws and of rectifying bad legislation; and any effort to take the law into your own hands, until every remedy of justice has failed, is not patriotism, but madness and revenge. The stuffing of a ballot box to carry a good measure, or the use of the lyncher's rope to punish crime, is destructive of public virtue—a boomerang that, by future reaction, will fly back and hurt the hand that threw it. Patience and perseverance to a righteous end may be slow of process, but the plodding turtle always beats the hasty hare in the race for permanent good. The shot that barely hits the mark at close range goes very far wide of it at long range; and to do good things by wrong methods that may not hurt to-day may damn and ruin a future generation. It is said that all things are fair in love and war, and so it seems in politics; but

a lie is a lie and a wrong is a wrong, whatever may be the excuse, and they never escape retribution somewhere and somehow. The true patriot can no more afford to lie or do wrong for a good purpose than a true saint; and what the true saint is to God, the true patriot is to his country. Strategy and diplomacy may be necessary in order to defeat the wiles of the enemy; but any policy which involves falsehood, or wrong measures, to accomplish necessary ends is a vice and a crime that will grow upon a nation, as upon a man, and finally uproot virtue and liberty.

In the administration of justice, the execution of the law, the judge that sits upon the bench and wears his ermine well is next to the minister in the pulpit who so wears his robes; and the lawyer at the bar and the juror in his box occupy quite as responsible and honorable places. They hold in their hands the safety of every human life, the right of property and liberty involved in litigation or violence to law; and to judge partially, or to plead falsely, or to give a wrong verdict, is the highest crime against society and good government. If patriotism has on hand a magnificent task in cleaning out the Augean stables of dirty politics and legislation, it has an equal task in sweeping the floor of our courthouses and magistrates' offices. The judge that is in the hands of politics, or in the grip of monopoly, is a menace to the liberties of his countrymen and a disgrace to civilization. A shyster lawyer or a professional juror should hang, though none, it seems, but a negro or a low white man, moneyless and friendless, ever hangs. The penitentiary is too good a place for the responsible agents of the world, who have the execution of the just laws in their hands only to maladminister and defeat them. One of

the sublimest maxims of the patriot is the supremacy of just laws and the abolition of bad ones, and to choose or license agents for their execution is one of the supreme responsibilities of the citizen.

So of every professon and institution set up and fostered for the public good. Kossuth said: "My idea is that there are duties toward our native land common to every citizen, and even public institutions and education must have such direction as to enable every citizen to fulfill his duty toward his fatherland." Patriotism enters into every relation we sustain to society which affects the public good. Our public schools and charities are magnificent forms of patriotism extending light to ignorance, virtue to vice, and help to the needy. The true patriot is an honest business man, the developer of a pure home, an ornament to society and his profession, ever watchful of the good order and decency of the community in which he lives. The patriot begins in the noble boy and the pure girl, in that unselfish education which teaches the surrender of every private right essential to social and public weal. There is not a point in private or public life, in individual or social relationship, which patriotism does not touch, and no man is fit to live in society, or in his native country, who feels no interest in the common welfare of mankind, and who never does or says anything in its favor.

Many who would die for their country never live for it. Often we commend the brave soldier who sheds his blood or gives his life for his native land; and yet he may have been merely a soldier of fortune or have gone into the ranks for the novelty or the money in it, or by compulsion. I have seen the soldier who cursed the government for which he fought, or the fortune that had drawn him upon the battlefield, or who was absolutely

indifferent to his life or country in peace or war. This is not to say that the mass of any country's soldiers are not patriotic and willing to fight and die for their government; but the greatest patriot is he who lives and labors for the blessings of peace at home, and makes the best soldier when it comes to war. He who lives for his country will find it easy to die for it. There are thousands, however, who enjoy the most their country and government can bestow upon them, and yet are not patriots. Wealth and honor are not always patriotic. Those who own most often pay the least taxation in proportion to their property value; they are frequently too busy to go to the polls to vote, and would be the last to take up arms in defense of their country. The yeomanry who own the least of their country fight its battles; and often the rich man takes it hard to have to pay for the fight. There are some, therefore, who neither live nor die for their country. The true patriot lives, and would die, for his native land. With all her faults he loves her still; and in peace or war, in prosperity or adversity, he never forgets the flag that waved above the cradle of his childhood, beneath the protection of whose folds his youth and manhood were nourished.

LOVE OF WAR

THIS chapter's illustration depicts the grandeur and horror of war. On each side we discover the serried ranks of opposing armies, belching the roar and thunder of battle at each other from musket and cannon. Amid clouds of smoke, shot and shell rain upon the contending columns. Though animated by a cavalry charge yet the scene is hideous with the carnage of the dead and wounded, who lie piled upon the gory field over which the lines have charged and recharged in the deadly strife for victory. On the left of the awful scene, wreathed in mist, mounted upon his old gray horse, sword in hand, we behold the spirit of Napoleon, the genius of war, presiding over the deadly conflict.

The native element of man seems to be war. The firstborn struck the first blow, and since the blood of Abel cried up to God the earth has been drinking the blood of war and sending up a wail of woe. War was the first fruit of sin after the loss of Eden, and that blood-red growth has hung upon the tree of all civilization since. Times of peace, until the present period, have only been seasons of preparation for war; and even now the preparation continues in view of its possibilities. The world has seldom, if ever, seen the gates of Janus shut; and if a nation now and then has seen them shut,

Love of War.

it has only been for a short period of time. War! war! war! has been the business of mankind in all generations; and though now the arts of peace have so prevailed, and international compromise has become so deeply rooted, we cannot tell when a war will break out within a nation, or between nations, or when the world itself shall be engulfed in general strife. We have not yet reached the conditions of permanent peace within any nation, or between the nations. Sin, selfishness, ambition, conflicting interests, the balance of power, the jealousy of dominion, the thirst for conquest and territory, the pride of empire—all these and more make war possible we know not when, nor to what extent when once begun.

It is a great question among some people as to whether there is any justification of war, or as to whether there is any honor, greatness, or righteousness involved in war. There have been not a few who held to the doctrine of nonresistance and peace at any price upon the principles of Christ's teaching and practice; but while this doctrine applies to the individual Christian under helpless persecution and wrong, it is doubtful if Jesus Christ meant that, under no circumstances, should we defend ourselves from personal injury, or adjudicate our differences at the hands of the powers that be. Christ did tell Peter to put up his sword, upon the ground that they who take the sword shall perish by the sword; but it is not implied that we should not use the sword of defense. He says again, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's;" but while this and other doctrines teach us that God's kingdom is neither to be propagated by sword nor developed by conquests, they tell us to "obey the powers that be" in every form of allegiance and defense essential to civil government. No war is justifiable or

honorable begun or carried on for aggression, oppression, or conquest; but in defense of right, or for the suppression of wrong, when there is no other remedy, war is as necessary to a nation as the courthouse, the gibbet, or the penitentiary is to a community.

Under a legal dispensation, God himself carried on the fiercest of wars, through his chosen people, against his enemies. The first was waged by Abraham, that majestic patriarch who slaughtered and routed the Damascus kings who captured Lot; and Moses and Joshua and Samson and Gideon and Jonathan and Saul and David are lauded and honored by Holy Writ as God's men of war who scattered their enemies and finally established the kingdom of Israel. Under the law and its condemnation, a sinful world was as rebels against God; and when truth and revelation could not enlighten and restore them to love and allegiance God had the right to use the sword to punish and destroy them in the interests of his kingdom of peace and righteousness. Many, if not all, of the wars carried on by men are under the permission and direction of God, who overrules the evil for good and develops the great ends of progress, civilization, and religion. He called Cyrus, who was to batter down the walls of Babylon, his "servant;" and such men as Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Alaric, Charlemagne, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon were but instruments in God's hands for revolutionizing and changing civilizations in view of the great movements of his kingdom in the earth. The natural and sinful conditions of society are such that the gravity of evil is continually downward. The convulsions of war, however horrible and desolating for the time, are as essential to social purity and progress as the storm and the cyclone are to atmospheric equilibrium, health, and vegetation.

With the sword and the cannon—with conquest and aggression, sometimes cruel and unjust—the light of learning and religion have gone side by side. Alexander paved the way for the spread of Greek literature and art over the Oriental world; and so Cæsar carried Roman enterprise and civilization among the Gauls, Germans, and Britons. The invasion of the northern hordes brought new blood and life into the decaying civilization of the Roman people. God kept Germany on ice for centuries in order to melt her frigid purity into the warmer and more enervate veins of the southern nations of Europe. The Thirty Years' War settled the supremacy of Protestant civilization among the German States; and the wars of Napoleon, following the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror, shook the foundations of the old effete despotisms and superstitions of Europe and spread, in spite of his own absolutism, the republican principles which originated in France, and which he at first professed. The battle of Waterloo closed his career in a contest which left Protestant principles and civil liberty triumphant over the menace of his ambition and absolutism. The war between England and the American colonies hastened and fixed forever the status of political and religious freedom, and the civil war between the Southern and the Northern States forever settled the slavery question. The conquest of British and American arms in the multiplication of British territories and American States has rapidly opened up the heathen world to the gospel and to civilization; and so, in the providence of God, war and civilization have marched side by side through the history of the world to the present time.

War, in itself, or for the sake of war, is a horrible crime, and none should love it; but, as a means to an

end, it is a necessary evil, in the present state of society. Its purpose as an instrument in the hands of divine providence is not yet subserved. Despotism and superstition are not yet dead. The way to the civilization and the evangelization of the world is not yet fully opened. Most of the absolutisms of the world have given way to some degree of religious and political liberty, but the work is not complete. France, Italy, Spain, and Austria have made some progress; but Turkey, Russia, and some other countries, Christian, Mohammedan, and heathen, must yet relax the chains of slavery and darkness over the minds and bodies of men; and not until the last shackle is loosed will God permit the angel of peace to spread his wings over all the nations of the earth. But for the mighty arms of Great Britain and America, today, there's many a spot of earth where the Bible and the missionary could not go; and until the last wall is broken down, the sword will not cease to flash nor the cannon cease to thunder. Christ is to break every evil force and power "with a rod of iron," before he comes again, and before he sits upon the throne of universal peace, liberty, and salvation in this old world.

Thank God! the time is coming as predicted when war shall be no more, when the lamb and the lion shall lie down together, when our swords and spears shall become plowshares and pruning hooks. The necessity for war has largely diminished already. The growth of Christian civilization has wonderfully smoothed down his wrinkled front, and brought on the era of a general, if not universal, peace. We may not be far from the end when the cannon shall be heard no more except in the salvos of universal triumph over darkness and strife; and the consummation devoutly to be wished may be the result of twentieth-century progress.

The spirit of war is not inconsistent with a heroic or even a Christian character or manhood. The soldier may be absolutely free from the thirst for blood, from delight in carnage, and yet be brave and intrepid in the heat of battle. Animated by a sense of justice and patriotism in a great cause, he may march to the cannon's mouth and die joyously, as thousands have, for his country, his home, and fireside. Fighting especially for human liberty and rights, he may make havoc of tyrants, or be hewed to pieces with a conscience clear and a purpose high, as in any other act of life; and thousands of the noblest and grandest of men have lived and died the life of the soldier. In a good cause war may be glorious; and as in any other calling of life, the heroic spirit may win honor and renown in the profession of arms. Such men as David and Joshua and Gustavus Adolphus and Cromwell and Wellington and Washington and Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Hancock were men of the highest distinction for manhood and religion. Stonewall Jackson prayed as earnestly for success in battle, believing in the righteousness of his cause, as the minister in the pulpit for the salvation of souls; and Robert E. Lee stood reverently with uncovered head, in the midst of the camp revival, as he would in the hour of worship in his church at home. The mightiest and grandest soldiers have been Christian patriots battling in the cause of freedom or in the suppression of national evils. Such men as Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon seemed to love war and conquest for its own sake. They were animated by vaulting ambitions; and they seemed never to be satisfied except in the saddle at the head of the army. So of thousands of others whose butcheries of the human family were only a sacrificial offering upon the altar of their only god—ambition.

One of the objections to war is the cruel sacrifice of human life, the untold sufferings of a land overrun by armies, of homes made desolate, and the enormous sacrifice of money and men in the prosecution of wars. It all looks horrible and awful; and yet, after all, it is in the wake of war's fearful convulsions that peace, progress, and prosperity follow as never before. There is not a great nation that has not often been drenched in blood, that has not worn the cypress wreath of sorrow after hundreds of wars; and still ten thousand monuments stand in testimony of the great and heroic dead, an inspiration to manhood and valor, and as evidence of national honor and progress above the ruin and desolation of the battlefield. Men have but one time to die, and, if prepared, death on the battlefield is as sweet as on the downy pillow at their fireside. The moral decay of luxurious and licentious peace is often worse than the demoralization of war; and the saloon and the brothel and other institutions of evil (either protected, tolerated, or winked at by law) annually destroy more people and bring more misery than war, pestilence, and famine put together. Suffering is the ordeal through which all blessing and development come, and perpetual peace and true prosperity never long run together. It takes the fire of war and calamity to purge the dross out of national and social life, and to restore equilibrium to the stagnant and deadly atmosphere of political corruption and decay.

In a just and honest conflict between nations, or in internecine strife, the Christian soldier can love his enemies as well as the principles upon which he wages war, the necessity for which he may abhor. We need not hate the criminal we hang for murder, nor the enemy we kill in war; and the patriot who fights and kills or

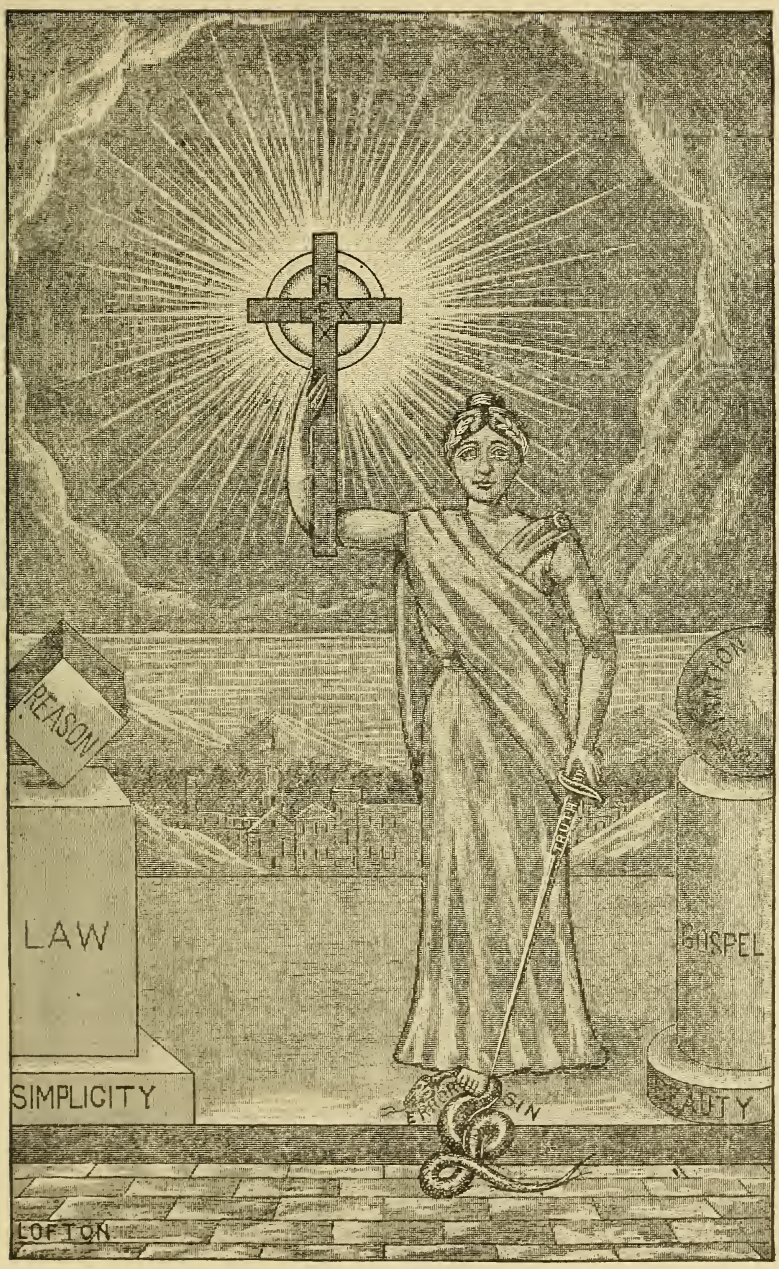
dies, upon principle, and can love his enemies, is the grandest and mightiest soldier that ever fought a battle. I knew a Confederate captain of artillery who always prayed with every shot from his guns for every soul that might be killed by his fire; and I have sometimes seen, when both armies were resting and picket-firing had ceased, Confederate and Federal soldiers meet in friendly intercourse. Since the gigantic struggle has ceased, most generous magnanimity has been displayed by the old soldiers who have met and shaken hands upon many occasions and upon some of the old battlefields where they engaged in deadly strife; and but for the "bloody shirt" politicians, fraternity between the two sections had long ago been perfected. War makes manhood—valorous, chivalrous, noble, and generous; and while the grandeur of our awful strife rose high above all the splendor known to former military history and achievement, the grandest sights in the realm of the morally sublime were to see the Blue and the Gray shake hands at the close of the struggle, to see their kindness to each other when wounded on the battlefield, to see them meet and joke and trade when the firing had ceased between the lines. One touch of nature often made both sides akin and rebuked conflict.

A nation or a people, in the present state of human nature, and under the present conditions of national relationship, is not safe without the heroic or chivalrous spirit. When the nations are regenerated and full of the spirit of Christ, there will be no need for war, punishment, or affliction. When the Devil is cast out and goes into the "bottomless pit," then he can neither make war nor the necessity of being overcome by war.

LOVE OF TRUTH

TRUTH, in the accompanying illustration, is pictured a maiden who holds in her right hand the cross which radiates with glory and splendor the Truth as impersonated and crucified in Christ. He was *Rex,* the King of Glory, and *Lex,* the Fulfillment of Law. In the left hand of the maiden is the Sword of the Spirit—the Word of God, or the truth as it is written—which pierces the serpent of Sin and Error. On her right is a polished cube which faces foursquare in every position, and which represents Reason supported by Law and grounded in logical Simplicity. This is truth in its bare and square exactitude of principle and authority as it appears to every mind. On her left is a polished globe, symbolizing Inspiration, based upon the Gospel and grounded in Beauty. This illustrates Truth in the æsthetic, ethical, and spiritual realm.

Truth is the great fundamental attribute of God. Love is the sum of all his attributes; but truth and love are inseparable. The almighty, the all-wise, the everywhere God, clothed with justice, goodness, and mercy, and filled with infinite love, stands upon truth as the great foundation of Deity itself, and the foundation of all his mighty work in creation, providence, and grace. God is no bigger, greater, or mightier than truth. He



Love of Truth,

is Truth; and all variation from truth is variation from God, the violation of his very being which is founded upon truth. The glory of God is that he cannot lie, nor err, nor make a mistake. Throughout his whole vast creation, through all the dispensation of his infinite providence, and in all his mighty and complicated scheme of redemption and dealing with his creatures he has never varied one jot or tittle from the truth. In the vast and multiplied machinery of the universe there may be seen conflict of forces and contests between elements, but these appear only to the narrow view and with a wider vision would be shown as part of that infinite perfection which, through revolutions and changes, is working out the purposeful ends of God.

How charming and beautiful is the truthful character! The man whom everybody believes and can trust may be, in the eyes of some, very much out of date, a sort of fossilized impersonation of virtue; but he is the admiration of heaven, the best friend of earth, and of incomparable value to himself. Having this pearl of greatest price, he is apt to be in possession of all others; and, possessed of the joy of clean lips and a pure conscience, he is the only true, brave, fearless, and invulnerably fortified man in the world. He may be too poor to have many friends, he may be despised for his impolitic honesty, he may be outcast and persecuted, as Jesus was, for his vindication of truth against error and falsehood; but his head is above the lightnings of human wrath, and his heart is beyond the touch of human fear or corruption. His life and character are unobscured by clouds, and his power and influence are insuperable to opposition and obloquy. He is of unmeasured worth to this world; and though he cannot be loved and honored by all men, yet there are some among us

who wholly or partially love his integrity, vindicate his honor, and transmit his worth to an admiring posterity.

The only perfect character in human form that ever lived or died was Jesus Christ, the God-man without a model, and without a type except in the lives and characters who have followed him. Christ became the only concrete manifestation of divine truth; and hence, by his life, death, and resurrection, he could claim what he declared: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." He was the truth of God incarnate, crucified, and risen; and it had already been declared by the greatest human philosopher, as well as predicted by divine prophecy, that the incarnation of truth must die when it appeared upon earth in order to perfect the world's life. The greatest illustration of truth and its necessity to a lost world was the immolation of God's Son, who fulfilled the fiat of infinite justice and answered the demand of infinite love; and when the tragedy of Golgotha was enacted, the universe recognized the sacrifice of deified truth when the earth quaked, the sheeted dead arose from their tombs, the sun turned black, and the affrighted stars fled from their places.

At the foot of the cross the world changed front, and the dead nations turned their faces toward God and the future. The Truth broke the bars of death, arose from the horrors of hell, ascended to heaven, and wields the scepter of all power in behalf of racial redemption. Light and liberty lifted their torches above the world's dark night of superstition and despotism; and the march of the centuries with solemn pace have reached, at last, the glory of the twentieth centennial in the history of triumphant Truth. Behold the trophies won from her conflicts with all the dark and deadly forces of error and evil! It has been the march of

Jesus Christ, "the way, the truth, and the life," the secret of prophecy and history. That old "liar," the Devil, with the beast and the false prophet, is gradually giving way to the gigantic strides of a true religion and civilization; and when the impersonation of imperial and eternal Truth shall come again in the clouds of glory, attended by the shining hosts of the seraphim and the redeemed, earth shall again become an Eden.

As to the ethical value of truth there are none so base as to have a doubt, whatever be the practice of life. Truth is like the sun, whose rays shoot in straight lines in every direction; and though there be spots on the sun, there are none upon the perfect and luminous orb of truth. "Truth," says Milton, "is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam." As beauty needs no paint, so truth needs no color; and though different truths may blend like the different colored rays to make a perfect light, yet, apart from the rainbow or prism, perfect light is always the same; and, likewise, truth unrefracted or viewed through the glass of perfect knowledge is the same to every beholder. The lover of truth never colors it to suit himself. It may not be possible for all men to see the truth alike, but the fault is not in the truth but in men. In heaven, of course, we shall see face to face, and know as we are known; but even here, where we see through a glass darkly, we are commanded, at least in religion, to have the same mind and speak the same things. There is not a line in God's Word which teaches that truth is left as an uncertain factor to make out of it opinions and results according to our bias, preference, or predilection; but we are to strive for unity in the truth as in the Spirit of Christ.

Voltaire told the truth when he said: "He who seeks

the truth should be of no country." "There are few persons," said another, "to whom truth is not a sort of insult;" and it has been said again, "All truth contains an echo of sadness." It often means the forsaking of father, mother, home, friends, and country; and no man can ever expect to know and obey the truth who is not willing to sacrifice his associations upon the altar of eternal verities. There are millions who hold to some truths to the exclusion of others, or who are only half-truth followers, or who maintain perverted truths with perfect honesty and zeal; but such acceptance of truth has ever split the world into factions, strifes, and rivalries—into a thousand conflicting schools—and the reason must be found in the fact, not that truth is susceptible in itself of division, but that men follow their education or peculiarities, their selfishness and interests, their prejudices and preferences. Somebody has to be right and the rest wrong, or else all are wrong in every conflict over truth; and while it is not to be denied that truth, more or less pure, comes out triumphant from every conflict, yet it is a sad fact that truth, in order to be understood, loved, and obeyed, has often had to come through such an ordeal.

> Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
> And dies among his worshipers.

One glory of truth is that it is always and everywhere consistent with itself and its relations. There may be many forms of truth, but truths never differ in the principle of verity. Lies have no consistency with themselves or their surroundings, unless it be in hell, which is the center and circumference of the Devil's deception. Up to a certain point, lies may be consistent with them-

selves, but relationship to facts and truths invariably destroys the system of falsehood; and it has been impossible for even the Devil long to cover up his tracks. The truths of religion, science, philosophy, are never in conflict, however they may seem to certain little minds. Truth alone shall triumph in the end through all the convulsions and changes wrought by conflict with the world, the flesh, and the Devil; and even out of the grave itself shall be snatched the victory of life, and the cruel scepter of sin and falsehood shall be broken over the head of the father of lies. The time is coming when we shall exclaim with the poet:

> See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,
> And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom;
> On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
> And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

The great difficulty of Pontius Pilate was that when he saw the Truth standing before him he turned upon his heel and asked the evasive question, "What is truth?" making no effort to seek the solution of his own problem. The truth is everywhere and easy to be discovered, if we only desire to know it or make an effort to identify it when we see it. It has been well said that "the greatest truths are commonly the simplest." It is so in the case of Christ, the imperial impersonation of all truth, and yet truth in no form has ever been so misunderstood or perverted. The Master was such a dazzling rebuke to falsehood and hypocrisy, to selfishness and ambition, to enmity and rivalry, to lust and avarice, to everything base and inhuman, that it is no wonder Pilate did not recognize him, or if he did, turned away from him when presented as the incarnation of truth. It is Pilate's puzzle, innate in every human heart, that has barred the world from pausing to examine and ac-

cept the truth when it stands before us. We await the day when our eyes shall be scaleless.

Even the great and good, as we call them, those who profess to believe and accept, have mutilated and deformed verities in a thousand shapes to suit the perverted wants of selfish and popular opinion, in order to get to heaven and to escape hell as much as possible in their own way.

Never was a doctrine so distorted as that of the blood-atonement of the Cross, the central and vital doctrine of Christianity, and yet the truth never was written plainer than that Christ made a judicial and vicarious offering of himself for the sin of the world which he came to take away. Every fad and fancy in religion must now take on the name of Christ, in order to have the color of truth, and with their half-truth daggers they all are stabbing the divinity, atonement, and resurrection and so also of salvation by grace and justification by faith, the fundamental truths of the gospel. Rationalism, occultism, "sciencism," pantheism, and other "isms" are all putting on the livery of Christ in which to serve the Devil. Surely one of the most startling revelations of the Judgment Day will not be so much the condemnation of the unbelieving dead, as the damnation of the false Christianity that mutilated and perverted the truth of God's Son.

Thousands of people who appear to want the truth, and who profess it, seem always to be driving just as close as possible to the verge of Error's precipice. The pride of liberalism is the shoal upon which so many fair vessels in religion are wrecked, and, worse than all, the unconscious wish is the father to the thought of all false Christianity in the world. Horatius Bonar was right when he said:

All truth is calm,
  Refuge and rock or tower;
The more of truth the more of calm,
  Its calmness is its power.

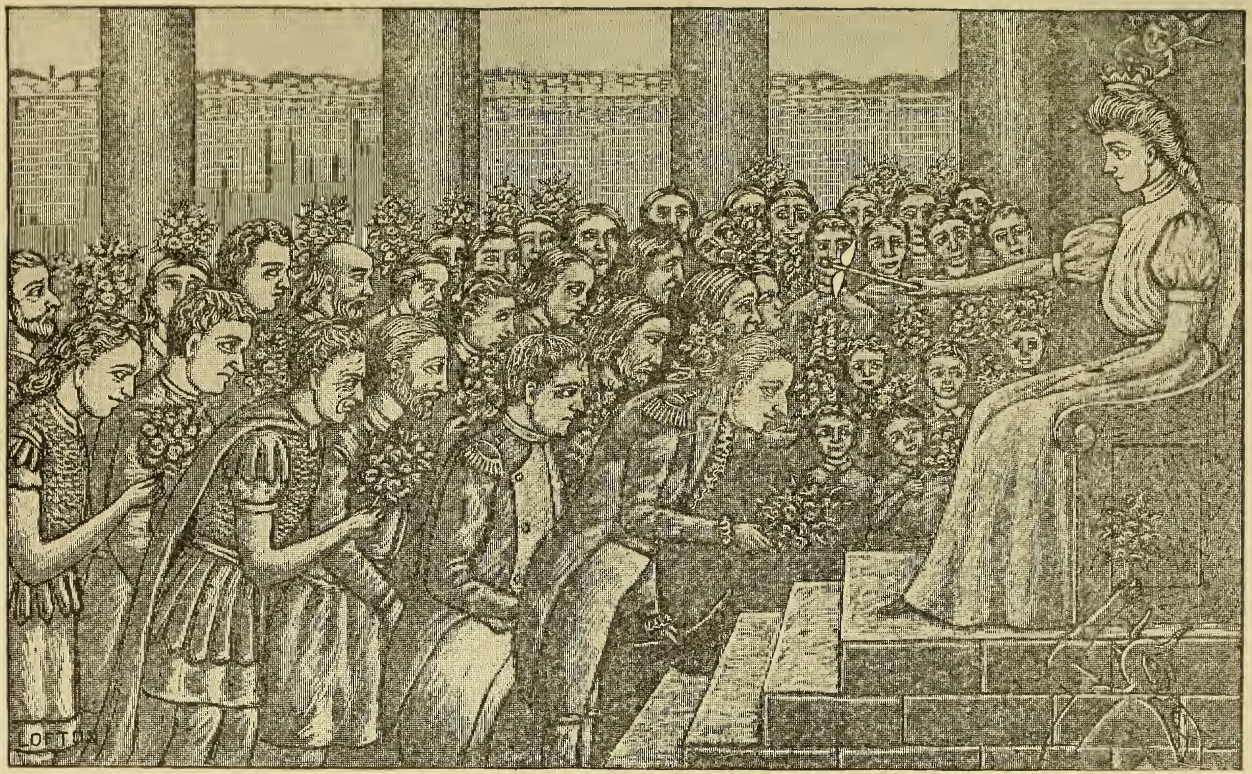
Truth is not strife,
  Nor is it to strife allied;
It is the error that is bred
  Of storm, by rage and pride.

But the safe and solid Christians who are anchored firmly to their faith and are not sailing around in a sea of doubt hunting for something new need have no fear. The various cults and "isms" and the new-fangled 'ologies and 'osophies that have sprung up in recent years are but the lures and false lights Satan puts out to decoy men from Christ the Truth. The men and women who teach such things are but the Devil's lighthouse tenders. O that it were given to all men to read aright the signals that come from God's lighthouses, the churches, emanations indeed of the Great White Christ that died on Calvary to put the world and its people straight.

LOVE OF BEAUTY

HERE is beauty, in the form of woman—the most exquisitely beautiful thing on earth—and Cupid, the god of love, putting the crown upon her head. Before her are bowed the dignitaries of earth—warriors, statesmen, philosophers, poets, artists, scholars, kings, and princes—ordinary men and women and children, all of whom bend at Beauty's feet with submissive obeisance, each bearing a bunch of flowers. Flowers, the next most beautiful thing in nature, are the only appropriate tribute to woman, the impersonation of beauty. Even the Devil, crouched beside her throne—the tempter of beauty and ever its only ruin—offers his bouquet. Over the distinguished audience who bow before her she waves the winged wand of her wondrous power; for of all the forces of earth, that of beauty is the most irresistible—the mightiest power for good or ill in all the world.

What is beauty? and what is it to be beautiful? Primarily it is that which pleases the eye or the ear, that quality in an object which excites pleasurable emotions through the senses; but the word applies also to that quality in an object or thought which awakens admiration or approval. Hence there may be intellectual beauty, moral beauty, the beauty of holiness, truth, character, life, utility, and the like. "Multitude in unity" was the old Roman definition of beauty; and hence any assem-



Love of Beauty.

blage of graces or qualities in a person or an object which satisfies the æsthetic taste or faculty constitutes beauty. A sense of beauty is always followed by affection, which implies enthusiasm and feeling; and hence every one who has a sense of beauty is a lover of the beautiful.

The taste or faculty for the beautiful varies largely in different persons as to degree; but it is innate and universal, and of the same nature, if not perverted, in every individual. There is scarcely a human being that would not say the rose is beautiful and the toad is ugly; and yet there are some in whom the æsthetic faculty is so feebly developed that they would not make much distinction as to beauty between a toad and a flower. The æsthetic taste, like all other faculties, is susceptible of a very high culture. Some people would rather hear "Old Dan Tucker" in music than any of the masterpieces of Mozart, Haydn, or Mendelssohn; but they have music in their souls, and the difference lies in culture. The gifted and cultured taste for the beautiful sees beauty everywhere and in everything, to the minutest detail of lineament and conformation, while the ordinary and the unskilled sense beholds the beautiful and the grand only in general outline or in the gross; but as in the case of music, the difference lies in development. There is nothing like looking for the beautiful, and studying to see it in all its force upon the intellect and the sensibilities. The world would be much brighter and men much happier if they loved and studied the beautiful more.

One of the objects of beauty is to brighten and gladden the soul and the world we live in. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." God ordained the beautiful, and so the ugly in contrast, in order to make beauty ap-

preciable and powerful, for the happiness and good of his creatures; and if beauty is rarer than the uncomely or the ugly, like every other precious thing, it was intended to be sought and studied for its worth and its blessing.

In the sphere of human excellence "beauty is as beauty does;" and as a rule physical beauty has no particular reputation for intellectual or moral excellence. There is a vanity in personal beauty that generally puts a dead fly into the precious ointment of life and character. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain;" and the difficulty with pretty people is that they forget to care for the internal beauty of the soul by overattention to their external graces. A beautiful woman and a handsome man are in more danger than any other class of people of being victimized by temptation; for personal beauty that becomes vain of its attractions is always the shining mark for the voluptuous tempter. Nearly all the victims of ruin have been beautiful persons, once infatuated with their own charms, and the easy prey of the charmer whose touch is leprosy and who dazzles with the mesmeric eye of the basilisk. There is nothing upon which lechery feeds more gloatingly than the vanity of beauty, and in many instances beauty has proved to be the greatest misfortune to its possessors. Juvenal said, "Rare is the union of beauty and virtue;" and Bacon said nearly the same thing, "It is seldom the case that beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue." Ovid called beauty "a frail good;" and Shakespeare says:

> Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

I wish to emphasize the fact that in the beautiful "beauty is as beauty does." The greatest travesty upon life is the hideousness of ill behavior and vice in the

beautiful; and nothing is more shocking than the downfall of beauty. To look upon the wreck of a beautiful man or woman, still beautiful in ruin, is to look upon a broken Corinthian column, or a once splendid temple, prone in the dust and yielding to the corroding tooth of time. Saddest of all is that "beauty, blemished once, forever's lost."

I know nothing so charming, nothing so lovely as consecrated personal beauty, adorned with the cultured mind. A beautiful wife, mother, daughter, sister—educated, refined, and pure about the fascinating circle of the fireside; an ornament in society and a jewel in religion; bright, happy, useful, prudent, modest, and wise —what a power for good by her very charm of beauty!

> Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
> And beauty draws us with a single hair.

When the beauty of person is added to the beauty of mind and heart, it becomes an irresistible power for good.

> Orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth.

If beauty has power to do evil, why not to do good? If Absalom stole the hearts of people for evil by his personal charms, why did not Moses, whose beauty was one of his marked attractions, thereby add to his power to lead God's people? I have always imagined that the affectionate John was a man of personal beauty; and it seems that his greatest power lay in the added charm of love by which he has mastered the world and left the indelible impress of his beauty upon the minds of men. Flowers are the most beautiful things in the world, but the rarest flower is that which gives with its beauty the sweetest perfume.

But God has not seen fit, as a rule, to put the jewel

of excellence in the casket of beauty, which is too seldom valuable or useful. Oftenest he seems to have endowed most lavishly the homely and the ugly. The most beautiful of birds and animals are not of greatest service to mankind. The milch cow, the yoke ox, the draught horse, the fine trotter, the animals and fowls for food, are not often pretty. The men and women who have possessed the greatest talents and the least vanity have often been of the greatest benefit to the world. Classic grandeur sometimes mingles with rugged strength in the faces of those who move mightily and righteously among men. Beauty and strength united in the personal features of Moses, and the combination did not impair his force of character. Paul, who was as mighty as Moses, had, perhaps, nothing of personal beauty to charm or affect. Had Richard III. been a saint instead of a devil, that same force of character and strength of genius for evil would have turned to grand account, instead of disaster. Ugliness or physical deformity only adds to power, when the beauty and grandeur of soul and life cover the external defect; and often life, character, and genius are so beautiful, grand, and great as to make us forget physical deformity. Little, bedwarfed, swarthy Alexander Stephens, of Georgia, though weird in appearance to the stranger, seemed godlike to his hearers. There is always one fascinating feature in the face of genius, greatness, or goodness, and that is the eye—the index of the soul; and with the dazzling and magnetic eye, deformity or ugliness always covers its defects with the halo of that internal light which shines from a beautiful life and a great heart. Some of the most fascinating people in the world are among the ugly and the deformed; and some of the most hideous people, Mokanna-

like, are both ugly and bad. The homely Queen Elizabeth fascinated and wielded a kingdom by the splendor of her genius and force of character; while Mary, of Scotland, was driven to her fate by her weakness and impurity, beauty merely heightening her depravity.

The lover of the beautiful should look more to the intrinsic than to the extrinsic value of beauty. A writer says: "He who cannot see the beautiful side is a bad painter, a bad friend, a bad lover; he cannot lift his mind and heart so high as goodness." External beauty is a pleasant but transient thing, and the lover not infrequently tires of it; but the internal beauty of even ugly things never palls upon the taste. Goodness, greatness, nobility, and docility are beautiful, even if not pretty; how beautiful is a childlike man or woman, loving yet faithful and courageous, gentle yet mighty, lowly yet uplifting, always useful, helpful, doing good! This is a portrait of beauty that no artist can paint, except upon the canvas of the mind; and yet it is the most beautiful ever drawn by imagination or kept in the memory. It is the imitation of Christ, the lowliest, loftiest, and mightiest subject of beauty and grandeur in life and character. What a model of beauty and glory is Jesus Christ, and how exquisite the copy in a Christian life! The eloquent proclamation of the gospel, the gorgeous architecture of the church, the splendid finery of the pew, the lofty peal of organ—all this is beautiful and sublime to the eye, the ear, and the emotions; but it also is sounding brass and tinkling cymbal—the passing echo of a heartless tune—apart from the spirit and life that incarnate and express the spiritual beauty of Christ. There have been some beautiful and lofty characters and lives outside of Christ, developed by ethical principles and precepts, without the Christly change of

life within; but it was the beauty of a glittering legalism, a rose of earthly tint without the fragrance and beauty of heaven.

It has been said: "Exquisite beauty resides with God. Unity and simplicity, joined together in different organs, are the principal sources of beauty. It resides in the good, the honest, and the useful to the highest physical and intellectual degree." It has been said again: "Every trait of beauty may be deferred to some virtue, as to innocence, candor, generosity, modesty, heroism." An Indian philosopher said that the starry heavens above our heads and the feelings of duty in our hearts were, to him, the two most beautiful things in the universe. "By cultivating the beautiful," said Howard, "we scatter the seeds of heavenly flowers; by doing good we foster those already belonging to humanity." Truly did the poet say:

Labor in the path of duty
Gleamed up like a thing of beauty;
Beauty shone in self-denial,
In the sternest hour of trial,
In a meek obedience
To the will of Providence,
In lofty sympathies
That, forgetting selfish ease,
Prompted acts that sought the good
Of every spirit, understood
The wants of every human heart,
Eager ever to impart
Blessings to the weary soul
That hath felt the world's control.

I would not in the least detract from the culture of physical beauty or discourage a taste for its excellence and blessings. I think the body, the form, the face, every lineament and feature of our physical being, should

be trained to keep its beauty and to enhance instead of detracting from it. Perfect health and care for our bodies—their cleanliness and dress, their comfort and refreshment—should be studiously and assiduously observed. God gave us these bodies to preserve against the inroads of disease and death, to beautify as best we can. Even in death we should show as lovely and beautiful faces as grace and culture will enable us to leave behind, upon which our friends and loved ones may look with pleasure even in their sorrows. Often the pale corpse still seems lifelike and beautiful, when the furrows of pain and care have vanished, and when the peaceful face is clothed with the parting smile of its habitual grace in life. We want to live and die with a sweet, beautiful face—the last thing of us that the world will look upon and mark as the index of our past life. Yes, cultivate the beautiful in person; and remember that nothing gives to the face more beauty, to the form more dignity, than a conscience clear within and a mind and heart nobly and usefully trained. If by nature you are not so beautiful as others in form and feature, try to excel in the culture of grace and manner. As said by Henry Home: "An agreeable figure and winning manner, which inspire affection without love, are always new. Beauty loses its relish, the graces never; after the longest acquaintance, they are no less agreeable than at first."

We should drink from the cup of beauty at every hand. Nature, art, poetry, eloquence, architecture, music, are all full of the beautiful; and to have a critical taste for these things greatly enhances the æsthetic faculty and gives pleasure to the pure and well-balanced mind. The flowers, the trees, the grassy lawn, the fields, the hills and streams, the mountains and the val-

leys, the movements of animals, the flight of birds, their songs and melodies, the starry heavens at night, the dawning and the gloaming, the very clouds with their gorgeous coloring and shifting, even the storm and the tempest with their thunder and lightning or their fall of rain or snow—all these things should be seen and studied with a view to their beauty and grandeur. How commonplace is nature to the dull and unpoetic mind! Everything is old and nothing is ever new to the stupid spirit that takes no notice of nature's charms, whereas the student of nature and the lover of the beautiful find in almost every object an exhaustless spring of freshness and joy. The sun, the moon, the stars, never grow old; the hills and the mountains are always new; the beautiful flowers are always sweeter and prettier than ever before. "What do you see yonder in that valley?" asked an enthusiastic artist of an old mountaineer, as they were climbing the side of a lofty summit. "I see nothing but a man riding a horse," said the old man. The artist did not see the object caught by the practical eye of the mountaineer; and the mountaineer, who had looked over the splendid scene a thousand times, did not catch the view and inspiration of the delighted artist. Such is the dull, stupid, unæsthetic life of millions who lose all the delight and joy that beauty everywhere unfolds from the pages of nature. The story is old, but it gives an illustration of another lover of the beautiful, who woke one morning with the music of the hounds in a fox chase. "Listen to that music!" said he to his unmusical companion, who replied: "I can't hear anything for those infernal hounds!" Another lover of the beautiful went into ecstasies one morning as the rising sun touched the tops of snow-covered mountains, painting the scene with a crimson glory. "Isn't that grand?" he

exclaimed to an old, practical farmer by his side. "Yes," said the farmer, "it's a good day for killing hogs!"

The lover of the beautiful, to the extent of his ability, should read books of poetry and eloquence, visit art galleries, attend musical performances, and study the various fashions and forms of architecture with all their different shades and paintings, in order to cultivate the æsthetic sense. A man has nothing to do but keep his eyes and ears open, and spend a little money for the purpose, in order to refine his mind and heart with a taste for everything beautiful in the handiwork of man, as in the handiwork of God. One good book of poetry, like Shakespeare or Milton or Browning, well read and studied, would wake in the soul with any fancy or imagination a taste for beautiful thought; and so of a thousand other books of prose and poetry which stir the beautiful and grand already latent in the soul. How thrilling to look upon the splendid productions of art in painting and sculpture wherein genius has drawn upon canvas, or chiseled in marble, the entrancing scenes from Nature, the symbolic illustrations of great truths, or historic events which delineate and make present the past!

LOVE OF THE GOOD

THE picture of an angelic woman loving and being loved by the sheep and the doves she caresses illustrates the love of the good. In contrast is Satan in the background under cover with his goats and his ravens, the antitheses of sheep and doves. He is sending one of his goats to mingle with the sheep and corrupt them, as his whole and only purpose is to do evil and hurt God's people. But for the Devil's goats and ravens, God's lambs and doves would never get into trouble and the love of the good would cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

The greatest compliment which can be paid to man is to call him "good." Many, if not most, men are jealous of their reputation for smartness rather than for goodness; and there are some who would rather be called knaves than fools. Of course there is a good-for-nothing good in some people that is not complimentary; but to have a good-for-something good is the greatest possession of this life, and the one thing which will be rewarded hereafter; for wisdom and greatness without goodness, whatever their worth and glory in this world, are nothing in the sight of God. We should covet to be wise, great, and good; but if we cannot make such attainment in wisdom and greatness, we should nevertheless strive to be at least good and good for something. There is greatness in goodness—a moral

Love of the Good.

grandeur in useful goodness—however limited the capacities or obscure the station of the good man; and whatever may be the world's estimate of him, all heaven smiles upon him and has a crown of glory for him.

> Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well *your* part—there *all* the honor lies.

There can be no love for the good except by those who are good themselves. The bad may respect the good, but they cannot love it. They may wish themselves good, but there can be no affection for a quality they do not themselves possess or strive for. The color-blind cannot appreciate colors, nor can the man without an appetite relish dainties. The good man alone loves God, as the true man loves truth, as the æsthetic man loves beauty, or as the intellectual love knowledge; and hence a man has to be good and do good before he can love good. The bad man may become good and so learn to love it; but whatever his appreciation for goodness, or his estimate of good people, beforehand, he cannot love the quality until he possesses it. People may admire things they do not love. The judgment of all men realizes the value of goodness and the blessedness of its effect upon those who have it. There is an honesty among the worst which confesses that the goodness in others would be well for them. They often sympathize with the good in affliction or defend them in trouble, and highly honor them when they die; but they do not *love* their goodness. It takes an ethical life and character to appreciate and love the abstract quality we call good or goodness.

There are many forms and degrees of goodness. There is a natural goodness and a spiritual goodness, actuated by different motives and developed by different

processes. The natural man, because of proper training and culture, may love honesty, truthfulness, and morality without any other motive than a sense of right, or of policy, or of public opinion. Most men have a conscientious fear of wrong in the sight of God and in the light of relationship with their fellow-man. Some are born better by nature than others, and grow more easily than others into the love and pride of righteousness; and the noblest and greatest examples of natural goodness are found alike among heathen, Jews, and Christians in all ages. Even among infidels are found men of great natural benevolence and beneficence, who have proved benefactors of the human race, but they are few. Some of the greatest charities have been bestowed upon their fellows by men who believe but little in God and nothing in Christ. Many of the greatest reformers and revolutionists who broke with tyranny and fought for liberty have been such men as Rousseau, Voltaire, and Tom Paine. Thousands of men who have never made any pretense to religion have put to blush the illiberality and the want of philanthropy among some Christians. Girard left a great endowed college for poor boys in Philadelphia, and with it the restriction that ministers of the gospel are not to be allowed to visit it. Some men by nature and culture, without any spirituality at all, are moral, virtuous, upright, chaste, honorable, whose integrity is unimpeachable; and they, too, often put much of our Christianity to blush by comparison. All honor to the natural good and noble men and women who have done so many things worthy of religion. What the motives or principles actuating such lives and characters is not a question at this point; it is sufficient to say that the world has been vastly benefited and blessed by the words, deeds, and examples of men great

and good in the natural sense. They have loved the good and pursued it through life; and when they died, their works have lived after them. Such men as Aristotle, Socrates, Plato, Pliny, Aurelius, and thousands of the like were great and good men by nature and culture, and have left the heritage of their fame to all generations.

But there is a good or goodness in a spiritual sense that is eternal in its life and results, and which only Christians can claim to love and possess. Their righteousness is not self-righteousness, and they do good upon a principle and a motive which come from God by the impartation of a new life. They do right not only for right's sake, but for Christ's sake; and they recognize that a "good conscience" has its source in their regard for the law of God. The highest good and the purest motive for doing good lie in the recognition of God's right to our obedience upon the ground that God is the author of goodness and righteousness and the source of all law. Goodness and righteousness as a policy or a principle would have the sanction of natural and inherent law, irrespective of any belief in God; but in addition to and above this fact, the Christian recognizes God and obeys his law because he is the highest source of authority for all goodness. Hence, Christian conscience is not merely a moral sense, or a legal sentiment, or a sense arising from policy, relationship, or fear, but a spiritual force. Cornelius, the rich young ruler, and Saul of Tarsus were legalists of the highest moral character—blameless as touching the righteousness which is of the law; but Cornelius had to be converted, and Paul admitted that in the light of Christ's righteousness he was the "chief of sinners;" while the rich young ruler, who claimed that he had kept the commandments from

his youth up, turned his back upon Christ when put to the test of his spiritual religion. Christ loved him for his moral integrity and his beautiful amiability, but his goodness and righteousness could not give him an entrance into the kingdom of heaven. All goodness which has no Christ in it, and no Christ for its object, merit, and motive, is human and selfish, and can live only for the glory of this world. It is of the earth earthy, however noble from human standpoints; and however rewarded and honored here, it can have no crown hereafter. Nothing has God's immortal stamp upon it except under the seal and sign of Christ's blood and righteousness, in which we find our sole merit with God; and so far as eternity is concerned, all our natural goodness and self-righteousness are lost, since God and his Christ are not the merit, measure, and object of our motive, deed, and life.

To be good and do good is the climax of life, its loftiest end. Shakespeare makes the demagogue, Mark Antony, say over the dead body of Cæsar that "the evil that men do lives after them" and that "the good is often interred with their bones;" but it is a fact that the good that men do is no oftener interred with their bones than evil. Some writer said: "A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he that plants kindness gathers love; pleasure bestowed upon a grateful mind is never sterile, but generally gratitude begets reward." Whittier says:

> A charmed life old goodness hath; the tares
> May perish, but the grain is not for death.

There may be individual or isolated instances of "love's labor lost" upon the object loved; but it is not lost upon the lover, and perhaps not lost in example to

others. It pays to be and do good, whether it ever benefits or blesses another or not; but it is seldom, if ever, that it is the fate of goodness to find its only blossom in reflex action upon the good themselves. There is comparatively little soil so sterile as not to yield back something to the sunshine and dew of heaven. The barren rock will produce moss and lichens in response to light and moisture; and while goodness and mercy, like sunshine and dew, are apparently wasted in their abundance and exuberance upon evil and ingratitude, yet there always results "here a little and there a little" crop which in the aggregate makes up a large total. As there is nothing lost or destroyed by change in the elements of the physical world, the same is true in the intellectual and moral world. We are commanded to cast our bread upon the waters, knowing that it will come back after many days, and we are to sow the seed of goodness not knowing whether this or that shall prosper. A good life lived or a good deed done may sometimes have no immediate effect, but good seed sown to-day may come up at a different time and in a different soil, far away from the planting. Live right and do right, and God will take care of the result and the reward.

It is said of Christ, who is the express image of the Father, and who was God manifest in the flesh, that "He went about doing good." What a magnificent vocation in a world of sin, misery, and suffering! What a field for operations and opportunities! One of the great purposes of God in the permission of evil was to give scope for the positive and active forces of goodness. Though some may think this old world would have been a scene of negative monotony if the Devil had not planted his cloven hoof in the Garden of Eden, yet we know there is no such thing as a "necessary evil" in the sense that

evil is essential in itself to good. It may be essential to the development of the greatest good to the greatest number by contrast and conflict of good with evil and in overcoming it. Warfare with evil and misery makes goodness positive, progressive, mighty, if not meritorious; and hence God has left a universal field for the operation of virtue, honesty, benevolence, and beneficence—a field so beautifully and grandly occupied by Christ and his followers. But for God and good in the world, the human race had long since been swallowed up in the awful cataclysm of its own ruin wrought by evil. Therefore it means something to be good and do good in the world, and it is really the demonstration of the Christlike on earth. Emerson said, "Your goodness must have some edge to it, else it is none;" and it is the awful temptation to evil, as well as the conflict with evil, which gives edge to goodness. La Rochefoucauld says: "None deserve the character of being good who have not spirit enough to be bad; goodness, for the most part, is either indolence or impotence."

There is little merit in a goodness that has no temptation or that is not stimulated by conflict with evil and error, and there is certainly but little honor or reward for it. Positive goodness is always a virtue on fire and alive with aggression; and the best evidence of true goodness is not simply its example, but its patient conflict with evil and its sufferings from persecution. The good man who has no fight with sin, within and without, is good for nothing.

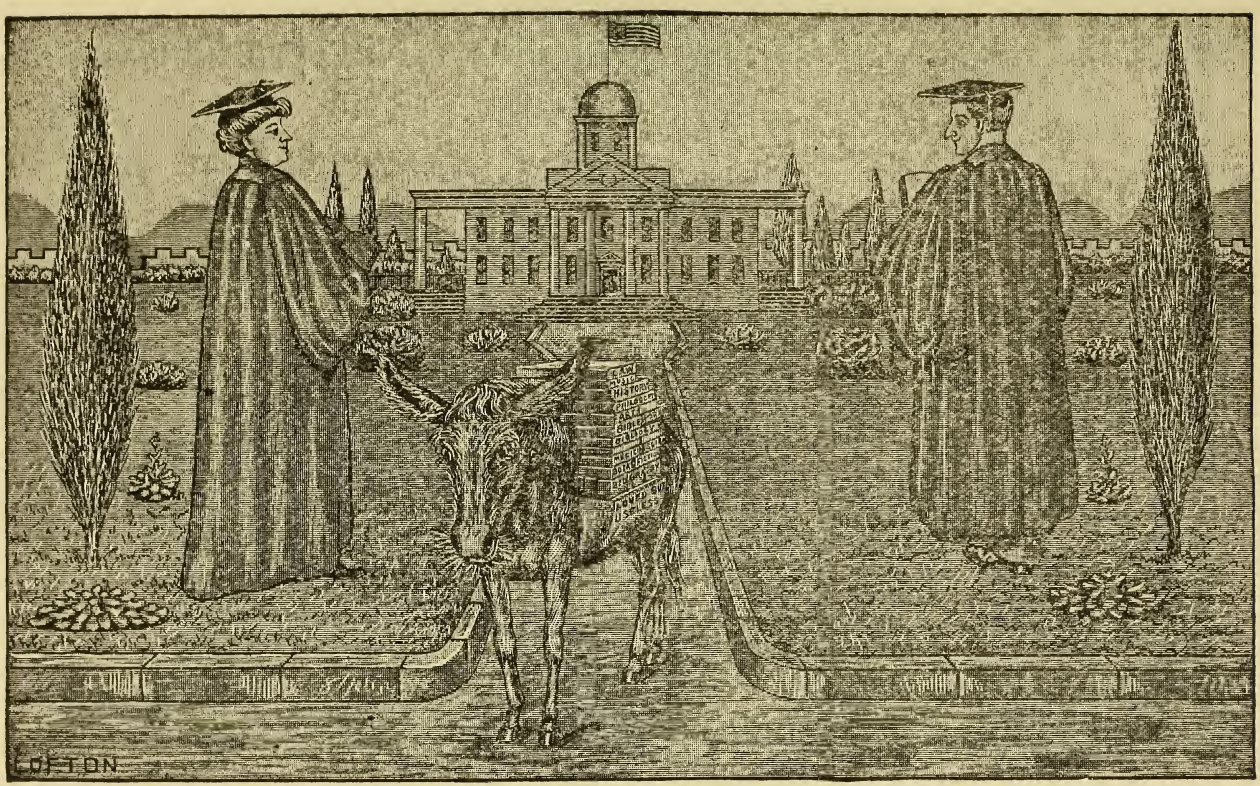
Some one says: "Goodness is love in action." The heart that truly loves is the only good heart, out of which flows every form of good nature, good humor, good character, and good works. It is love with the burden on its back, its hand to the plow, and its bosom

to the storm. It is love in the haunts of poverty and vice, feeding the hungry and seeking the lost. It is love visiting the sick bedside and going to the prisoner in his cell, with comfort and promise. It is love in the Sunday school class and in the night school for the ragged poor. It is love everywhere, going about and doing good after the example of the Master. Love and good are inseparable; they are correlatives; and every good and noble thing ever done by mortals had love of some sort at the bottom of it. The lover of good is the only doer of permanent good. There may be good done for a selfish motive, for a selfish purpose, which will bless the beneficiary and profit the benefactor; but if it have not the savor of love, it has the smell of insincerity. As a great writer says, "There is no odor so bad as that which arises from goodness tainted." If goodness is love in action, then every deed done in love is a sacrificial offering, a sweet-smelling savor of praise to God.

LOVE OF LEARNING

IN the pictorial presentation of this subject we discover two devoted students—a man and a woman—standing on the college campus and facing their Alma Mater, book in hand, earnestly in the pursuit of knowledge. What the result will be depends upon their persistent effort and a practical application of their education, backed up by common sense. Between the two and leaving college is another graduate, but still with long ears. He has a pile of books upon his back denominated "loved but useless lore;" and he represents that class of educated men whose learning is without common sense or useful application in life. He is the "bookworm" whose head is full of useless knowledge and who is well represented as the cultivated fool—an ass with his learning loaded upon his back. He does not use his knowledge, but only brays about what he knows. The biggest fool in the world is the *learned* fool.

"Learning" is a comprehensive word. Not only is it the act of acquiring knowledge, but it implies a systematic knowledge, such as the information gained from books and instruction. It means education, extensive literary and scientific culture, erudition. A man may be generally learned, or practically learned, as having special knowledge or skill, or as deeply versed in some art or profession. To know something about every-



Love of Learning.

thing may be some attainment in information, but it is not properly called learning; and it is infinitely better to know everything about something than something about everything.

Pope says:

> A little learning is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
> There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> And drinking largely sobers us again.

There is a great deal of truth in what Pope says, but many people would be compelled to know nothing at all if his verse were to be the literal rule of learning; and those who learn much must first learn little. The danger of a "little learning" lies in the presumption of shallow minds, in trifling or experimenting with subjects about which they know but little, and which are too deep for their intellectual stature; but men of native wit and common sense have generally the wisdom to know their ignorance, and too much of humility to venture into water beyond their depth.

It seems to me a good thing for every man to get all the learning he can; and even a "little learning" is a blessed thing in the possession of a sensible and humble man. Any sort or degree of learning is a "dangerous thing" in the hands of an unbalanced mind; and a smart fool is the biggest fool in the world. Any man who can be puffed up with learning either does not know much, or does not know what to do with his materials; and often so-called learned men, in their accumulation of knowledge or information, have only a great pile of lumber without shape or use, or, if used at all, without any orderly or useful construction. There are broad but shallow minds; there are deep but narrow minds; there are broad and deep minds—like rivers; and only

the broad and deep minds, whether little or much learned, know what to do with learning. There are some people very sprightly and brilliant who have a screw loose somewhere in the machinery of the brain, or have no bump of common sense upon the cranium, who are sometimes good readers or hearers, but in almost every instance they go awry in learning. The crank is sure to take issue with orthodoxy in science, art, or religion; and the more learning he has, the worse for him and the world.

The love of learning is characteristic only of a human being. There is within man the spirit of curiosity and inquiry, of experiment and invention, of discovery and investigation; and he has an innate thirst for knowledge and a faculty for coördinating, systematizing, and applying what he learns and knows to purposes of wisdom and utility. It is an astonishing fact, however, that very few love knowledge and wisdom sufficiently to become learned to any degree. With all the light that science and literature shed upon us, and with all the facilities offered by education and culture, thousands upon thousands never take advantage of them. There is a vast amount of intelligence in general which is forced upon the masses, or which they cannot escape; but one of the most culpable of sins is the fact that these masses refuse to drink from the cup of so much knowledge and wisdom, which is put to their lips by the dissemination of literature, the education of our schools and colleges, and by the accessibility of our libraries, bookstores, and news stands. Comparatively few of our children graduate even in our high schools; and only the struggling young men and women among the poor, who seek an education for some purpose, graduate and make scholars. The rich seldom graduate or

learn anything beyond the pale of business, the society columns of the newspapers, or the reading of novels, theatrical criticisms, and sensational publications.

Only the lover of learning feels the pleasure and delight of knowing something worth knowing. An intelligent and well-read man or woman is the happiest being in the world—the freest from sensuous and sensual pleasures, the noblest and best qualified in business, and the best capable of taking a philosophic and lofty view of life. Such people live in an infinitely more enlarged circle of pleasure and usefulness, other things being equal, than the illiterate ignoramus. They are less given to narrow biases and soul-obscuring prejudices; and they drink the cup of joy from fountains of nature and truth that the ignorant man knows not of. If they are poetic, they are full of poetry; if artistic, they are refined by art; if literary, they are surcharged with good books; if they are scientific or philosophic, they live in the realm of facts and phenomena, causes and effects, which afford them the satisfaction of enjoying the secrets of nature and the deductions of truth, absolutely unknown and unappreciated by the illiterate world around them. What untold pleasure found in the pages of history, travel, romance, poetry, art, music, oratory, religion, science, philosophy, discovery, invention—even in lighter and more elementary form, which the masses could read and be delighted and benefited by their information and development! What a strange and inhuman thing it is to see thousands of boys and girls, young men and women in good circles of society and wearing fine clothes, who never read anything worth reading and to whom a book is a horror! Thousands upon thousands buy books for the sake of having them, but never read them.

Even in our churches there are thousands of God's people who are ignoramuses, so far as literature is concerned. They do not even read their Bible, though they generally have a large family edition of it to grace their parlor tables. They never buy a religious book, many of them, except perhaps some controversial or schismatic volume, which excites their denominational partisanship or tickles their religious fancy; and only a comparatively few of them take their religious weekly papers, though they cannot do without their political "dailies," which many people greedily read. With the Sunday sermon and the Sunday school helps, the great mass of Christians stop for religious information and education; and the people, in proportion to their facilities in such a day as this, are not half so learned and profound in religious truth as our forefathers were. The grasp for money and the thirst for sensuous, if not sensual, pleasure give no time for reading or thought along solid or religious lines; and thousands of the people of God are hard at work all day for money, and are found at the playhouse at night for recreation.

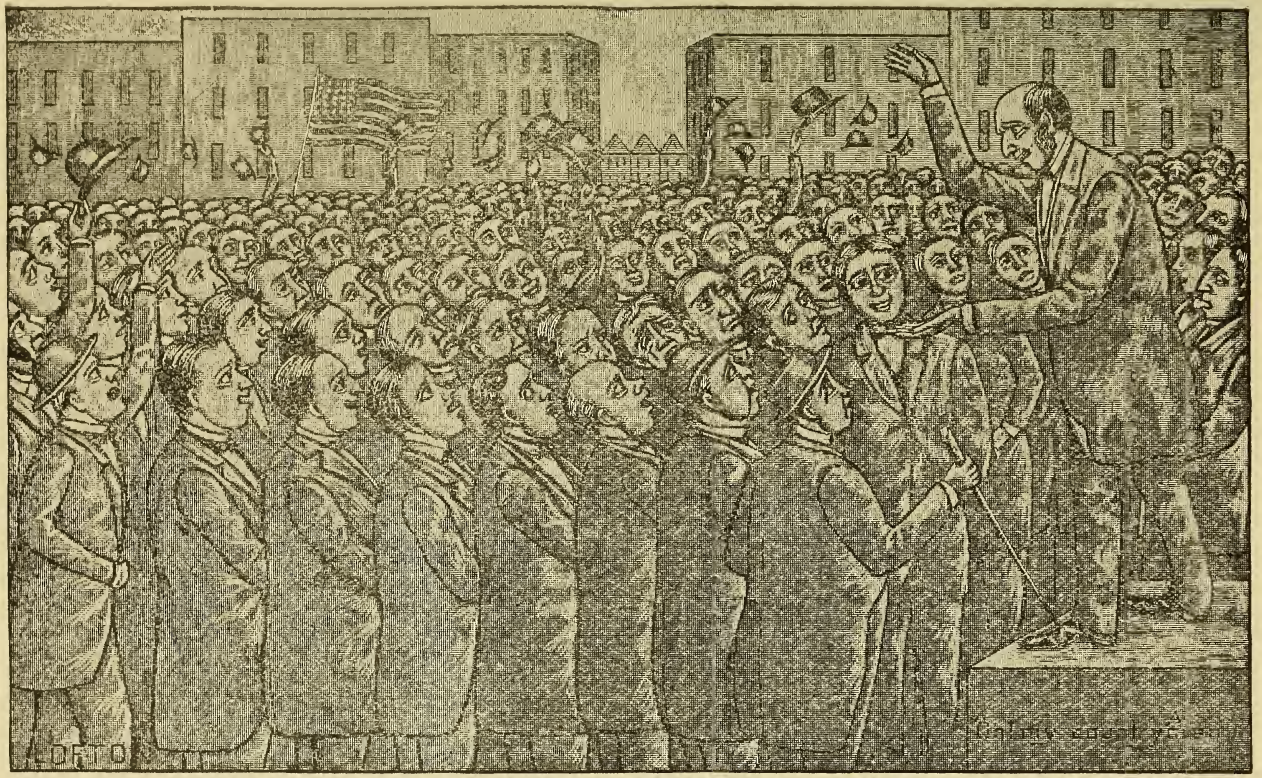
The only way for people to love learning of any degree is to learn something by searching for it. We get gold by digging for it, and love it all the more for that reason after getting it. Knowledge, like gold, does not hunt for us; we have to hunt for it. There is plenty of it all about us; but knowledge is a queenly woman that must be diligently sought after, and she will not be found of us until we seek her; and when we find her, how we love her! It is an easy matter to cultivate a literary taste and a thirst for knowledge, if we persist in the effort; and it is a pursuit that has its own reward. It is a dreadful reflection upon a human being not to want to know more than he does; and worse than all is his

indisposition to know anything. To be content to pass through this world, to be treading upon diamonds in the rough every day, with no disposition to pick them up, because we have to polish them—I mean literary diamonds, worth more than all the gems in the mines of Africa—is the saddest reflection upon the intelligence of any people in such a day and generation as this. They clothe and bedeck their bodies; they gratify their appetites and passions; they do all and spend all for pleasure; they grasp for the dollar and seek to satisfy their avarice and pride in material surroundings; but next to religion, knowledge is the last thing they want. God gave us intellectual capacities for improvement and happiness. It would take only a little money and effort to cultivate a taste for intellectual attainments; and yet the wants of the mind are never even thought of beyond the meager training of our children in the school, for the sake of respectability and for the sake of the practical purposes of life's merely material business. When the schoolroom is left, that is the last of study and learning, with the exception of the professional few who follow some specialty as a business for life; and the great mass of our children, when the schoolroom is left and the books laid down, draw a sigh of relief.

Pythagoras well said: "He that knoweth not that which he ought to know is a brute beast among men; he that knoweth no more than he hath need of is a man among brute beasts; and he that knoweth all that may be known is a god amongst men."

LOVE OF ELOQUENCE

FOR its purpose there is no power like oratory, no gift more noble and useful than eloquence. Eloquent speech has, in a great measure, moved the world, molded its opinions, and shaped the destinies of mankind. The sword, the pen, the press, are instruments of power. Books, periodicals, and papers wield untold influence. Science and art turn the wheels of fortune and progress; but, as a rule, they must all be baptized in the fire of the orator's tongue in order to reach perfection. Even the word of God, "the sword of the Spirit," must get its unction and its edge from sanctified lips, to convert the nations. "Preach the gospel to every creature," is Christ's indispensable commission; and what is true of the gospel is true of the propagandism of all truth. Discovery and invention lay the foundation of every change and revolution; but the orator popularizes and makes potent the studio, the pulpit, the forum, the hustings, the stage, the platform, the social and business circle. From the depths of antiquity the orator has been the agitator of thought and the mover of mankind. The flaming tongues of prophets and apostles, the harangues of warriors and chieftains, the discourses of sages and philosophers, the rhapsodies of poets and minstrels, are among the lasting monuments of genius and eloquence. The glory of



Love of Eloquence

Greece and Rome culminates in the greatness of Demosthenes and Cicero. The splendor of France and England bursts upon the world with the refulgence of Mirabeau and Pitt. Webster, Clay, and Calhoun form the radiant trinity of American eloquence at the height of our exalted statesmanship. Such men live deepest in the hearts of a country; and the story of their eloquence and the imperishable treasury of their thought will continue to educate and inspire the patriot, the statesman, and the political student, amid the vicissitudes of revolution and change. They shall neither die nor be forgotten by their fellow-countrymen.

> These shall resist the empire of decay,
> When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away;
> Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
> But that which warmed it once can never die.

Eloquence has not done everything, but it has given tone and force to everything. It is the great inspiration to motive and action. It is truth burning from the fervid heart, logic flashing from the fiery brain, pathos beaming from the lightening eye, clothing the whole form with the majesty of argument and the magic of persuasion. It is conviction aflame with sympathy, and speaking with an irresistible emphasis neither cold words nor spirit can convey. It is as the sunshine and dew to animate and inanimate nature. What a power in that truth which scintillates from luminous form and action, which is hurled like thunderbolts from a gesture, which clothes the speaker with a godlike demeanor! No wonder Daniel, the English poet, exclaimed:

> Pow'r above pow'rs! O heavenly eloquence
> That with the strong rein of commanding words
> Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
> Of men's affections, more than all their swords!

Narrowly, eloquence may be defined as the best method in which deep feeling may be expressed either by words, tones, looks, attitude, or gesture. To this end it requires profound knowledge, vigorous understanding, vivid imagination, forceful language, fluency of speech, movement of feeling, and animated action. It must affect, please, and persuade, as well as convince; and the first great qualification in the order is eloquence of thought. If eloquence is the power of expression, we must have something to express. Thought profound but simply put, strong but clear, forcible, original, and vivid, with imagination, is essential to oratorical eloquence. Without thought, eloquence is the gush of mere declamation. There is nothing that can take the place of eloquent meaning. Tacitus says: "It is of eloquence as of a flame: it requires matter to feed it, motion to express it, and it brightens as it burns." The only fuel to that flame is thought.

Thought, to be truly eloquent, must be true. Sophistry and casuistry may be eloquent, but their effect is transient and evil. The stroke of the master hand for error or demagogy is a deadly blow to truth; and the orator falls under the characterization of Milton's Satan, the power of whose eloquence is thus expressed:

> His tongue
> Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
> The better reason, to perplex and dash
> Maturest counsels.

The line between truth and error, in the realm of the probable and in the heat of discussion, is often hard to draw by the partisan spirit; but there is nothing which gives such massive force to the orator as the consciousness of his integrity. Honesty and truthfulness are the soul and unction of eloquent thought.

Again, thought, to be eloquent, must as far as possible be original, both in itself and in its expression. Plagiarism and imitation, whether apparent or not, destroy inspiration and effectiveness in the speaker. As a stage play artist, he might imitate the genius of some dramatic author; but this is simply the eloquence of the actor, not the orator. Every speaker feels the dignity of self-respect in his originality; and his own consciousness of this fact will not only powerfully affect himself, but his auditors.

Another element in the eloquence of thought is superiority. The consciousness of being ahead of his fellows or of his age and drawing the world at his feet has always made the mightiest orator. Progress in sight of the future is eloquent with discovery ahead. The great leader may not always be popular, but he will be heard. The man ahead is often hated, but he is respected. To be a pioneer is to be abused, but it is eloquence to be the tallest peak among the mountains. Patrick Henry was ahead of his peers and his people, but that fact makes his oratory and eloquence gigantic. He was a Columbus, a Galileo, a Newton, in the forum. Nothing whets the flashing sword of eloquence like innovation.

Eloquence is grandest in the mastery of emergencies. Readiness and forecast are essential to the great orator; and eloquence reaches its climax in a crisis which meets a present dilemma in the shadow of coming events. Timidity is fatal to the orator under critical conditions, and the sublimest triumphs of eloquence are those which seize upon the advantage of a crisis. How important is self-confidence upon occasions of moment when you must know the situation and meet it! Emerson says: "The great triumph of the orator is when he is lifted above himself; when consciously he makes himself the

mere tongue of the occasion and the hour, and says what cannot but be said."

Another essential to eloquence is feeling. "Those who would make me feel must feel themselves." However vigorous our thoughts, eloquence is tame without the heart. Oratory may be polished without eloquence, and it may be pleasing without persuasion. Webster said: "True eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, in the occasion." The moral emotions give force to thought which makes it overwhelming and wholesome; and, after all, it is health of soul that makes vital eloquence. Bad men are often able and sometimes eloquent, but corruption destroys the power of otherwise impassioned speech. It is impossible to declaim against the vice we practice, or in favor of the principle we violate. Hypocrisy cannot be eloquent; and the true orator has no greater power than his conscious integrity of character. As religion without love, so eloquence without noble purpose and true character of the orator is as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Another element in eloquence is the manner of the orator. Chesterfield said: "The manner of your speaking is fully as important as the matter, as more people have ears to be tickled than understanding to judge." "Manner," said Bishop Middleton, "is everything with some people, and something with everybody." "Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind;" manner is one of the graces of the art, and contributes largely to the power of eloquence.

Essential to manner is the absence of ranting or affectation. In order to be eloquent, the orator must forget

himself. The end of eloquence is truth; and that truth would better be badly told than to be exaggerated, overdrawn, or misrepresented. It is legitimate to *employ* art, but it is disgusting to *display* it in oratory. Even when art is legitimately utilized, it is the part of eloquence to employ the maxim, *Ars est celare artem* (True art is to conceal art). Otherwise the power of eloquence is vitiated, and the speaker appears in the role of pretender. Nature and truth, however crude in expression, are eloquent; and all the arts of affectation or overdrawing will not aid them. Nevertheless, there is untold power in the true and proper culture of manner; and we should appreciate that fact in order to be truly eloquent. Mrs. Welby has beautifully said:

> There is a charm in delivery, a magical art,
> That thrills like a kiss from the lips to the heart;
> 'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-chosen word,
> By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred.
> The smile, the mute gesture, the soul-stirring pause;
> The eyes sweet expression, that melts while it awes;
> The lip's soft persuasion, its musical tone—
> O, such were the charms of an eloquent one.

LOVE OF FAME

FAME'S mountain, with its temple on the top, is pictured in the illustration opposite as a rugged height—marked at every step from base to summit by some motto or principle with which to grasp firmer and spring higher toward the consummation of some noble ambition. Of the various kinds of men who come to this mountain some get to the top; some are on the way to the top, and straining every nerve to get there; one there is who not only climbs but helps another; others there are who lose their hold, or sit down on the way, or who turn back from the struggle. Some stop at the base, or turn away with indifference, or go back into the Vale of Obscurity, or stand looking up to see the mountain's great height. Again, there are those who, after reaching the top, fall off, and by some misfortune lose or destroy that which they have won.

To the left of the mount is the Vale of Obscurity, from which men come to try the climb to fame. To the left of the Vale are three smaller mountains—the tallest, Mt. Notoriety, the summit of which is reached by those of unenviable fame, who display themselves there with ludicrous conceit, or for some selfish purpose. The next is Mt. Failure, where many a man who lost his hold upon the mountain of Fame, short of success, has landed,

FAME
ECONOMY
LABOR
WILL
MT NOTORIETY
PRUDENCE
MT FAILURE
LABOR
PURPOSE
LABOR
VALE OF OBSCURITY
COURAGE
ENTHUSIASM
PUSH
GENIUS
LABOR

Love of Fame.

and where, depressed and broken, he is seen in despair. The last and lowest is Mt. Infamy, upon the top of which you behold those who have reached a bad reputation by prominence in wrong which they tried to make popular, and where they appear bowed at last in disgrace.

The only true fame that is worth the name is that which comes to man as an object unsought. Man may achieve fame, and many have it as an object of ambition, but it is to such as "a flower on a dead man's heart." To hunt for fame is like hunting for pleasure—there is little or no satisfaction in it when found. The happiness that comes unsought in the life of virtue and in the discharge of duty is real and enjoyable beyond measure; and so of fame that crowns the life of virtue and noble deeds that had no other motive than the glory of God, the good of our fellow-man, and a true sense of personal honor. It is said that Milton neither aspired to present fame, nor ever expected it. His only ambition was "to leave something written to after ages, that they should not willingly let it die." It is not unreasonable or wrong for men to desire fame through excellence of work. There is no sin in the aspiration to climb to the very highest pitch in achieving something great and good; but to try to be or do anything for the sake of fame is to fall short of its glory. To enjoy a fine reputation, a good name, a noble fame, ought to be the aim of every human being; but when it becomes the end of life as a mere satisfaction to pride and ambition, it is like making money for its own sake.

Young says of fame:

> Fame is the shade of immortality,
> And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught
> Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.

but evidently Young's idea of fame as the "shadow" caught by ambition does not refer to the honor and glory won by exalted genius in the line of exalted life and deeds. Herrick calls fame "the breath of popular applause," but his definition is but the confusion of real fame with transient notoriety. Pope says it is "a fancied life in another's breath;" but this is not the lofty Milton's idea, who says that "fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil." Again Young calls fame not only a "shadow," but "the shame of immortality;" but some fame is immortal and not shameful. We might quote further the sentiment of famous men who depreciate the merit of fame; but in every instance they are speaking either of a temporary and unworthy notoriety, or else they exhibit a morbid sense of humility with reference to their own attainments or achievements, and therefore with reference to the fame of others.

Other great and good men have spoken the opposite on the subject. "Who despises fame," said Milton, "will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it." Bulwer says: "Better than fame is still the wish for fame, the constant training for a glorious strife." "Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds," said Socrates; and Solon declares, "He that will sell his fame will also sell the public interest." "As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious," said a great writer.

I know of nothing more valuable to a man than an honest fame. It is more than money or friends to him in carrying the ends of life and in promoting a good cause. The words and deeds of men take their value by their names and reputations. The tritest saying or the smallest deed of a great and distinguished man weighs like gold; and the grandest words and works

of an obscure man, however valuable to the public, go barely noticed. Many a preacher has had more art and ability in constructing sermons than Spurgeon, but Spurgeon's feeblest expression was caught by the world on account of the genius and character that lay behind it. His fame rests upon his great piety, his immense force of character, his genius for evangelical preaching and work, his spiritual as well as his intellectual power, and upon the massive results of his ministry; and it will continue to project him into the hearts of millions in the centuries to come.

Somebody has said that "Celebrity is the chastisement of merit and the punishment of talent;" and Chapin says, "It is the penalty of fame that a man must ever keep rising." All this and more is true. Persecution is the price which progressive and useful genius has always had to pay for laudable and permanent success; and the greatest leader of thought and activity, once launched out upon some ideal and glorious purpose, cannot stop short lest he meet obloquy, if not infamy. A man can never get a reputation and go to bed, and he seldom gets a reputation at all worth having without suffering for it. Columbus and Washington live forever in the heart of the world, but they succeeded along new paths in winning their triumphs against great odds. They had forecast and faith, coupled with conviction and the courage to persist, without which the most dazzling genius and ability are sure of failure.

It may be true that "those of whom we speak least upon earth are best known in heaven." Thousands do not covet fame, much less thirst for a little brief notoriety. The great point in life is to please God and bless the world we live in; and he who does this, whether famous among men or not, occupies a high place of honor

with God. The man who develops his one talent, or his two, will have a good reward and hear the same "Well done" as the man who doubled his five.

O what a mockery is earthly fame or glory lost in the light of heaven! What will it be worth in perdition? There will be no consolation in being a big or a famous man in hell. Think of Alexander the Great lost! There is a sort of idea in the world that God respects people because they are big and smart and famous. The hero worshiper that runs after great folks can't conceive that their ideals and idols may be an abomination in the sight of God. They forget that God is no respecter of persons.

> Who that surveys this span of earth we press,
> This speck of life in Time's great wilderness,
> This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
> The past, the future, two eternities—
> Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,
> When he might build him a bright temple there;
> A name that long shall hallow all its space,
> And be each purer soul's high resting place?

True fame is that sort of immortality by which when a man is dead he yet liveth and doeth good. Generally, no man lives for all time who does not live ahead of his time. It takes something in advance of the world to make and perpetuate fame. It seldom can be won by following in old tracks except to make them larger and, however created by accident or dazzling with novelties, it can never live after us. True and permanent fame must be co-relative with the greatest excellence.

The rewards of God are based upon fidelity according to ability, and not upon distinctions of honor as conferred by men. To whom much is given, of him much will be required; to whom little is given, of him little will be required. Even the apostle Paul will be no bigger

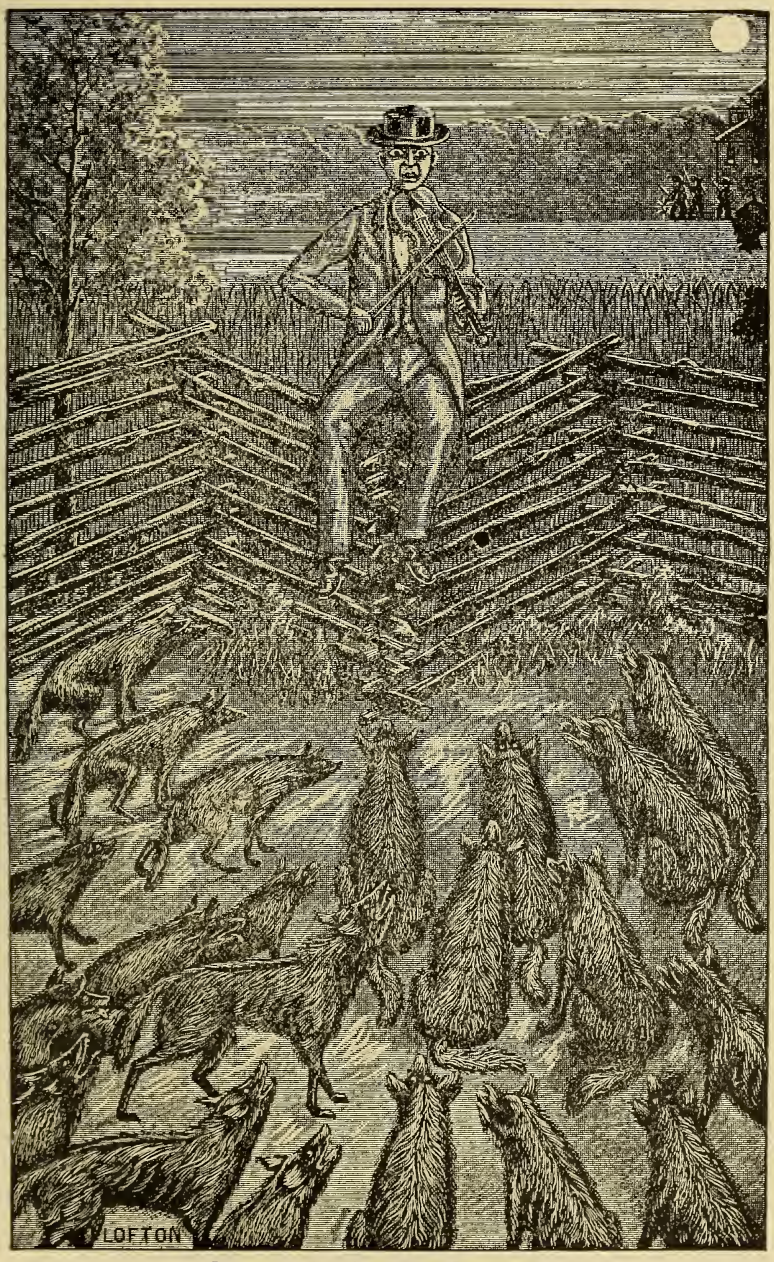
with God, however much bigger in himself, than the least and feeblest saint who has been and done the best he could. The greater the man and the greater his earthly fame, the greater his responsibility, because of him much will be expected. The most dazzling genius the earth ever knew was Napoleon. No man ever won a more shining fame; but he will be among the least known in eternity—even granting that he might have died a saint. Though an instrument in the hands of Providence for the punishment of the nations and for the demolition of old effete despotisms and superstitions he never had God in view, and, in the exhaustion of his ambition in the gratification of his own selfish policy, he lived and died the least known to glory in heaven.

LOVE OF MUSIC

TWO pictures accompany this chapter. The first is a representation of the love of music —common. An old-time fiddler went out to play at a country ball one night, and as he returned late to his home he was threatened by a pack of wolves. Knowing the effect of music upon the animal as well as human nature, he mounted a fence and played for his life with his violin. The wolves ceased their demonstrations, stopped, stood, sat down, and listened to the music, as if charmed out of their ravenous nature, until help could come from a neighboring house.

In the second picture we have represented the love of music—classic. The woman whose performance charms the winged cherubs is the impersonation of that form of cultivated music which enchants the more intellectual and educated classes, and causes men and women to hang for hours upon the rendition of the exquisite masterpieces of this fine art.

While the poet puts nature and truth in verse, and the artist does the same on canvas or in marble, the musician translates them into notes and sounds. Any pleasing combination of sounds—any form of melody or harmony—is music; and the science of music consists in "combining tones in rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic order, so as to produce intelligible and agreeable effects



F Love of Music—Common.

on the ear." The first music we read of is that mentioned by Job in referring to creation:

> When the morning stars sang together,
> And all the sons of God shouted for joy.

This music of the spheres and of the angels in antiphonal concert and harmony was expressive of joy over God's handiwork in the beginning. It was, perhaps, from the ideal and inspiration of nature that the art of music had its origin. So we speak of the music of the birds, the music of the winds, the music of the sea, as caught by the genius and spirit of the musician.

The art of music began with simple and untutored sounds, ultimately reduced by culture to melody and finally to melody and harmony combined, reaching its present perfection in the orchestral symphony, which is now recognized as the highest form of music.

Few people can be found who do not love music. There may not be many poets or artists, nor so many to love and admire their work, but almost everybody loves that harmony of sounds so agreeable to the ear, called music. Love of poetry and art may not be a test of character, but, according to the immortal Shakespeare, love of music is.

> The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus;
> Let no such man be trusted.

If there is one art in the world which has more followers and lovers than any other, it is music. There are whole families and generations who have a musical strain in their being; and the negro race seems full of

music. The most marvelous musical prodigy in history is a negro, "Blind Tom." Ignorant of all else but music, he seems to have had his every faculty turned into the musical channel and magnified. It seems that nature, so full of music herself, has, in the absence of many other blessings, almost universally endowed the human race with the musical faculty or sentiment in order, doubtless, to give us pleasure and to afford us that sweet solace in trial and that mighty charm against evil which good music can so abundantly give.

In all ages the power of music has been recognized and employed for its specific purpose—to bewitch the ear and charm the feelings. As far back as history goes, we find music and musical instruments among the nations. Long before the flood, in the very beginning of the race, one of the offspring of Cain, Jubal, "was the father of all such as handle the harp and pipe;" and it is clear that music, vocal and instrumental, was contemporary almost with the origin of man. At the time of Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonians used the "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music;" and they employed its witchery to aid in the idolatrous worship of Nebuchadnezzar's image—in spite of which the three Hebrew children were faithful to God. The worship of the Hebrew tabernacle at the time of David was accompanied with the music of the trumpet, psaltery, harp, timbrel, stringed instruments, cymbals, and with the vocal rendition of the Psalms. In the time of Christ they sang hymns and spiritual songs. The Greeks and the Romans were so devoted to music, and regarded it as such an insoluble mystery, as to attribute its power and efficacy to the gods. Orpheus, the spell of whose wonderful lyre drew after him trees, stones, and floods, was so delightful to grim Pluto, the

23 Love of Music—Classic.

god of the underworld, that he was permitted to take his dead wife, Eurydice, out of Hades. Among the very rudest and most savage people, music, though it consisted in nothing more than the beating of tom-toms and the utterance of weird and plaintive chantings, with little reference to melody or harmony, has ever been a well-known factor in their worships and their warfare. Perhaps there never was a people on earth that did not have the instincts of music, and who did not originate and love it in some form, however rude; but like all other arts, it has developed to its full perfection and beauty only among civilized and enlightened people, through long-continued and progressive improvement.

The power of music may be judged by its uses. In religion it has always been the beautiful accompaniment of worship. Nothing is more inspiring and uplifting than heartfelt congregational singing, especially when vast numbers join in choral praise and adoration of God. One of the beauties and glories of the religion of Jesus Christ is the vast and comprehensive production and arrangement of hymnal and choral music adapted to worship, and the life of almost every Christian is daily attuned by the familiar songs and melodies which have been wrought into the fiber of his being.

A religion without music is a religion without love or life; and he that believes, prays and works for the Master, should always be attuned with the songs of Zion. Never but once do we read of God's people hanging their harps upon the willows—when they went into captivity; and doubtless then with breaking hearts they often took down their harps and sang, with subdued melody, some of the old songs of Zion.

In sadness and in gladness the Christian draws from music his solace and inspiration, and in the great work

of soul-saving he finds it a mighty force with which to overcome the powers of evil and break the impenitent heart.

There is hardly a spot of earth, a home, or an institution, a club, or society, in which the charm and the power of music are not employed. Even the streets are the scenes of musical performances on the hand organ, the portable piano, the harp, or the violin. From thousands of our windows, daily and nightly, volumes of music in every cadence, sweet and full of joy, pour upon the ear and heart of a passing world. Even the Devil knows its power and utilizes its forces for his purposes. The saloon, the dance hall, the theater, the gambling hell, the Sunday park, the club, the lewd house all sing and play to charm and attract from the path of virtue, to lull and deaden the conscience in the indulgence of passion and appetite and godless pleasure. In camp and on the battlefield the bands play, to cheer the soldiers separated from home and family, to arouse courage and bravery amid the perils of war, and so transform the horrors of conflict and bloodshed into the pomp and pageantry of mortal combat. Our occasions of state, whatever the kind or the object, in the midst of banners and processions, are moved to animation and sympathy by the sway and swell of music, which inspires enthusiasm. O the power of music for good or ill, for it has no middle ground between! It is a positive and nearly irresistible force for almost every purpose, right or wrong, and one who has a cause to carry knows, with Shakespeare, that there is

> . . . naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
> But music for the time doth change his nature.

The power of music even upon the most savage and cruel heart is illustrated in the capture of Bagdad by

Sultan Amurath, who took thirty thousand Persians prisoners and sentenced them to death. Among the number was a musician, who sought an interview with the Sultan before the order was executed, and, on being presented, exhibited his lyre as the symbol of his art. Thereupon he sang and played the "Capture of Bagdad and Triumph of Amurath." The heart of the bloodthirsty tyrant was so touched as he listened to the strains of the lyre that, overpowered with its wonderful melody, he repented of his cruel commands, revoked the order of death, and set the prisoners at liberty.

It often appeals to the emotions without any thought or meaning at all. A beautiful poem or work of art appeals to the emotions indirectly through the intellect; but it is the province of music to go straight to the heart through the ear, sometimes without any reference to words or ideas. The voice of a man sent up by different intonations into the dome of the baptistery of Pisa transmutes itself into the most wondrous variation of musical strains, that thrill with a singular pathos and delight; and yet these strains cannot be translated into any meaning that gives the reason why the affections are so touched. There are, however, different tones which apply with apparent reason to the different states of the soul. There are sad strains that go with our sorrows, as there are glad notes that suit our pleasures, and there are characteristic strains for praise, triumph, conflict, great occasions, national enthusiasm, and the like; while the words of hymns and other songs have a musical setting appropriate to the meaning or sentiment involved. "Way Down upon the Suwanee River" or "My Old Kentucky Home" could not be put to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" or "Dixie;" nor could the tune of "Old Hundred" be put to the song "Awake, My Soul, in Joyful

Lays." There is reason in music, therefore, in the correspondence of sound with sense; and yet there is a profound mystery in music from the standpoint of its wonderful and varied effect upon the mind and heart.

It is the exhaustion of language to define the nature or describe the effect of music. Addison says that it is "all of heaven we know;" and Mrs. Child says, "Music is a prophecy of what life is to be." Luther called it "One of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God;" and he said again, "Next to theology, I give to music the highest place of honor." It is hard to tell what it is not, for it is the medicine of the breaking heart and the balm of the wounded spirit, the nurse of the infant soul and the solace of old age; it brings back our buried hopes and garners our sweetest memories; it sweeps away the dust of everyday life and freshens and gladdens courage for the toils and conflicts of the morrow; it is the friend of pleasure and the helper of wisdom; it subdues evil and intensifies good.

Music is the only one of the fine arts that is the common property of both man and animal and of all classes of men. The serpent and the spider can be charmed with music, and the horse and the elephant delight in its melody. Luther said: "Music is a discipline, and a mistress of order and good manners; and she makes the people milder and gentler, more moral and more reasonable." The great Napoleon said: "Music, of all the liberal arts, has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement."

The lover of music need not be discouraged because some bad people have been fine musicians. The Devil hates music, but he knows how to use it for evil, and has in his employ some of the most adept performers. It

is often astonishing to see what beautiful and effective music can come from the soul of a corrupt man or woman, in vocal tone or touch of instrument. It is often true, however, that very bad people have a good side to them, and deep down in their hearts there may be poetic, artistic, or musical gifts that still live with great vigor.

There is only one place in the universe where there will be no music—that is in hell. A note of joy or praise or triumph will never be heard in that eternal abode of despair; but heaven is represented as full of music from an angelic chorus. It is wonderful the music that swells here below from the harp of even fifty strings in the hands of a skillful player; but think of the ecstatic music which shall be made by the hands of saints innumerable sweeping harps of a thousand strings! If nobody can express by logic the effect of music upon us here—if earthly music is a kind of inarticulate and unfathomable speech which leads to the border of the infinite and eternal—what must be its power of expression and its effect upon the pure and praiseful soul in the presence of God!

LOVE OF POETRY

IN the allegorical picture with this chapter we behold the genius of poetry in the form of an angelic woman winged for lofty flight, with book and pen ready to write her inspirations, seated upon the airy clouds of imagination, and flanked on each side by the supports of art and music. With the star of æsthetic illumination above her brow she looks up to the spirit of Shakespeare, the patron-master of poetry and the profoundest impersonation of the divine afflatus. Upon her face is the glow of poetic fancy, and from her upward glance we catch a glimpse of the inspired soul ready to give expression to thoughts that breathe and words that burn.

Bailey says:

> Poetry is itself a thing of God;
> He made his prophets poets; and the more
> We feel of poesy do we become
> Like God in love and power.

Some people have no poetic nature or taste, and hence have no love for poetry. They are wholly unimaginative and practical, or else so stupid and dull in the realm of the emotional as to be impervious to the art of musical and moving words or thoughts which excite intellectual pleasure. As Horace says, "The poet is born, not made," and what is true of the poet himself is true of the lover of poetry. Perhaps there are few, compara-

"The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."
LOFTON

Love of Poetry.

tively, who have within them the poetic vein, but there are many who appreciate the divine art when they hear or read its productions. Some who know nothing of verse or versification have the poetic spirit and are moved by poetic thought; for, after all, while poetry is technically defined as the art of addressing the feelings and the imagination through musical, passionate, and inspiriting language, it is actually the genius for catching the sublime and beautiful, whether expressed in words or seen in fact or conceived in imagination. Each varied form of poetry delights us, whether dramatic, heroic, or lyric; for poetry is an interpretative power which so deals with all its subjects as to stir within us a deep, fresh, and intimate sense of the things it treats of and of our relation to them. Poetry is an art, and as Johnson says, its "essence is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights." With or without poetic form, poetry, to be poetry at all, must have a poetical subject developed by a poetic spirit. Mere versification is not poetry.

The lover of poetry finds it wherever it exists—in nature, art, life, or books. He sees it especially in nature and hears its voices and feels its thrill in every object of creation. There is poetry in the Corinthian pillar, the Roman arch, the Greek portico, the Gothic window, the beautiful home, and the cot in the vale. There is poetry in a heroic struggle, a limpid tear, a pathetic glance, a baby's laughter, hoary age, and saintly death. To the poet and the lover of poetry there is something for his imagination, invention, and delight in almost everything; even the terrors of hell itself may by him be turned into the measure of an awful drama. The sources and resources of the poet's spirit are almost

infinite; there are none who can approach so near to heaven or reach so close to hell. There is nothing so transcendently joyous and delightful, or so profoundly woeful and miserable, as the moods of poetic fancy; and it is seldom, if ever, the poet is found except on the house top or in the cellar.

The lover of poetry finds his great delight in the works of the poet, and he generally keeps a scrapbook for all the finer selections clipped from current literature. Nothing charms him more than the reading of a fine poem. His memory is stored with a thousand passages of the finer thought and sentiment of the best writers. What a varied and beautiful world of authors he may live in and pick his choice of flowers and fruits that bloom so fragrantly and hang so richly upon many a tree of fancy, feeling, or philosophy! One could live a lifetime in the garden of Shakespeare and never exhaust its floral and fruitful glories of song and poesy. It is more like the Bible than any other book, and next to it the most universally read and quoted. Mention could be made of the masterpieces of Milton, Dante, Byron, Browning, Pope, Moore, Burns, Scott, Tennyson, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Shelley, Pollok, and a long list of lesser lights who have illumined the pages of literature with their immortal productions. A poetic library would be a considerable collection of volumes, the most beautiful and pure of all the literature of the world, and, as a rule, the least tinctured with immorality and infidelity. With all the faults which Shakespeare found necessary to the rendition of many of his characters, he is ever true to the gospel; and *the gospel in Shakespeare* would form the subject of many a profitable discourse. The best poetry breathes the moral and Christian spirit; moral science finds in verse one of its safest

and sweetest repositories. All the beauties and glories of nature, all the virtues and graces of life have found their purest, loftiest, and most refined expression in poetry.

Nearly all great poets have been the defenders of liberty and the promoters of lofty living and high citizenship. Rarely ever did a great poet living like Dryden under the glow and impulse of Christianity lend his pen to the help of tyranny and superstition; and even under the shadow of heathen darkness the poet had something of the prophetic spirit and supernatural light that pointed toward a brighter and a better life. The patriotic, the heroic, and the saintly have ever been the poet's inspired themes. From Homer and Virgil down to the present day, national enthusiasm, heroism, and religion have mingled in the stately epic. Like Miriam, whose immortal song celebrated the glorious triumph of Jehovah and Israel over the Egyptians, the first poets were panegyrists of heroes and national triumphs; and hence civilization has in all ages been largely indebted to the poets for its progress. Bailey says, "Poets are all who love great truths and tell them;" and even when every other mouth was dumb, it was the inspired prophet and poet that spake. "Poetry," says Chapin, "is the utterance of the truth." He says further: "The true poet is very near the oracle." Certain it is that no star has ever shone brighter into the dark night of slavery or done more to brighten history's page than this luminary.

The Bible is largely a book of poetry; the strains of David's harp and the flights of Isaiah's inspiration should never cease to inspire the Christian's heart. If, as Goethe says, "modern poets put a great deal of water in their ink," we must cling to the energy and power of the old masters. "Poetry," says Wordsworth, "is the

breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression of all science;" and another says, "Poetry is the religion of literature." I would rather be poor and free and not so learned, if the poetic instinct of my nature must be extinguished by the slavery of avarice or a selfish practicality or a scientific frigidity, that curbs imagination, suppresses passion, and rules out sentiment. Mackay draws a picture which illustrates this point when he says of the poor man and Cleon:

Cleon hath a million acres, ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace, in a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes, not a penny I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres, but the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dulness—freshening vigor I;
He in velvet, I in fustian, richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur, free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors, need of none have I.
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me ready—happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in nature, in a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthem singing in the sea and sky.
Nature sings to me forever, earnest listener, I;
State for state, with all attendants, who would change? Not I.

One of the beauties of poetry is its sententious power in fixing truth upon the mind. The eldest and fairest offspring of literature, it has been through the imagination and affections the most fruitful and effective upon the soul. It is axiomatic yet sensational, maximistic and yet sentimental, fabulous and yet truthful, imaginative and yet real, shadow yet substance, nothing yet ex-

istence. Plato said, "Poets utter great and wise things which they do not themselves understand;" and Dewart calls the poet

> A priest by heaven ordained,
> The poet-seer at Nature's altar stands
> To offer reverent worship for his race;
> To coin in burning language golden truths,
> Bodied in Nature's hieroglyphic forms;
> And words the grateful joy and trusting love
> And hope, which thousands feel but cannot speak.

The poet is interpreter to the soul of nature's silent language, never otherwise put in words that can be understood. Poetry is painting and sculpture in verse —the truth drawn and chiseled upon the mind—as Milton painted and Shakespeare sculptured; and it is the truth thus put that makes poetry the superior of history, philosophy, or any other form of literature. Beecher well said: "Poetry is the robe, the royal apparel, in which truth asserts its divine origin." Poetry is the truth in colors, figures, and feelings, which are employed for effect; but it is always the white-light truth in its essentials. It is truth clothed in beauty, perfumed with sentiment, warmed by emotion, carved in wisdom, and lighted by imagination.

Since this is poetry, it should be one of the chief objects of our love and admiration. It is the love of truth in its most attractive, effective, and permanent form—the most palatable knowledge delightfully served. Coleridge says, "Poetry has been to me 'its own exceeding great reward;' . . . it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." Carlyle says, "Poetry is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious." The effect of poetry upon the mind and heart, the life

and character, is the most refining and exalting of all literary studies. Prose, philosophy, cold science, have done what they could in dealing with plain, unadorned facts and verities in every department of learning and life; but it is the poetic genius that reaches up among the stars, lays its hand upon the ocean's waves, touches the multitudinous forms of creation, delves into the secrets of occult forces, walks among the mysteries of the inner world of mind and heart, and gives us the key to nature's hieroglyphics and mysteries.

The objection may be urged that some of the poets were vile, in many respects, that their habits of life were dissolute and that their morals were bad. But this would be an objection also in every other form of literature or profession of life. Most of the poets (a great majority of them) were pure and lofty characters, though often poor and hapless in the affairs of life; but bad and vicious as some of them were, there was deep down in their souls the strain of a noble purpose and of a heroic character. They generally loved the truth; and all of them—good, bad, or indifferent—have left the truth in letters of gold upon the imperishable pages of genius. All of them have pointed out the way of life and a way to heaven along the most brilliant and vivid pathway of virtue and religion.

All that is true in nature, history, and philosophy, they have touched with seraphic fire and a glow that makes the dullest subject attractive and instructive. Poetry tints the intellect with the feelings and emblazons thoughts with the glory of imagination, invades the sanctuary of eternity, and not only gets the something left in everything, but invents something out of nothing. Poetry knows nothing of the axiom *ex nihilo nihil fit*—nothing from nothing comes. It is one of the greatest

of the things man's brain is able to do. To write a great poem is infinitely a larger work than to write a great book in prose. Not only must the poet possess a vast fund of language, but he must with his literary ability possess also many of the finest characteristics of the artist and the musician. He needs the imaginative quality of the former's mind and his ability to see in his mental eye the beauties of a picture, as well as the rhythmic precision of the musician.

Such a man as Shakespeare, for instance, was literary man, painter, composer, playwright, and actor combined in one person. Indeed he was a genius of a monumental type, and his wonderful works will live throughout the ages as productions men may vainly aspire to imitate.

And now to speak a word concerning the poetry of the Bible. The great, grand, old Book contains some of the most marvelous poetry ever written. The Psalms themselves, if no other of the poetical sections of the Bible were considered, would stamp it as sublime. The book of Job is another most wonderful poem. No wonder we love God's Word since it contains these majestic productions inspired in the brains of their creators by the greater Creator in heaven. Much as we may love other poetry, we should prize the Bible above all, and much as we read the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Tennyson, Homer, Virgil, Browning, and the other great poets, we should read the Bible more.

LOVE OF ART

LIKE poetry and music, art requires an inventive and interpretative genius full of pathos, sentiment, and imagination. As an educator or molder of thought and sentiment along æsthetic, ethical, or utilitarian lines, the artist falls but little below the poet or the musician in importance, except in the fact that his productions are not so common, nor so accessible to the masses. He must be mighty in productive imagination and perfect in his representation of the truth, the beauty, the grandeur, and the purpose of his invention. The artist can no more afford to misrepresent his subject or fall short of verity in his work than the poet who breathes it in words or the musician who translates it into notes and sounds. The artist must approximate perfection in order to satisfy taste and sensibility, as well as to conform to ethics and judgment. The prose writer, and even the theologian or philosopher, may not be held to so strict account by their critics; but the artist is never forgiven for a misrepresentation of the true, or a failure to present accurately the spirit of his subject. The artist is allowed some license in varying from the established rules of his profession, but he dares not deviate from truth or nature.

The love of art arises from our love of the true and beautiful in nature reproduced by the skill of the artist.

Love of Art.

He gets at art through nature; we get at nature through his art, and by it he leads us to a higher appreciation of the true in nature. The man in whom is born the genius of art, and who develops it to the greatest perfection, is the master whose inspired imagination reveals to the ordinary mind ideal creations. To be sure, when he paints or chisels a horse, a lion, or a man, his highest art can only bring out perfect nature, true to every lineament and feature of his model; but when he enters the realm of fancy, ideality, history, life or character, his productions must bring out, as Goethe terms it, "the illusion of a higher reality." I had studied for years the conception of Christ's crucifixion, but I never realized the awfulness of the tragedy until I looked upon Munkacsy's picture of the scene upon Calvary. It lifted me into a higher apprehension of the suffering of Christ and of the great truths related to it than I had ever felt before; and here I reached a deeper reality through the artist's ideal of the crucifixion than I had ever attained by study and thought. No matter how minute and clear our conception by observation or reading of the real or historic thing, it is the work of the artist to concentrate and bring out, by superior genius, deeper impressions and profounder realizations of fact and truth than the ordinary mind by sight or study can conceive. The master artist sees and feels more than we do; and by his exquisite and finished combination of figure and color, form and expression, attitude and action he emphasizes the truth of his subject so as to impress our minds and touch our hearts in a vivid and lasting way.

Hence we should love art for its higher educative power. True art, far more than poetry or music, has suffered at the hands of licentiousness, superstition, avarice, and other vices; but withal artists have contrib-

uted mightily to the education and refinement of the world. The great galleries of the Louvre, Dresden, Florence, the Vatican, and other places are a revelation of what the brush and the chisel have done for æsthetic, ethical, historic, and ideal thought and culture, along the lines of nature, truth, life, and character. Mythology, religion, philosophy, history, individual and social characteristics, national events and peculiarities, touching every age and country, are crystallized and enshrined in painting and sculpture; and the lover of art, without much time or money if he has access to a great gallery, can, in thought, travel through ages of the world's history and enjoy living with its people long since passed from the stage of action. Fortunately the photographer's and engraver's arts, aided by the printing press, offer valuable opportunities for study to the masses who have not the opportunity or means of visiting the world's famous art galleries. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, da Vinci, Murillo, Doré, Tintoretto, and a host of other artists are thus introduced into our homes, schools, and colleges. If therefore we cannot get the full educational value of seeing and studying their great originals, we can at least enjoy the best reproductions of them. In fact, we are living in an age of pictures that are making a mighty impression upon the mind and the heart of the rising generation; and the effort should be made to bestow as much labor as possible in the reproduction and presentation of the works of the masters. The effect of a good or bad picture upon the mind and heart of the young cannot be estimated. A mother tried to keep her boy from going to sea, and wondered why he had such a mania for life on the ocean. The secret was his study of a picture which hung over the mantel, and upon which the boy had been accustomed to look from his childhood.

It represented "life on the ocean wave"—a fine vessel in full sail.

The purifying and elevating effect of art is another reason for loving and promoting it. Certain forms of fine art, however, cannot be said to have a refining and beneficent effect upon society. The nude in art, for instance, may not affect the morals or debase the mind of the artist or the lover of art, who studies and appreciates it as a perfect and beautiful representation of nature; but only "unto the pure are all things pure," and the nude in art would certainly not affect purely or be ethically helpful to the gross and licentious. The great mass of people, who have little or none of such spirit, are touched with evil by the slightest suggestion in art of anything that appeals to licentious tendencies; and the purpose of education, either in art or literature, is to obscure every suggestion of evil and to inculcate only that which is good and pure. Emerson says: "The study of art is of high value to the growth of the intellect, for the law of art is the law of beauty." We may, therefore, conclude that the study of art will give us a knowledge of the science of beauty. It is certain that the sense of chasteness and beauty derived from the sight and study of fine art makes an indelible impression for good upon the heart and life, and one of the most wholesome signs of our times is the general teaching of art in our schools and colleges. It would be a great blessing if every boy and girl, young man and woman, should be required to study certain art subjects with a view to æsthetic culture, whether they ever become artists or not. Music is now generally taught our children in the public schools, and the study of literature includes the finest specimens of poetry; why not insist upon the cultivation of the æsthetic faculty by a study of

the rudiments of art? I can conceive no finer or purer training of the young mind.

Another value of art is its enhancement of religion. Many of the great masterpieces deal with Christian subjects. Christ, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the ascension—in fact, the whole history of Christ and his apostles, as well as all the sublime events and personages of the Old Testament—have been developed on canvas or chiseled in marble. One of the mightiest forces of Romanism consists in having crystallized its form of Christianity in painting, sculpture, and architecture; and the churches of Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice, Cologne, Paris, and hundreds of other cities are repositories of the finest examples of painting and sculpture representing images and events which, through the senses, impress upon the mind and heart the history and principles of the Christian religion. True, some of it appeals to superstition, some of it is made an improper medium of worship; but much of it is the handiwork of masters whose purpose it was to illustrate the teachings of Christ, inspire their fellow-men, and honor God.

St. Peter's, with its splendor of ecclesiastical architecture, its marble and bronze statuary, and its magnificent paintings, is the dazzling center of religious art; and, despite some erroneous and unspiritual pieces, there is an æsthetic and sentimental charm of beauty and grandeur, of awe and splendor, of mystery and power that wins the admiration of every artist and lover of art.

The religious adoration of art, or any form of worship through art, is idolatry; and yet that which embodies the truth and beauty of religion, properly studied and viewed, helps Christianity and enhances spiritual life. The Gothic Church, suggested by the arcade of

forest trees, with its stained-glass windows adorned with the colors of the western sky, as though seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forest, is the most beautiful and impressive form of architecture. It promotes reverence for the house of God and contributes to the restful and worshipful spirit. Stained-glass pictures in the windows, or exquisite carvings or statuary, suggestive of religion by symbol, sacred places, personages, or events, do not hurt but help the pious and thoughtful spirit. The same is true of religious paintings or sculpture in our homes, whether we can afford the fine originals or only good reproductions of them in books or pictures.

Art, like poetry, has been the index of advanced thought and civilization in every stage, and has generally been on the side of light, liberty, virtue, religion, and all that contributes to the good and glory of mankind. Unfortunately, under the patronage of princes it has sometimes yielded to the pressure and overwhelming influence of power and money in corrupt and declining ages. As Ruskin well puts it: "The names of great painters are like passing bells. In the name of Velasquez, you have sounded the fall of Spain; in the name of Titian, that of Venice; in the name of Leonardo, that of Milan; in the name of Raphael, that of Rome. And there is a justice in this, for in proportion to the nobleness of the power is the guilt of its use for purposes vain or vile; and hitherto the greater the art, the more surely has it been used, and used solely, for the decoration of pride or the provoking of sensuality."

LOVE OF NATURE

THE woman in classic attire, pensively gazing upon the scenery that surrounds her, listening to the music of the birds and drinking in the luxuries of woodland breeze in solitude and silence, is the impersonation of the lover of nature. To her everything in nature has a meaning and a charm. The distant mountain peak, the wooded hill, the verdant vale, the rippling stream, the blue sky and starry night, storm and sunshine, beast and bird—all speak to her of God. Nature is the great volume in which she finds a revelation, the oldest testament; and the happiest being in the world is a true lover of nature and nature's God.

This is a beautiful, a grand, a glorious old world. Though cursed and marred for man's sake, yet there are times and seasons when everything is so charming and felicitous to the pure and responsive heart that we feel as if we could live here forever—could make it our heaven. A delightful spring or summer day, in the midst of fascinating scenery, blending mountain, hill, and valley, with smiling field and verdant tree and rippling stream, fanned by healthful breezes and regaled by song of birds, when all nature is vital with energy and radiant with glory and the heart is content and happy with itself and environments—it is then this world seems like a para-

Love of Nature.

dise. Everything depends upon the heart within, as we see the world without; and anywhere is heaven to the unstained conscience and the holy, happy heart. Even the tempest and the cyclone, the thunderbolt and the lightning flash, the mountain billows of the deep, the snow-clad winter that embraces a barren world—all are beautiful and sublime to the soul filled with the grandeur and purity of love, to the lofty spirit, serene even amid the terrors of nature which reveal the truth that

> God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform;
> He plants his footsteps in the sea,
> And rides upon the storm.

I have often sat at Warren's Point, near Monteagle, on a summer's eve and watched golden Phœbus as he rode down the sky in his chariot of fire and sank in splendor behind the gilded clouds and the far-off western hills. Between the distant blue horizon and where I sat lay the verdant plain tessellated with field and forest, that presented a vast mosaic of nature and art, flecked here and there with cottages and streams and animated with the plowman or the herdsman that plodded his homeward way—echoing with evening shout and song that told of the peace and plenty of the quiet valley. On each side the mountains glowed in the mellowed splendor of parting day, lifting their huge forms as if to shield the plains between and shadow them with their purple glories to soften the approach of night. Behind me were the lofty mountain forests, rustled by the gentle zephyr that breathed an evening prayer, attuned by the note of birds, lulled by the drowsy tinkling of woodland bells, and varied by the chatter of the katydid and locust. Above me was the blue arch of the cloudless dome, with its pale young moon yonder in the

west, and anon the star of the evening that faintly began to peep beside the silver crescent above the gloaming. A thousand voices from everywhere in concert seemed to speak to my soul of heaven, as I looked up through nature to nature's God. Would heaven be grander and more glorious than this scene of earth, and would I ever be happier than now? Ah! thought I, yes, this is but the faint type set by nature's hand of the glory world; and her glimpses and voices are only the faint shadow and echo of the antitypical splendors and ecstasy of the real paradise out of sight. Nature is only the symbol of the supernatural; and to those whose citizenship is in the better country nature bristles with ten thousand tokens of beauty and life that have their correspondence and fulfillment in that city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Nature is God's oldest and newest testament to the pure mind and the simple heart. It is God's revelation to reason and sensibility, and it is infallible in all its utterances to the soul. To the sinless spirit it would teach God and formulate a rational religion so perfectly and purely that a sentient world would be without a skeptic or a blasphemer. Religion would be perfectly natural to a perfect race, drawn out of external revelation in answer to the instincts and intuitions of our being. Even in a state of sin, nature has afforded her religious creed to every people bereft of a better revelation to the lost sinner; but natural religion in a sinful state takes all the colors and corruptions of our sinful passions and blinded reason. Nature knows nothing of sin; and hence nothing of salvation by grace, justification by faith, through an atoning Redeemer. She knows only reason and law, and her justification stands only in perfect obedience. She can teach the conscience, but she cannot

regenerate it; she can condemn, but not justify; punish, but not save. But for sin, nature would have been her own heaven, and she would never have known a hell, as she would never have known of death temporal or spiritual; but she has no remedy for sin, death, hell, or the grave. The religion that saves must be supernatural, because sin is subnatural to man's original state; and in the reversal of human nature, sin needed a supernatural revelation and a supernatural remedy.

Nature is Christ's great storehouse of wisdom and instruction. He thus exalted nature in our conception by continually associating it with our spiritual enlightenment. He was a perfectly natural Christ, and he never violated the nature of things, however infinitely he sometimes rose above the natural to the supernatural. He loved the mountain tops and the seashore, the gardens and the cornfields, the flowers and the fruit trees, the birds of the air, and the sheep of the pasture, everything that the Father had made and fashioned for good according to his divine purpose. He loved little children, the closest of all human beings to nature; and he pitied the erring sinner and denounced the hypocritical Pharisee, the farthest from it. He drew from the bosom of nature the lessons and illustrations which adorned and enforced his infallible inspiration and utterance, and he made the luminous world the great university of his people. He viewed nature as created for man; and as one has beautifully said, "In her illuminated lettering he used to impress upon man the lesson of divine wisdom;" and the same writer says, "While nature, in its beauty and hallowed suggestiveness, was ever present with Christ, he showed no trace of ecstasy or mere indolent contemplation. He never paused to lay on the colors of the scene painter." Christ never overdrew his pic-

tures from nature, nor distorted them with abnormal drapery, but left them in their simplicity to teach us more by suggestion and inference than by wearisome explanation.

It is wonderful the uses he made of nature in the simplest statement of profoundest truths. The mystery of regeneration is solved as far as possible in the likeness of the Spirit to the wind which bloweth where it listeth; and the lilies of the field, clothed with more glory than Solomon in his regal splendor, taught the lesson of humility in their dependence upon God for their beauty and fragrance. Providence is vividly seen in God's notice of the sparrow's fall, in hearing the young raven's cry, and in the counting of the hairs of our head; and a magnificent object lesson of the omnipotence of Christ is seen upon the billows of the sea, that bore up his footsteps, and in the obedience of the waves and winds at the voice of his word. He quickened the energies of his disciples by pointing them to the fields white unto the harvest; and he drew the character of every form of believer in the development of the sown seed upon the wayside, the stony, thorny, and good ground of the field. How he pictured the wonderful phases of his kingdom by parables of the sower, the fish net in the sea, the mustard seed, the leaven, the pearl of greatest price, and other figures from nature! and how beautifully he characterized eternal life by the perennial spring of living water in the soul, and by the bread of life which came down from heaven! What master touches are these through the hand of nature, how inimitable, how exhaustive his analogies, the highest form of his logic! How natural he makes the supernatural! and how he demonstrates the applicability and analogy of the law of the natural to the spiritual world! Through illustra-

tions of divine truth and life by the light of nature, he brings down heaven to earth and lifts earth up to heaven, as he calls into requisition sun, moon, and star, land and sea, valley and mountain, animal and bird, tree and flower, wind and wave, field and garden, everything to make plain beyond controversy a divine and supernatural revelation. He made no mistake in utterance or in argument by natural illustrations; and he who had created nature knew that nature never speaks amiss.

> Nature is still, as ever, the thin veil
> Which half conceals and half reveals the face
> And lineaments supernal of our King;
> The modifying medium through which
> His glories are exhibited to man:
> The grand repository where he hides
> His mighty thoughts, to be dug out like diamonds.

We ought not to worship nature, nor worship God through the medium of nature. This would be simply a form of idolatry. But we should study God and study ourselves in the light of nature, as it illuminates divine revelation; and so find in everything we see or feel or hear some token of the infinite and the eternal, couched in the finite and the temporal. What a reflection upon our intelligence and spirituality that we stand daily and so move in the midst of a multitude of truths and beauties, tokens of God's infinite wisdom and goodness, and take no notice of nature's monitions and lessons! The sun, moon, and stars shine by night and day in vain to millions who never think, by their light and glory, of the ineffable God who made them and through them manifests his daily and nightly watch care and loving kindness. Emerson says: "If the stars shone but once in a thousand years, how men would believe and wonder." "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the

firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge;" but, alas! how few of the millions of earth hear these voices of nature, or take notice of what they tell.

We should love nature, and so love God and his Christ, by whom all things were made, and for whom all things exist, and by whom all things consist. Nature is not God, but the expression of God, and of his divine glory. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord," and we may see his glory in the lofty hill and the spreading valley, in the majestic tree and the beautiful flower, in the fruitage of the orchard and in the golden harvest of the field. In the noontide splendor we behold the flash of God's eye; and in the silent pomp of noiseless night—in the stride of the moon and the march of the stars—we behold the steps of God in the garden of the shining firmament, where grow the twinkling flowers that bud with the symbols of everlasting light and immortality. The universe is God's vast machine, in the intricacy and immensity of whose movement God is not only the author but engineer, ever present and immanent in the slightest action of the smallest atom; and whenever in nature we behold the phenomena of its manifestations, we behold the power and operation of God. In the correlation and conservation of forces every variant form and fashion of God's vast creation is linked together in kindred coöperation; and from the least to the greatest object and relation in his boundless universe, we behold an inseparable connection of cause and effect which goes to make up nature as one solid and glorious unity. Thomson, the poet, beautifully says:

> Each moss,
> Each shell, each crawling insect, holds a rank
> Important in the plan of Him who framed

> This scale of beings; holds a rank which, lost,
> Would break the chain, and leave behind a gap
> Which nature's self would rue.

There is a general beauty and a universal joy in nature. The so-called deformities of nature are only apparent to the isolated view, but when taken with the general contour and make-up of God's creations, they only add to the variety in harmony with the whole grand unity and design of God's perfect plan. The toad seems in contrast with the bird of paradise, and so the barren desert with the lofty mountain range; but in the general harmony of the whole with all its parts, and of the parts with each other, the glory of nature appears. All mountain and no plain, all land and no water, all big and no little, all bird and no toad, all beauty and no ugliness, would surfeit with monotony, however pleasant; and hence contrast, as well as variety, helps to intensify and enhance our appreciation and delight for the wonderful works of God. Taste and sense will tire in the constant sight and use of the beautiful and comely without variety, contrast, or change. Hence the toad, the beetle, the lizard, in turn with fairer symbols, become styles of jewelry; and, in the ceaseless and exhaustless round of fashion, modes of dress take on, in turn with simpler and more beautiful style, apparently the most ugly and complicated forms. So music runs from melody to medley, without violating harmony; so of art and architecture, in the same variation of subjects and styles, until the round of taste and sense is satisfied. Hence in every aspect and condition of nature there is joy and delight. As in the dawning beauty of the morning, or in the gloaming splendors of the evening, so in the grandeur of the storm cloud, or in the majestic pomp of night, the lover of nature finds pleasure. There is grandeur

in the picturesque crag and beauty in the grassy hill, sublimity and magnificence in the boundless desert and sweetness in the smiling valley, majesty and awe in the turbulent deep and the glory of the sun in the dewdrop, dignity in the huge and uncomely elephant and exquisite symmetry and action in the squirrel.

And this vast, grand nature made by God praises him, voicelessly perhaps, but nevertheless in a Te Deum as full of glorious harmonies as ever a Mozart or a Beethoven penned for most fortunate mankind. The sensitive eye and ear of the poet saw and heard it, and his song described it when he said:

> What throbbings of deep joy
> Pulsate through all I see; from the full bud
> Whose unctuous sheath is glittering in the moon,
> Up through the system of created things,
> E'en to the flowing ranks of seraphim!

"The system of created things," says the poet, and what a vast limitless meaning the phrase possesses! Not only does it include man, beast, bird, fish, reptile, and the myriad classes of insect life, but all forms of plants and flowers, the soil and rocks, the minerals and metals, the air we breathe and the water we drink, the heavens above and the other worlds than ours that dot them and which we call the stars. These things are tangible; we see them every day. But what about the life we cannot see—the measureless millions of living things science calls cell-life. Everything that possesses life is made up of uncountable numbers of tiny cells containing the germs of existence. Each cell is so small that many thousands of them put together are invisible to the naked eye and can be seen only by means of a powerful microscope. Yet, when once seen their purpose and origin cannot be mistaken. Your doctor, if you ask him, will

tell you that you are composed of these cells, that each one is living and doing the work set for it by God in keeping you alive, and that you consist of billions of them. The thought is almost incredible; it almost makes the human brain—that sagacious, quickly-comprehending, almost tireless human brain—reel and refuse to act. But it is so, nevertheless. We are what we are and as God made us. And when we think of these things and ponder upon the vastness of nature and "the system of created things" we ought to love God more. What are we but his creatures? We ought to live for him since he has made us. We ought to do things for Him since he thus has built us. Wonderful are thy works, O Lord, and mighty are the things thou hast done. I cannot see how the atheist, the infidel, and the agnostic exist. It seems to me that if they only would look at the sky, or into the earth, or at their fellow-man, or best of all at a drop of water or the leaf of a plant under a microscope they would go away converted. God's great Nature—the living things, the heavens, the everlasting hills—all—are singing their grand Te Deum—"To God be all glory, both now and forever. Amen." And God is everywhere, listening and loving, with Jesus Christ, his Son, who died for us, and the Holy Spirit. It is a great, grand, beautiful thought, this omnipresence of God. We do not think it half enough.

LOVE OF FLOWERS

SOME one says that "flowers are love's truest language." Almost everybody admires flowers, and some people love them to excess. I know a woman who keeps the beautiful yard in front of her house full of the choicest shrubs and flowers. She has studied and worked with them until she seems possessed of floral idolatry. Frequently she dreams of them, wakes from her slumbers, and goes out to look after some pet shrub or blossom as if it were a favorite child. To her some of them seem to impersonate a spirit, and she communes with them as with angels. She is like Undine, who "fancied a paradise for the spirits of departed flowers," to which Richter replied: "They go not into paradise, but into the middle state; the souls of lilies enter into maiden's foreheads, those of hyacinths and forget-me-nots dwell in their eyes, and those of roses in their lips."

It was part of God's great plan in creation to adorn the world with flowers. These flowers in their beauty painted in ten thousand forms and colors were scattered everywhere for man's delight and pleasure, ever to remind him of God's loving-kindness. How happy they make us, whether they bank themselves in variegated beauty upon the bosom of the spreading prairie, smile at us through the leafy forests, or perfume our way through gardens and fields!

Love of Flowers.

In the growth of a flower, nature shows the handiwork of God as surely as in the making of a world. The creations of artisans and artists may deceive one of our senses, but never all of them. The art of Raphael or Phidias could only imitate, never approximate, a natural flower. How insignificant the genius of man beside the touch of the living God in the greatest or minutest act of creation!

From barren desert to snow-capped mountains, they blossom with the perfume of praise and inspire us to worship. They speak to every eye and heart a universal language that soothes the stricken soul, brightens the smiles of joy, removes the shades of doubt, charms away the power of evil, and lifts the soul to God. Beautifully does Horace Smith, in his hymn to flowers, say:

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, each leaf a book;
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe and blush without a crime,"
O, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime.

Flowers have ever been used for the delicate expression of our truest sympathies and our tenderest affections. It has been well said: "Their beauty and their fleetingness serve to make them the most fitting symbols of those delicate sentiments for which language itself seems almost too gross a medium." With Longfellow shall we say the flowers are

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaming gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night.

The love of flowers is universal. Wherever people live and homes are made, there flowers are found, whether it be in lowly cottage or lofty palace. A row of buttercups, a geranium in an old flower box, a bed of hyacinths, or a cluster of morning-glories over the porch, is as surely an evidence of this refinement of taste as are the well-laid-out grounds, adorned with costly shrubs and trees of foreign growth and rare exotics in well-kept horticultural gardens. How aptly says Mrs. Childs: "The heart of all mankind blesses flowers. They are wreathed around the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian of the Far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the West claps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms, the illuminated scriptures of the prairies. The cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrow with flowers, and orange blossoms are a bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday."

Architecture is indebted to the world of flowers for the patterns from which are created its most beautiful and elaborate designs. Much of our decorative art is an embellishment of flowers; and modern painting and sculpture are exquisite with their ornamentation. The Corinthian column, the final evolution of all columnar beauty, is incomplete without their crowning. Flowers are used in most great public celebrations to give æsthetic expression and inspiration to the occasion. They lend an added charm to church services; for, as Beecher says, "Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul in."

Variety is a wonder of the floral world. A single flower may be a marvel of beauty in itself, and may have a rich variety of its kind as is seen among chrysanthemums, roses, and lilies; but as we traverse garden

and field we find that God has sought to increase the delight and happiness of man by the multitude of different species. Nowhere in nature is monotony, the dead line of sameness, but the richest profusion of unending variety is found in the floral kingdom. God might have made all flowers alike, none but roses, and though ever so beautiful they would not have satisfied; but he chose, in conformity with the laws of all his creation, to multiply flora into thousands of genera and species.

As to the value of flowers in religious teaching, Mrs. Sigourney beautifully says:

> The sickliest leaf,
> The feeblest efflorescence of the moss,
> That drinks thy dew, reproves our unbelief.
> The frail field-lily, which no florist's eye
> Regards, doth win a garniture from thee
> To kings denied. So while to dust we bow,
> Needy and poor, O bid us learn the love
> Graved on the lily's leaf, as fair and clear
> As on yon disk of fire—to trust in thee.

The coming of the flowers from the grave of winter reminds us of the resurrection; and this, doubtless, is one of the lessons which God designed that we should learn from this most beautiful book of nature.

Flowers teach us other ethical truths and religious lessons. The crushed flower breathes forth a sweeter perfume, and in this is the emblem of what the Christian's life should be when broken under the heavy hand of affliction or persecution. Again there are flowers which emit never so sweet a fragrance as just before the coming storm; the holy heart should be more fragrant with the odor of Christian graces when the storms of life approach. The common cotton plant and the plain old sunflower, whose blossoms ever look to the

sun at its rising and, bending, follow it all day long, teach us that we should be faithful to our friends and follow with fidelity the Sun of Righteousness.

Will there be any flowers in heaven? Far above the century plant of this mortal sphere, somewhere grows the amaranth, the symbol of immortality; and whether or not flowers such as we now know shall grow upon the fields of paradise, we do know that there must be celestial blossoms in the new heavens and the new earth. For when this old world is purified and renewed, and, as in God's word promised, made the fit abode of the sons of righteousness, then will it blossom again with the flowers that have not been seen on earth since Eden ceased to bloom. I love that old hymn of Watts's beginning:

> There everlasting spring abides,
> And never-fading flowers;
> Death, like a narrow sea, divides
> That heavenly land from ours.
>
> Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
> Stand dressed in living green;
> So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
> While Jordan rolled between.

Whether there will be any flowers or not, the host of the redeemed will blossom upon the fields of Paradise and fill heaven with praise. Millions of children that only budded in the gardens of earth have been transplanted to the gardens of glory to bloom with amaranthine beauty forever; and there

> Full many a flower, born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air,

will open in all the full-blown beauty and sweetness of the celestial atmosphere.

His own iniquities shall take the wicked.—Proverbs v. 22.

Vicious Love.

PART IV.

VICIOUS LOVE

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
—Alexander Pope, "Essay on Man."

LOVE OF SELF

BEFORE us is the picture of a vain woman, studying in her mirror the art of personal attraction and of fashionable display, primping and posing, trying every form of attitude and expression, both for effect upon others and for the gratification of her personal pride. She often dresses so as to expose most fascinatingly her personal charms, and it seems that her highest ambition is to win admiration. She is but a type of the many forms of self-love which cause us to forget God and become unmindful of our fellow-men.

Love of self was the original sin which caused Adam and Eve to want for themselves the privilege of being as the gods. It led to presuming unbelief, rebellion, lust, and lies, and was the father of every other sin which has cursed the human family. This is "the sin of the world"—the radical sin—from the guilt and penalty of which Christ came to save.

Self-love is the quintessence of that deadly egotism—the big I and little you—which is the source of most of the alienations and strifes in the human family. It is amusing to see a typical egotist walking upon the stilts of his self-esteem, unconscious of the little world around him, all of which is, besides himself, of little importance. The self-centered are often the best-satisfied people in the world because they do not suffer by

26 Love of Self.

the disaffection of others. To them there's no one of sufficient importance the loss of whose esteem is a matter of deep concern. Too high to be hit and too big to be hurt, they are hardly conscious of opposition or persecution, of insult or offense. They never take a hint, because they imagine a thrust at their dignity could never have been meant; and they never see a point against themselves in sarcasm or irony. To laugh at such a conceited one is asinine; and to avoid him is to compliment him—he thinks—with wholesome respect. If conscious of contempt at all, the fact is attributed to envy; and if praise is accorded, it is taken as a matter of course. The typical egotist thinks the world was made for him and his; and upon all occasions he rises to show you his longitude and latitude whose immensity excludes the possible importance of anything else. If he ever compliments you at all, it is in condescension for what you accord to him; and your best and noblest deeds and wisest words are too small for his telescope. His biggest sins are molehills; your smallest foibles, mountains. If possible to offend him at all, it is by squarely sitting down upon him; and even then you only inflate with rage the gas bag of his ponderous dignity.

Sometimes egotism presents quite a different characteristic. It may be extremely sensitive and shrinking, but always exacting in its overestimate of itself. It has not the courage of thick-skinned conceit to always push itself forward, as in the first case; but its thin-skinned sensitiveness is quite as much in evidence of its existence. This form of selfishness is constantly sitting on the back seat and wondering why it is not called upon; and since it is seldom called upon, it is continually resolving to take revenge upon the unappreciative organization by quitting the whole thing. It is always going

to retire, and often it does retire, only to writhe in agonies because it did. Sometimes this personified selfishness won't speak to you, and you do not know the reason. You may find upon investigation that you stepped upon its toes at some time when you did not know it was there. This form of egotism always has the sore head, while the other always has the big head, and of the two it is hard to tell which is worse.

Self-love sometimes accompanies fine abilities and accomplishments, and then we have the sneering cynic who is so skilled in wisdom and so *dilettante* in taste that nothing, however good and useful, is esteemed worthy of the respect of this hypercritical crank. Occasionally religious people are affected by this malady and in such cases it manifests itself in the self-righteous assumption, "I am holier than thou," as evidenced by the prayer of the Pharisee, "I thank thee that I am not as other men are."

The love of self takes a thousand forms in the social, business, and other relations of life. "Take care of yourself and let others do the same," is not only the monopolist's motto, but the plan upon which most men work even when in apparent coöperation. It was because of his foreknowledge of the growth of self-love that God promulgated his second great commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." To follow this law and practically apply it in our everyday lives is a difficult task, but the only way to win our fight against the flesh and the devil.

Christ was the perfect model of unselfishness. The only self he knew was self-denial and self-sacrifice, that with himself he might lift us to glory. To save us he offered himself—he suffered and died that we might live again. He owned the universe, but he became poor for our sakes. He proved that subordination of self

to God and sacrifice of self for men is to win the greatest triumph of life and glory. He loved himself only in the sense of self-consecration to the best ends of life, and all he did was to glorify his Father and do good to men. It was Napoleon's opinion that Christ was more than human because in no act was he ever selfish. The man and woman who most nearly approach this characteristic of Christ are they who plant the fields of earth with hope and, like their great Exemplar, sow in tears and yet shall they reap in joy. There is not a crown in heaven nor a star of glory promised for a selfish life.

There is a phase of self-love which is perfectly right. In the sense of self-respect and self-preservation for our own and other's good, and for the glory of God, the love of self is a primary obligation. When we come to remember that we are not our own, that we have been bought with a price, we have the true conception of our origin and value, and of our duty not only to take good care of God's property but to make the best use of it. We are God's creatures and servants; and while we are endowed with liberty and self-determining faculties, which crown us with the glory of freewill agents, yet for this very reason we are to view ourselves subordinate and responsible to God.

In all the literature of the world, and of the ages, self-love falls under the condemnation of those who write or speak—even among men and women afflicted by the sin themselves. Every other form of sin or vice has found some vile advocate to flatter or condone it in some aspect or phase of its character; but all agree that self-love is a sin. The heathen and the Christian, the simple scholar and great philosopher, agree on this subject.

LOVE OF PLEASURE

IN the treatment of this subject, we must distinguish between happiness and pleasure. These two words may be technically synonymous in general definition, but specifically they are wholly different. Happiness implies bliss, felicity, blessedness, arising from something good which creates an agreeable feeling or condition in the soul that has something permanent for its basis. True such happiness is inseparable from pleasure; but there can be pleasure without happiness. Pleasure is the gratification of the senses. It may be mental or, through the heart, touch the realm of the spiritual; but it may also be merely sensual or even devilish, in which there can be no real felicity or lasting blessedness. Pleasure can give us agreeable sensations and emotions in evil as in good; but happiness finds its pleasure in that which is legitimate and permanent; and hence the discussion before us involves the subject of pleasure from whatever source derived. A man may be happy in present hardship or misfortune, in view of anticipated good; but pleasure is never found except in the absence or forgetfulness of that which pains the body or the mind. As a writer has well said: "Pleasure can be supported by illusion, but happiness rests upon the truth."

The love of pleasure is natural and proper. The great difficulty lies in pushing our legitimate pleasures

G Love of Pleasure.

too far, and in taking pleasure in that which is sinful. True pleasure in moderation is the right and duty of every human being, to the extent of his ability and means to enjoy; but excess in a pleasure harmless in itself becomes a sin, and may be followed by pain the same as in the case of pleasures which are sinful in fact. It is a proper pleasure to walk or talk, but you may walk or talk too much for your health or your reputation. There is delight in reading, but even this, when carried to excess, becomes a detriment to heart, mind, and bodily vigor. Sometimes we go hunting or fishing, but we do not want to hunt and fish all the time. It is a pleasure to eat and drink, but to eat and drink immoderately brings on dyspepsia and misery. Good company and conversation are delightful for a season; but, like every other good thing, they must have intermission, to keep up the pleasure. There is a time and place for everything; and, in the varied and multiplied work of life, duty and pleasure must have their appropriate seasons and their proportionate allotment of time in order to make the one profitable and the other enjoyable.

Especially should children and young people be taught this lesson in order to fit themselves for the duties and pleasures of life in their appropriate and proportionate relation. I have often watched young people who had nothing to do but to hunt company and have a good time; and the consequences were always mischievous and hurtful. They are almost certain to get tired of or fall out with each other or else in order to keep up their interest join in some devilment. As Richter says: "Pleasure soon exhausts us and itself also."

In the organ of the soul there is no more discordant key under the subtle touch of the Devil than that of

pleasure. He has aimed at nothing so artfully as that one desire. The saloon, the gambling hell, the lewd house, the race course, the circus, the ballroom, the club, the theater, the pool table—all these resorts and places of vice have been established for the gratification of pleasure; and in every land they are the resort of unnumbered hosts. Millions of money are invested in these schemes of pleasure for the temptation of the weak and the gratification of the vicious; and millions more are wasted upon them by such pleasure lovers. Not one of them is run by a true Christian, and never in one of them was there a convert to Christianity. Occasionally we hear some play advertised in the name of morality or religion; and yet the players rarely make any pretension to religion, and usually none to morality—handling sacred things with profane hands and polluted lips, assisting their master, the Devil, to make the playhouse respectable and profitable. Thousands of people, some of them good people, too, are crazed with a mania for the pleasure and entertainment of the stage; and, judging the tree by its fruit, there is nothing to-day so detrimental to Christian piety and spirituality, nor to church prosperity, as the theater. Theater-going, while not the worst form of entertainment sought by the lover of pleasure, is nevertheless the most distracting to the religious spirit and detracts most from church life and usefulness, because most general and respectable, most fascinating and alluring. To be sure, its plays are often the production of genius rendered as works of art; but there is something in the moral atmosphere of the stage, in the overdrawn rendition of fact, in the hypocritical personification of character, and in the fascination for merely dramatic effect, that kills piety, hurts purity, perverts the imagination, corrupts the emotions, and de-

stroys practical views of life. It might not be so bad if all plays were of a high moral tone and intellectual order and played by those whose character and sympathy corresponded with the play; but the theater will have to go out of business when it takes the place of the lecture platform or the pulpit. For the satisfaction of the pleasure seeker and lover, and for the sake of pay, the playhouse mixes the impure and base with the moral and high so as to keep its patronage; and in general the theater is just what it always was to satisfy the demand of public sentiment.

The worst part of pleasure-seeking is that it leaves behind its sting. If you dive to the bottom of pleasure, instead of pearls you will bring up mud. It has been well said, "Pleasure's couch is virtue's grave;" and another has said, "Pleasure may be called the short cut to the tomb, as it shortens time, which is the way." Byron says: "There is no sterner moralist than pleasure." The price of pleasure is usually laid down in the coin of pain, and for it millions have sacrificed everything. To gratify their appetite for drink annually a mighty army marches into the grave—as vast as Napoleon's army which perished in the snows of Russia. "Pleasure and sorrow are inseparably joined in wedlock, and their offspring is death." Few selfish seekers after pleasure have found it at all, and none have found it lasting.

All with Burns may say:

> Pleasures are like poppies spread;
> You seize the flower, its bloom is dead.

But you ask, "Shall we not have pleasures, and shall we not have them according to our tastes and inclinations?" Certainly, we would debar no man from legitimate pleasure; and it is true that every man shall be left to judge what is legitimate for himself. We can

only advise in the light of experience and reason. One man enjoys his drinks and frequents the saloon, but this is not sufficient argument for us to encourage the use of strong drink. Observation and reason teach us the awful result of persistence in such a course; and God makes us our brother's keeper to warn him against the dangers of such pleasure. Whatever hurts piety and purity; whatever destroys character and manhood; whatever makes life unhappy in this world and robs life of the world to come; whatever mars the sweetness of home and endangers health, business, and industry, however fascinating and pleasant to our taste, appetites, and passions, should be abhorred. We can neither prescribe nor proscribe any means of pleasure, but we can point to the effect of such pleasures and admonish men to avoid them. There are thousands of pleasures legitimate if indulged in in moderation. There are good books to read, indoor games and outdoor sports, there are social gatherings and good company; there are travel and change of scenery; there are lectures and concerts —a thousand rational and harmless pleasures which we may love without injury and enjoy without surfeit. It is undoubtedly true, as Young puts it:

> Death treads in Pleasure's footsteps round the world,
> When Pleasure treads the path which Reason shuns.

A good rule by which to govern the love of pleasure is to follow those things which develop the body and elevate the mind and purify the soul. Christ, who made the sacrifice of himself to save us, "pleased not himself," and we should find pleasure in trying to please him. Thousands of Christians are trying to please themselves instead of Christ, their great Exemplar, of whom it was said, "He pleased not himself;" but there never was a Christian who found genuine happiness in self-in-

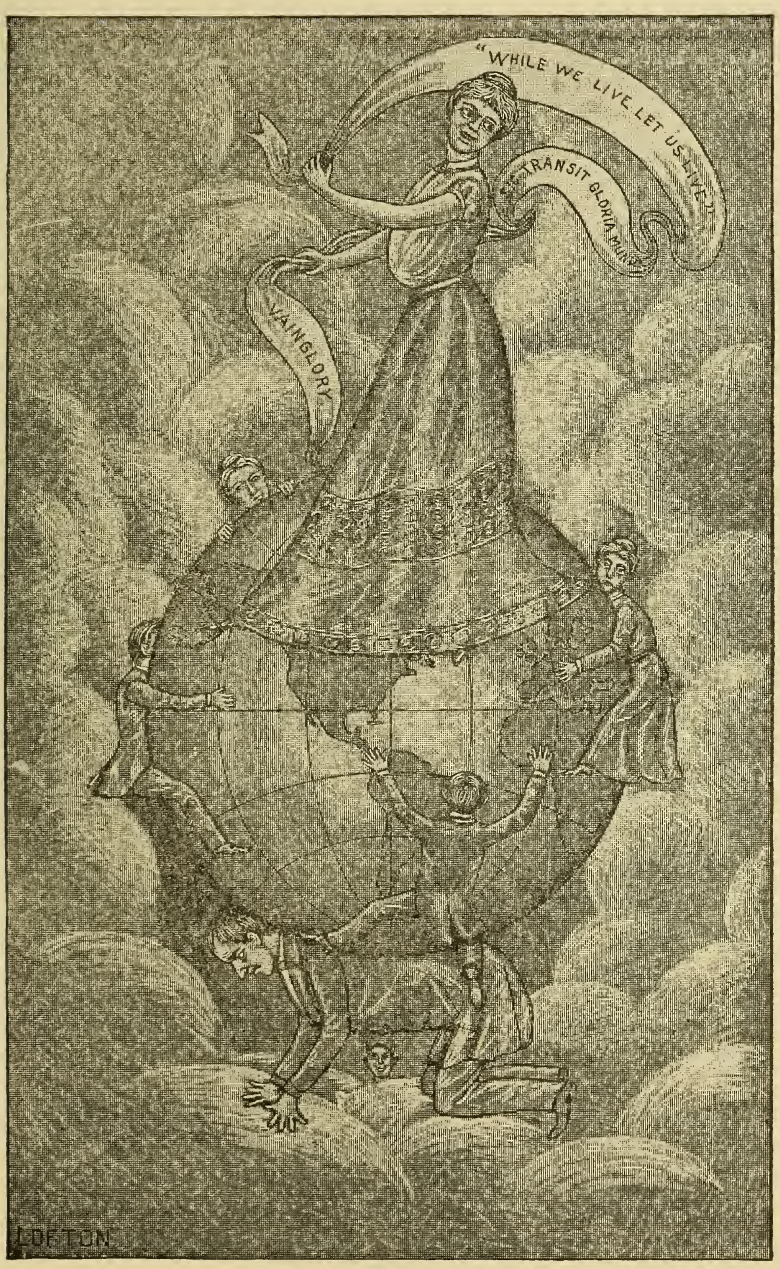
dulgence of any sort. The selfish pleasures of a half-hearted Christian fall upon the soul as dainties do upon the dyspeptic's stomach. The only people who have any joy in the "pleasures of sin for a season" are those who leave out God altogether. Serving two masters is the most galling bondage. There are so-called Christians who persuade themselves that certain pleasures are perfectly consistent with purity, piety, and usefulness, because their consciences have been whipped into line with their wishes. Conscience is a creature of education, and no Christian can afford to follow a conscience trained by his own sensual desires. There is but one standard of conscience and that is the Bible rightly interpreted and spiritually followed; and the Bible-guided Christian is not likely to follow the pleasures that will offend his fellow-man or his God. It is the Christian's duty to avoid every pleasure upon which the word "doubtful" is written, and certainly those pleasures which are known to be wrong. He should abstain "from the very *appearance* of evil," and certainly from evil itself. There are some pleasures which you might enjoy without hurt to you, that would hurt others by your example; and we are commanded not to destroy, by the abuse of our liberty, the brother for whom Christ died.

Finally, let us enjoy in moderation all the good things which God hath given us; and, that the young be not led into temptation, let us provide them with every means of innocent amusement and harmless pleasure.

LOVE OF THE WORLD

THE accompanying picture speaks for itself. Love of the world is personified in the gay woman that uses it as the arena in which to dance or frolic away her life—her motto being, "While we live let us live"—forgetting that *"sic transit gloria mundi."* Beneath the great load of the world is the sordid man whose back is nearly broken by trying to carry too much on it for purposes of gain or ambition. Upon him another ambitious one is climbing. On one side is seen a man and on the other a woman, each grasping for a great armful of all the world can bestow of gain or pleasure; yet another is peeping over the horizon to see how the others are doing. In the background below is Satan prompting the actors in this silly drama, and urging them to take in all of the world they can hold.

We now come to treat of the world in the sense of its affairs as distinguished from heaven, the concerns of this life as distinguished from that which is to come, of man's absorption in secular affairs to the exclusion of the sacred, and of the world under the sway of Satan as distinguished from the kingdom and righteousness of God. Worldliness, which is the predominant passion for the good things of this life, for earthly gain and temporal enjoyment—covetousness, ambition,



Love of the World.

pride, pleasure in the affairs of earth—this is the subject. Jesus Christ comprehended my theme when he said that we should love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

It is essential here to get a clear distinction between the separate kingdoms of God and Satan, in order to understand fully the scope of our subject. True, there was a time when the Devil had control of pretty much all the earth; and he had the effrontery to offer its kingdoms and glory to God's Son if the Christ would fall down and worship him. Satan did not own a foot of it by right, and Jesus Christ came to restore it to its rightful owner. While the Devil's rule is weakened and his empire more circumscribed since the coming of Christ, yet the love of the world is but another expression for following the Devil's lead. The great majority of the world is actually against God, and on the devil's side. Even our Christian civilization is largely tainted with the Devil's touch. Millions profane God's name, lie, steal, murder, and perpetrate every other crime in the catalogue of violence as they did thousands of years ago. In politics, business, and society, Satan largely rules; and he is still the impersonation of the "mammon of unrighteousness," the god of this world, whom most people worship. He is the source and inspiration of all the pride, vanity, and extravagance of fashion, at whose shrine many women bow with slavish idolatry; and there is not a trick in trade, a fraudulent device in business, a rascally scheme in politics, not a questionable social maxim, of which he is not the author. He presides supreme over every distillery, saloon, gambling hell, brothel, race course, or other resort that fosters vice and crime. He controls most forms of worldly

amusement. His spirit rules in the management of most railroads, street cars, and other public businesses which violate the Sabbath and rob men of their rest and opportunity to worship. As a "thing of evil," he perches over the door of every carnal mind; he is the relentless enemy of good; he is the author of every form of worldliness made attractive to human nature, and *fashionable* and *popular* worldliness is his chief instrumentality with which to defeat righteousness. Hence Christ warns us not to love the world, nor the things of the world.

Though it perhaps could not be said that anybody loves the devil or is his friend, he who loves the world is on the side of the Devil and against God, for Jesus says, "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?" and again, "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." It is impossible at the same time to be worldly-minded and spiritual.

Worldliness is so hollow, transient, and unsatisfactory that it is strange it has such a vast following. I suppose that every worldling, in the end, could utter the words of a poet who wrote his experience when he said:

> The world with stones instead of bread
> Our hungry souls has often fed;
> It promised health—in one short hour
> Perished the fair but fragile flower;
> It promised riches—in a day
> They made them wings and flew away;
> It promised friends—all sought their own,
> And left my widowed heart alone.

Above everything, the world promises pleasure; but as another has said: "The pleasures of the world, unlike

the waters of the Nile, leave no germs of beauty and fertility to bud and blossom and cheer the heart of man when they are gone; on the contrary, they are like those streams polluted by the washings of poisonous minerals, depositing the seeds of disease and destroying all vegetation along their way. The whole world gained profits a man nothing, if he loses his own soul; and yet millions sell their souls for an infinitesimal part of its offering. Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; Judas sold his Saviour for thirty pieces of silver; Lot's wife paid the forfeit of her life by one backward look. The Bible records the ruin of Achan, Haman, Simon, Demas, Absalom, and a host of others while grasping after the world's gifts."

The worldling often scorns admonitions and denounces the narrowness and sanctimoniousness of prudent Christians who advise the more perfect and happy way of life, but his final experience always confirms the wisdom and establishes the prophecy of his early monitors. The accumulation of wealth, the surfeit of ambition, the indulgence of pride, appetite, and passion, the fullest gratification of lust and pleasure, the highest honors achieved by worldly hopes and aspirations, tell the same tale, and admit the truth at last that they never finally satisfy a single soul. The biting cares of business, the anxious greed for gain, the stings of conscience, the decay of virtue, the decline of health, the depletion of manhood, the thorns of ingratitude and disappointment, the blight of hope, the wretchedness of discontent, the consciousness that a life of possible usefulness has been thrown away, the awful fact that the years have passed like a dream in the unconscious hardening of the heart and the settling down of the soul to a deadly indifference to things eternal—all this is the price paid for the

love of the world. Truly said Young: "The world is a title-page without contents." How few are like Crates, who threw his gold into the sea and said: "I will destroy thee, lest thou destroy me!" In our struggle with the world, we must realize that it is a deadly encounter and one in which we shall be justified for acting in self-defense. The man who does not destroy the love of the world will himself be destroyed by it. I was once at the deathbed of a man of great wealth, who had lived a reasonably correct life except that he had made the things of this world his god. I heard him exclaim: "I would give all I have to live another week." Pitiful plea, but, alas! his money could not purchase for him a minute's extension of time nor a moment's joy in his dying hour, neither a ray of hope for his endless life beyond. He had sown to the world, and, as with all others, his experience established the truth that "the wages of sin is death."

Ah! how God warns us to use this world and not abuse it! and how he commands us not to love it! Its glory soon passes away, and we pass away with it. A hundred years in the life of an individual is but as yesterday when it is past. The saddest spectacle is to look at the old, withered, tottering form of the worldling who still clings to the world, after having lost all his power to enjoy it. He would go over his life and enjoy it again, but he cannot; and the past scenes of pleasure and gratification troop before the vision of his memory in one long, tantalizing train of specters that mock him as they pass in review. Perhaps he still clings to the bottle, the last, besotting gratification that the Devil, old crafty one, can give him. Avarice, lust, ambition, pride, desire, all are yet within; but the power to feed these starvelings of the soul is extinguished. He lives

only in the past, a past wasted in the vain effort to satisfy the insatiable thirst of sin still dominant and yet incapable of satisfaction. He long since ceased to look to the future; and hope, the last, best friend of man, has fled. He can do nothing now but, serpentlike, sting himself with the thought of pleasures past, to be had no more forever. He dies cursing God and earth and self, because in the game of life he has lost all; and into the grave his withered body sinks, like his withered soul, into an endless hell. Of such a man well did Ralph Hoyte sing:

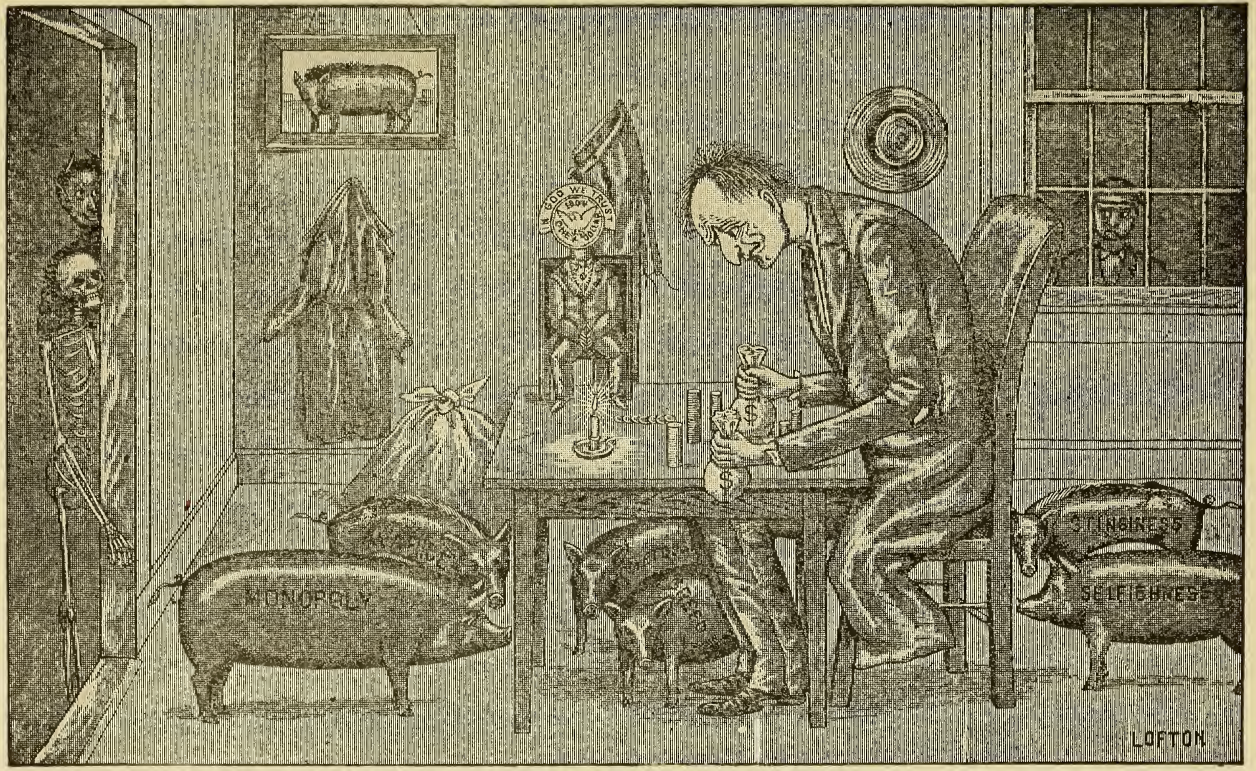
The world for sale! Hang out the sign;
  Call every traveler here to me.
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
  And set this weary spirit free?
'Tis going! yes, I mean to fling
  The bauble from my soul away;
I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring;
  The *World* at auction here to-day!

LOVE OF MONEY

THIS chapter's illustration represents the miser grasping his money bags and with delight counting his gold. The god he worships and in whom he trusts is the almighty dollar, which is ever before him; his only companions are the swine, symbols of "selfishness," "stinginess," "covetousness," "greed," etc. Even the picture on the wall is but another evidence of his glutton nature. At his door stand Death and the Devil, ready to greet him when he has to pass in his checks and give up his dollars.

"The love of money is the root of all evil!" The Bible does not say that money itself is an evil; but it does say that the *love* of it is an evil—the root of evil. In other words, the love of money is a source of every evil, an original cause of it.

But how is the love of money the root of all evil? First of all, it is covetousness, which is idolatry. This, to begin with, is evil enough if it produced no other; but accompanying the making and wrong use of money is a train of other evils whose name is legion. A miser, too stingy to spend a dollar even upon himself, is guilty not only of avarice, but other and overt acts of evil. He heeds not the cry of the poor, the widow, and the orphan; he shuts himself up against the employment of his pelf for every business enterprise or beneficence



Love of Money.

which blesses the world around him. Like the Dead Sea, into which the rains fall and the streams run and upon which the sun shines, he receives all and gives out nothing; and, like its waters, so his spirit becomes stagnant. The miser, outside of himself, is afflicted with all the negative evils which the exclusive accumulation and hoarding of money can produce; and within himself, he becomes a spiritual vacuum in which nothing good can live. He is an intellectual and moral microbe consumed by a single passion, that blights and withers all his other emotions. He has only a gizzard for a heart; and his brain is a machine with a single capacity. He is of all men most miserable; for there is vouchsafed to him but one pleasure, the gratification of the love of gain, which is always beclouded with the fear of loss, and in its ultimate analysis is the basest of vices. He exists without living, and shrivels with perpetual depletion until, when he dies, his hands at last relax their grasp upon his money bags, his body goes back to dirt and his soul to the Devil. If there were any possibility of soul annihilation, the miser would surely reach that state; but, however small his mind or bedwarfed his spirit, he will occupy a big place in hell, the only abode that could give him congenial surroundings, if it were not too hot for his freezing littleness. To him heaven would be hell, because of its beauty, magnificence, and glory, to which he had always been a stranger, and to which he would be opposed, because of its costly extravagance. Like Judas, he would say: "Why all this waste?"

Not only is this grasping love of money base, but the love of it for squandering in the gratification of selfish lusts may be equally bad or more vicious. Many lovers of money care nothing for its hoarding, but use it to

foster their pride and ambition, or else to indulge their fleshly appetites. Hence again, it is demonstrated that the love of money becomes the root of all evil, not only in the desire for its accumulation, but by its prostitution to positively bad uses in its spending. There are people, moral and honest, who strive to accumulate in order to display wealthy and pompous surroundings, and who lavish the luxuries and splendors of fortune upon themselves and their families, without regard to the needs of the world in which they live. Neither do they heed the cry of the poor, nor contribute to the enterprise or progress of civilization, except in so far as they are themselves benefited; and, in their grasping avarice, they often rob the poor of their toil, or wreck their fellows in business, in order to add to their own fortunes. Many a stone front, or big bank account, has grown out of the sweat and toil, if not the blood, of the poor and unfortunate, without adequate return, simply to gratify the pride and ambition of avarice.

There is yet another form of money-love which is the root of a great evil. The prodigal is as bad as the miser who seeks to satisfy his greed or the plutocrat who gains for the sole purpose of self-aggrandizement. There are people who spend their money liberally upon themselves and their associates in pleasure and give to nothing else; they indulge themselves and their companions in every evil that money will buy. The saloon, the brothel, the gambling hell, the theater, the dance hall, the club, and the horse race, all get their support from money spent by people whose sole aim is to live for the flesh. The poor laborer and the tradesman often work hard all the week to debauch themselves on Saturday night and Sunday, robbing their wives and children of bread, home, and comfort. Hundreds of young

men toil daily for a dollar in order to dissipate at night and throw away their life and character upon whisky, harlots, and gaming tables.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the sins of Mammon—lies, liquor, gambling, dishonest business methods, false diplomacy, unjust war, and every evil of avaricious and covetous indulgence. There is not an evil or a crime that is not traceable directly to the love of money. In the universal grasp for gold, man has transformed himself into a slavish idolater, millions worshiping at the beastly shrine of Mammon; and it is no wonder that Christ denominated money the "unrighteous mammon." With all, from the least to the greatest, the love of money is the most common temptation and the one most generally yielded to. There is scarcely a man who is not to some degree tainted with its touch; even in our infancy and childhood, almost the first temptation is the glint of a silver coin. I have never known a human being to show a substantial evidence of disregard for the almighty dollar, except in the prodigal use of it; and I have known but few that were not tempted to love and hoard it for itself. It is the world's standard of value for everything else, and unconsciously to most men it becomes the shining charm and the clinking music of a covetous and avaricious heart. Hence its great temptation to those who want it for the selfish and sinful purposes, so deeply imbedded in human nature; and hence the difficulty to even the best Christian of resisting the temptation to love money and hoard it for its own sake, or for its gratifications. Herbert characteristically drew the relation between money and man when he said:

> Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,
> Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?

I know thy parentage is base and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.
Surely thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdom, which thou hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wert destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.
Then, forcing thee by fire, he made thee bright:
Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferred our right;
Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.
Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;
And while he digs out thee falls in the ditch.

Few things are so valuable and blessed as money honestly gained and wisely used. Personal necessity, family subsistence and education, business operations, governmental machinery, religious development, all depend upon the use of money. Every man ought to make and save money for its legitimate uses; and the man who has no aspiration or ability for the accumulation of means will be the victim of poverty or misfortune, and be left upon the charities of the world. The great thing to be guarded is that, while we should love to make money for its proper use, we should beware of loving it for itself. As some one has well said, "Money is a good servant, but a dangerous master;" and as another has said, "A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart."

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust. Make all you can honestly, save all you can consistently, and give all you can liberally. Give out in some way to man what God gives to you; and ever remember the wise words of Bacon: "Money is like manure, of very little use except it be spread." Men are never more innocently employed than when making money

honestly, and never more nobly engaged than when using it to help men and glorify God.

The meanest and most contemptible sins which spring from the love of money are avarice and illiberality. In the midst of vast national prosperity, they dry up all benevolence and progress. For a patriotic citizen or a professed Christian to harden his heart and close his pocketbook against contributions to education, charity, and religion is not only to seal up the fountains of his own benevolence, but to suppress the development of the very elements which make business and life a success. To rob God is the direst form of thievery, and most disastrous to the robber.

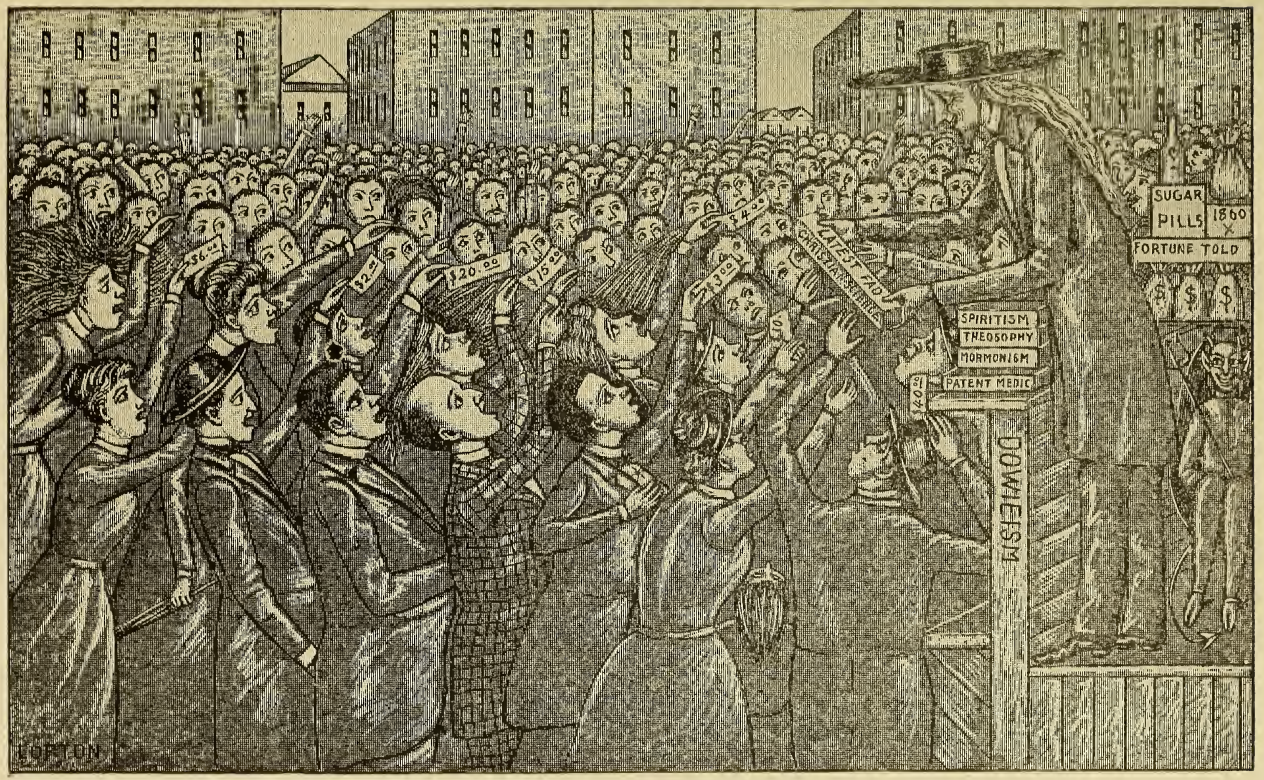
No community or nation prospers beyond the benevolence of its people; and while a stingy man may prosper and flourish for a day, the line of his wealth runs out with his generation. Dirty dollars seldom keep their inheritance in the family line; and if they canker in the father's hand, the son generally throws them away. Thus we see the love of money is the root of the stingy evil; but this evil seldom has any succession in the wealth of family or national inheritance.

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty," is the declaration of Holy Writ. And again: "The liberal soul shall be made fat." Beautifully does Christ say: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

LOVE OF HUMBUGGERY

THE picture before us, showing a gaping crowd surrounding a street fakir, is perhaps the best concrete illustration of our subject, and one familiar to all who visit the county towns on court day. You have often seen this old humbug selling patent medicines, cheap-john jewelry, razors, pocket knives, shaving soap, and other articles, and have perhaps bought some of his wares, which you afterwards found to be worthless. Upon closer examination you will see the picture also symbolizes the moral and intellectual humbug. He is dealing in "isms" and "osophies," but, as always, he is working for the dimes and dollars. It is his delight to administer to the vitiated appetites of the gathered crowd the Devil's sugar-coated pills or fads, fancies, and false doctrines. Back of him, on the stand but out of sight of the crowd, is seated his Satanic Majesty, smiling complacently and rejoicing at the success of his partner in business.

It has often been said that people love to be, and therefore ought to be, humbugged; and what goes as a current saying is generally a true observation. It may appear a singular fact in the peculiarities of human nature, but there is a reason for it, found in the ignorance and weakness of many who would rather believe an absurdity than a fact, or who are more fascinated with



Love of Humbuggery.

an illusion than a reality. It is said that "truth is stranger than fiction;" but the proposition is true only to the profound searcher and lover of truth, who abhors delusion, falsehood, and error.

One of the fertile sources of humbuggery is vanity, that loves flattery. It began with Eve, whom the Devil humbugged in the garden of Eden. Perhaps through the flattery of her vanity there was engendered a desire to be as wise as God; for I have always believed that the tempter paid some high compliment to Eve, either commending her personal beauty or her intellectual excellence. Thousands since, like Eve, have fallen victims to their vanity and have succumbed to the deceitful praise of less accomplished flatterers. So many people love to be flattered, no matter what the cost. An old negro was asked why he always traded with the Jews, when he knew they cheated him. "Yes, boss," he said, "I know dey cheats me, but dey always pats me on de back!" What vast amounts of money are coined by patting on the back—a species of business humbuggery which costs the humbug nothing, but always goes to the bottom dollar of not only negro vanity, but the vanity of many white folks, which, while it is conscious of being fooled, cannot resist the luxury of being flattered. Makenzie has well said under this head: "Mankind in the gross is a gaping monster that loves to be deceived, and has seldom been disappointed."

Next to vanity our curiosity is the most frequent cause of our being humbugged. The love of what is called the "show" catches the crowd like sugar catches flies. The circus is always bigger on the billboards than it is on the inside of the tent, and for weeks before it comes, far and wide, the marvelous promises of the advertisements have been eagerly swallowed. On the

day of the show the people are all there to see the same old thing they have seen before, and hear the same old jokes they have always heard. Those huge, fierce animals are never there; and that anaconda that looked a hundred feet long in the picture turns out to be only about nine feet in length. Yet every new advertisement, displayed with mammoth pictures and loud pretensions, must surely be true this time; and the same old lie catches the same old dollar so long as the shows come. Of course there are some good shows, and perhaps worth the price of admission; but no matter how stupendous the humbuggery of shows in general, and how often the people have been fooled, they will continue to patronize them, perhaps to see if the old lie still holds good, or if for once the exhibition will come up to the advertised wonders. How well the showman understands human nature! He comprehends the power of external display and showy advertisement, and he well knows that there is a multitude ready to be fooled.

Another source of humbuggery lies in the fraudulent methods and devices of business. People want everything cheap, no matter what the worth; and the merchants, in order to satisfy the want, arrange to meet the demand by adulteration or by inferior manufacture, but with a showy display that imitates the genuine. In the long run the best is the cheapest; but the cheap-john craze that puts up with the show and imitation of the best, which will last for only a few days, forces merchandise to humbuggery. You can scarcely get a genuine article of anything except at an inflated cost because there are so few to buy the best that the article is rarely found for sale. Everything is manufactured and displayed so as to appear the best; and just so it tastes and

smells and looks like it, that is sufficient for the masses, unless the cheat is glaringly apparent. People will take the lowest bidder on a contract to build or paint a house; and if it appears all right when finished, they are satisfied; but a season of rain and sunshine puts them to cursing the builder and painter they have induced by their own cheap-john policy to deceive them. Too low wages make humbug laborers, and the demand for goods at too cheap prices creates humbuggery in business. Pinchbeck jewelry, adulterated paint, meats with the substance pressed out of them, watered milk, oleomargarine for butter, chalked flour, flimsy but flashy dry goods, doctored sirups, looking like the best, are but specimens of the mercantile humbuggery of the day, induced by the demand of the people, who seem to prefer to be thus cheated.

Our afflictions also induce the humbug to play with our maladies, to make money even out of our miseries. There is perhaps no wider or more lucrative field for his operations than in the realm of disease and medicine. The medical profession is one of the most honorable, and perhaps the strictest in professional ethics; but no profession is worse cursed with quackery and fraud. Its ethics does not allow professional advertisement, and one of the first evidences of the quack is a display of his practice, discoveries, or medicine in the papers. The reason for it all lies in the hopes and fears of the invalid, who catches at straws when all the props of health have been knocked from under him and the scientific physician has surrendered his case. He then listens to the humbug, and tries every remedy known to the patent medicine business. Every quack has a remedy which is a sure panacea, and he has lists of certified cures by the pamphlet full. The humbug medicine man knows

full well the weakness of human nature, and he is sure of his game. The invalid, in spite of despair, will try anything and everything that promises restoration to health; and the remorseless humbug will take the last dollar from his victim when he knows that he is perpetrating a fraud at the mouth of the grave. The patent medicine fakir on the street, with a crowd around him, selling liniment, curing lameness, breaking crutches over his wagon wheel, and working similar wonders upon his deluded patients—all under a temporary stimulus to diseased organs which soon relapse into their former state—is a fine example of medical humbuggery, created and courted by the demand of diseased weakness.

Love of the mysterious, the desire for the marvelous and wonderful, curiosity for the occult belief in jugglery and legerdemain, is a fertile source of humbuggery. In all ages necromancy, the black art of the witch and the wizard, has been exceedingly popular with the ignorant and superstitious masses; and all sorts of signs and omens are believed in and resorted to for oracular interpretation of coming events and promises of good or bad luck. The horseshoe hangs over thousands of doors, and the rabbit's foot is in thousands of pockets. The belief in spooks and ghosts is still held by thousands in spite of science and learning; and it is hard to tell whose mind is, or is not, filled with hoodoo superstitions. It is astonishing to know the number of people, especially women, who will resort to a humbug fortune teller to know their future; and although some of them know it is humbuggery, yet there is a subjective or innate superstition, born of the wish, that there may be something in the fortune teller's story. It would seem with the increase of knowledge and the advancement of the world's wisdom that this sort of

humbuggery would cease, that necromancy would die; and yet within the last fifty years nothing has been much more popular than Spiritism, which has developed along with it a whole train of occult wonders—mind-reading, slate-writing, telepathy, hypnotism, Christian Science, "falsely so-called," and a dozen other marvels contrary to nature and revelation, but which have nevertheless set the world agog. The Devil never played his old tricks so well as at the beginning of the twentieth century; and the fact is demonstrated that the more you enlighten and evangelize a people, the more the Devil seeks to prostitute learning and imitate religion. He comes as an angel of light; and the chief point in his humbuggery is to put every one of his fads in the name of Christ, and so stab Christianity with his half-truth daggers.

The histrionic or theatrical humbug also continues to play his part on the stage, and multitudes of people still run after him. The actor is a hypocrite, often playing the rôle or masquerading in the character of a man whom he in his own character and life wholly misrepresents. Of course the actor's impersonation is a matter of art, and often of very fine art; but the man who must laugh and shed tears, prod his emotions, change his features, vary his intonations, conform his attitudes, wield his gestures to imitate a saint or demon, a patriot or traitor, a miser or a philanthropist, must play the hypocrite, no matter how fine his art; actors have usually been of bad or indifferent character, and generally play for money or reputation. Occasionally religion, in some form, comes upon the stage for play and pay, and nothing is more sacrilegious or blasphemous than the histrionic rendition of Christianity and morals at the hands of unregenerate or dissolute performers. People

weep over the performance and say it is better than preaching; but the effect is only emotional, and not spiritual or religious. The Greek word *hupocrites* originally meant one who plays a part on the stage, a dissembler, a feigner; and the art of the professional hypocrite could never commend itself to the purest and highest types of Christian intelligence. With Christians it is generally agreed that the character and influence of the stage have ever been on the side of evil. In the very nature of things the hypocritical rendition of life is humbuggery, and it cannot bear good fruit to the player or to the lover of the play.

The worst humbug of all is the Christian humbug, especially the Christian preacher who plays the rôle of the hypocrite for any purpose. The holiest profession is that of religion, the highest calling is that of the preacher, and any prostitution of that profession or calling is the worst form of humbuggery. Better be a stage actor mimicking for money, or a fakir selling patent medicine, better be a clown and play the fool, than be a religious hypocrite.

One of the most terrible things in all the world is the Christian and the preacher or pastor living in secret sin, and yet posing as a saint in public, until exposure tears away the mask of hypocrisy. Such was Judas among the twelve, right under the eyes of the Master. Of him and all such it was written: "It had been good for that man that he had never been born."

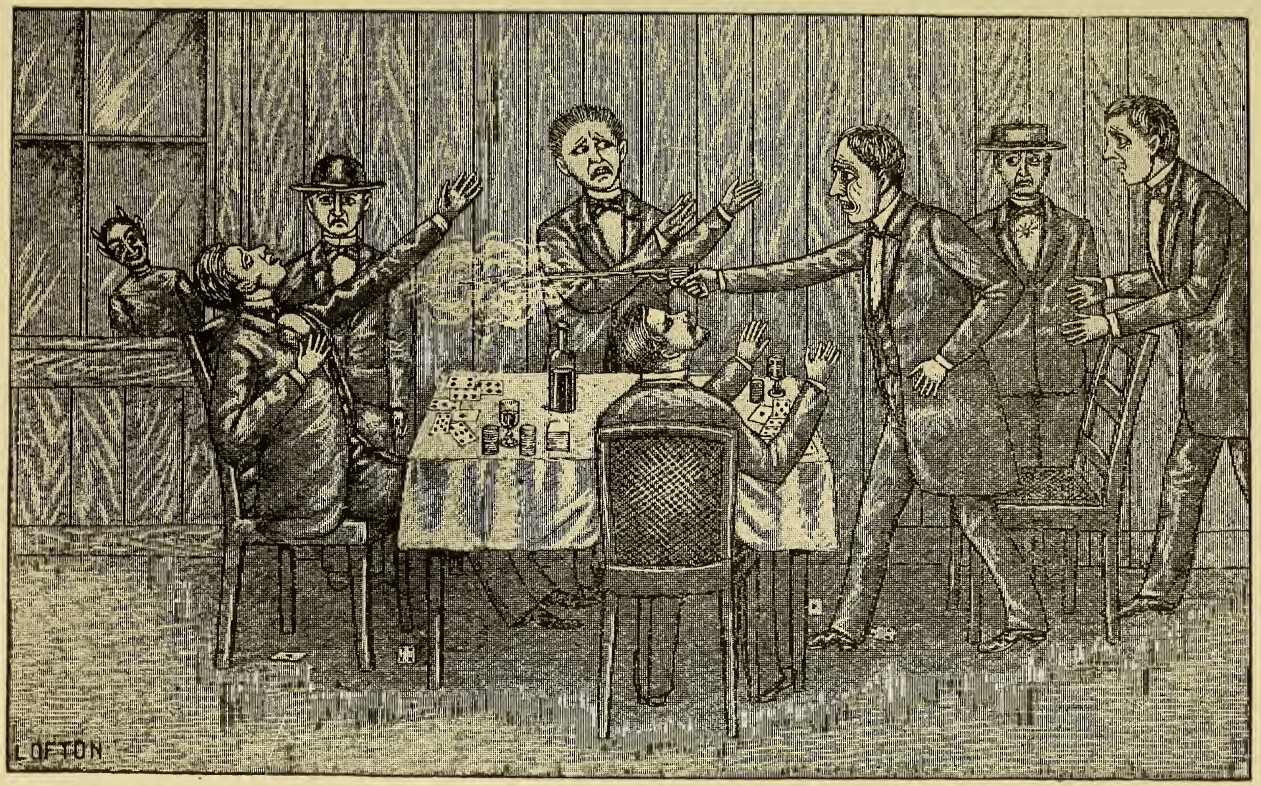
Virtue, honesty, piety, labor, patience, have a hard but happy road to travel. They have no popular mask to wear and no short cut to fortune or to heaven. The straight gate and the narrow way, while they pinch, leave us a good conscience and many a happy resting-place on the way to glory. The world does not run

after them nor love them as it does flattery, vanity, deceit, fraud, humbuggery, and the like down the broad road; but God sees them, knows them, honors them, and rewards them, here and hereafter. After all the way of the hypocrite and the humbug is a hard one. "It is much easier," says Cecil, "safer and pleasanter to be the thing which a man aims to appear, than to keep up the appearance of being what he is not." And then humbuggery does not live long. Soon exposed, it is always despised; and the few, brief days of its love and popularity are only spent in ultimate folly without profit or honor.

LOVE OF GAMBLING

THE love of gaming is almost universal, and to those afflicted with it there is nothing more fascinating. Children, especially boys, love games, and sometimes gambling begins with playing marbles for "keeps." There are some games calculated to improve the mind and develop skill of movement, as well as to amuse and entertain the players, as, for example, golf, tennis, checkers, or chess; but most games are dependent upon chance or luck rather than skill, as in the case of cards or dice. The chief fun in every game is to take all possible advantage of your opponent and beat him. Often the spirit of unfairness and dishonesty or exultation over victory is the result to the victors, while the defeated feel mortification or resentment and sometimes do violence in retaliation. It is only an easy step from skillful gaming to skillful gambling, where the spirit of unfairness or fraud finds an open field for development. The tendency of gaming—the playing of games—is to educate for gambling; and while many can pursue and enjoy innocent games, others inevitably learn to gamble who perhaps would never otherwise have done so.

Now there is no difference, so far as morality is concerned, between one game and another. There is no more harm in a game of cards than there is in a game



Love of Gambling.

of checkers or authors; and yet such a reputation attaches to cards, and there is such a fascination about poker and seven-up, as to make the deck the symbol of all that is vicious in gaming. The card pack has been so associated with gambling that its very sight is obnoxious and its touch suggests corruption. Dice, chips, and pool tables, all the favorite instruments of professional gamblers, seem out of place about a home, and never speak well for a Christian family. Chessmen or checkerboard do not appear so bad, but the Bible on the same table with a card pack always seems in bad company. Most people who play cards hide the pack when the minister calls. True, whist and progressive euchre are quite popular in fashionable society, though often accompanied by a species of gambling in the nature of prizes for the winner; but in humble circles, especially among religious people, the whole card-playing business is rightly eschewed. The educational effect is bad, as it popularizes the most fascinating and dangerous species of gaming. Somehow the card pack is especially odious. Significantly did the sage Franklin say: "Keep flax from fire, youth from *gaming*."

There is no language by which to sufficiently picture the horrors of gambling, and the delusive love which men have for it is the most unaccountable of all their follies. "Who gets by play proves loser in the end" is a fact so well known to the gambler himself that it is marvelous one ever follows it as a business or profession; and yet there are thousands who have no other vocation, and who wildly follow this phantom of hopeless gain to the end of a wretched life. I know an old man who has been gambling for life and never won anything. He has borrowed money and never paid it back; he has forged checks which his father had to pay

to keep him out of the penitentiary; he sold his wife's horse and buggy and stole and pawned her jewels; he sold the overcoat off his back—all for money with which to lose in gambling. Even when he works and makes some money, it all goes into the tills of the gambling house. Once I asked him the question: "Do you ever win?" He said: "Seldom; and the moment I gain, I lose it again." "Do you have any satisfaction," I asked, "in such a miserable losing business?" "No," said he. "Then," I asked, "why do you gamble at all?" "I do not know," he answered. He seems to be utterly wrecked in principle and honor; and there is nothing too mean for him to do to get a dollar, with which to gratify his insatiate love for gambling.

Of course there are men who win large sums and who occasionally have plenty of money; but gamblers as a class live a life alternating between luxury and pauperism; and, in the end, not one in a thousand but turns out pauper. I have sought diligently to find the gambler who died well-to-do or happy; and only two or three out of thousands have I discovered who ever reformed or quit the business upon a lucky haul. He who pursues it to the end of life is nearly certain to die despoiled of every good thing which properly belongs to manhood. The most successful gamblers and dishonest tricksters, who know best how to fleece their own victims for a time, are the more certain to become the spoil of their own trade, which always finds a man a cully and leaves him a knave. There is something in the very nature of gambling, however successful for a time, or by alternation of fortune, that insures the wreck of its followers; and the strangest of all things is that from a business or pleasure view point it should have such a vast and deluded following. It may be they hope

that by and by luck will turn in their favor, as sometimes it does; but to no ultimate profit, for it has been proved beyond controversy that not one in a thousand will stop when he is flush nor stop at all until he is ruined. The spirit of avarice that ever wants more will risk all to win more; and so the game of winning and losing goes on for life, with the certainty of losing all at the end. If not already ruined by dissipation, advancing age enfeebles his brain, and he no longer has the power to prosecute his diabolical trade; except the drunkard or debauchee, the most melancholy wreck is the gray-haired old gambler, going about the streets in seedy clothes, begging for help perhaps at the hands of those who have ruined him.

Gambling is a great sin, a crime which brings a curse upon its own head. "All gaming," says Whately, "since it implies a desire to profit at the expense of another, involves a breach of the tenth commandment." It is covetousness to say the very best for it that can be said; and, to tell the plain truth about it, it is stealing. In other words, it is a tacit agreement between men to battle for each other's money in a war of wits, and each tries his best to get it by fair means or foul. If there be honor among thieves, there may be honesty among gamblers. Washington forcefully said of gambling: "It is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and the father of mischief." It is born especially of idleness, the realm in which the Devil is sure to find mischief for men to do; and as idle men must live as well as busy ones, the devil invented gambling as a trap to "catch suckers," who begin with a dollar and end with a mortgage.

Nothing so much as gambling hardens and debases the human heart and turns men into demons of dishonesty, fraud, debauchery, and murder. The most sordid

and turbulent passions contend over the gaming tables, where even the spectators take a part. The card pack or the dice awaken more interest and excite deeper emotions than the fall of an empire or the holocaust of a city. The slightest provocation under the rules of the gaming table, in the midst of heavy playing, will bring the gleam of a dagger or the flash of a pistol; and many a life has been lost in the deadly business. Cold and heartless to others, yet self-destructive, is the work of the gambler. Some one has said: "I look upon every man as a suicide from the moment he takes the dicebox desperately in his hand; and all that follows in his fatal career from that time is only sharpening the dagger before he strikes it to his heart." Such is the desperate life of the gambler that he is never taken unawares; he always lives prepared for the worst. The most remorseless spirit that ever actuated a human breast is that of the gambler who would beggar his victim upon the throw of a dice or the turn of a card; or who, when defeated at his own game, would take his opponent's life or destroy himself.

But the ordinary gambler is not the only one who loves the sport or is guilty of the crime. After all, the card player and the dice thrower form but an isolated and disreputable society within itself, which does not affect the social and business world to any great extent. The poor crap-shooting negro who is so often arraigned before a justice of the peace, the big city gambling hells which are occasionally raided and written up in the newspapers, do not begin to hurt the material interests of the business world as do the extraordinary gamblers on 'Change, in the bucket shops, and other places where immense sums of money are staked on the turn of the market, where the necessities of life are cornered, and

where religion and public virtue are compromised by these respectable public pirates. Speculating upon the future products of industry, gambling in stocks and bonds, wrecking the country's great business enterprises by manipulating their securities or watering stock in order to create fictitious values and the like—this is gambling beside which the card pack and the dicebox cut but a small figure. These gamblers are among our greatest and most noted business men; they may occupy high social position; they are often members of the Church in good and regular standing; and their practice is condoned because of their liberality, their respectability, sustained by custom and law. But in the games of "bulls" and "bears" they too often suffer the penalty of their practices; for most professional speculators live and die, as other gamblers, under the curse of God, whose law of labor they violate.

Finally, there is perhaps more hope for any other man than the gambler. Sometimes the saloonist and the drunkard reform. One of the most useful women I know was once the mistress of an assignation house, but now at the head of a reformatory for girls. There are houses of refuge for redeemed women and asylums for the inebriate, in which great good is being done; but how seldom do we hear of a reformed gambler! The spirit of evil is red hot in the drunkard and libertine, and when cooled by remorse, conviction, repentance, and faith may be turned to good; but the frigid devil that lives in the heart of the gambler can seldom be touched with shame, pity, or penitence. The passion for gambling, once deeply set in the heart, extinguishes conscience forever; and the habit, once formed, fixes an almost changeless destiny.

LOVE OF DRINK

FOR this chapter there are pictured the awful effects of the love of drink: a cheap room in an old house, with bare floors, broken walls, scant and dilapidated furniture, a despairing wife trying to comfort her starving child—a home wrecked by the demon of intemperance. Around the husband clings the serpent, true symbol of the horrors with which the victim's drunken imagination has encoiled himself. Through the window can be seen the elegant home of the liquor manufacturer or wholesaler, who is at the head of the damnable traffic. From the profits of his trade, he has built a palatial house; but upon closer examination you will see that its foundations are laid with human skulls, the true emblem of his business and the only coat of arms to which the maker or seller of whisky is entitled. Every red brick of that splendid residence was soaked in the blood and molded in the miseries of those of his fellow-men whose lives have been destroyed by his nefarious business.

In 1897 a great national exposition was held in Nashville. It was a beautiful and magnificent exhibit of the industrial and other enterprises of the country. A shrewd, far-sighted brewer took advantage of this exposition to make an extensive and attractive outlay of money and material for the purpose of advertising and

Love of Drink.

selling his beer. Accompanied with daily musical and theatrical performances, vast crowds of people flocked to his tables and drank his liquor—among them thousands of women, young ladies, and girls, accompanied by their gentlemen friends or relatives. When the exposition was over, this brewer was asked if it had paid him for his expenditure. His reply was that it had not directly and immediately.

Recently one of the officers of the Ohio State Liquor League, in an address before that body, after reciting some statistics, said: "It will appear from these facts, gentlemen, that the success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of an appetite for drink. Men who drink liquors, like others, will die; and if there is no new appetite created, our counters will be empty, as well as our money drawers. Our children will go hungry, or we must change our business to something more remunerative. The open field for the creation of this appetite is among boys. After men are grown, and their habits are formed, they rarely change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that *missionary* work be done among the boys; and I will suggest, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now will return in dollars to your tills after the appetites have been formed. Above all things, create appetite."

That officer of the Ohio League and that Nashville brewer represent the spirit and purpose of the liquor business, and no scheme in order to the success of their nefarious business is too diabolical for them to practice. "Train the boys to drink whisky and the girls to drink beer, or else we must go out of business; and every expenditure of money or means to that end will prove remunerative to us and make prosperous our business in future! The old drinkers and drunkards will die—

you must make young ones as fast as the old ones perish." This is the damnable theory of the liquor dealers.

I leave this introductory remark and statement of facts to the consideration of Christians, moralists, citizens, and all lovers of virtue and sobriety. If comment were necessary, the stupendous statistics of the nation's drink bill, the vices and crimes, the pauperism and misery, the insanity and distress, which the drink habit causes, speak adequately upon the text which I have cited. The gibbet, the penitentiary, the jail, the calaboose, the recorder's and criminal courts, the poorhouse and the insane asylum—all tell the story which expounds the wisdom of the devilish doctrine of *missionary* (?) efforts to create an appetite for beer and whisky among the young. The army of drunkards a million strong, skeletons of poverty and devils of vice, with an accompaniment of howls and shrieks and revelries, floating the banners of debauchery and blood, marching every year to a new-made grave, and dropping into hell—this is another fitting comment upon the love of drink and the business of the drunkard-maker. It is thus that a poet writes his comment:

> My native land! 'mid thy cabin homes,
> And 'mid thy palaces, a demon roams;
> Frenzied with rage, yet subtle in his wrath,
> He crushes thousands in his fiery path;
> Stalks through our cities unabashed, and throws
> Into the cup of sorrow bitter woes;
> Gives to pangs of grief an added smart,
> With keenest anguish wrings the breaking heart;
> Drags the proud spirit from its envied height,
> And breathes on fondest hopes a killing blight;
> Heralds the shroud, the coffin, and the pall,
> And the graves thicken where his footsteps fall.

There is nothing so fascinating and delusive as the

love of drink. To thousands nothing is more palatable than the taste of wine or stronger drink, especially when prepared with accompaniments which add relish to liquor. Some who do not like the taste of liquor delight in the effect, and there are thousands who like both the taste and the effect. Many who liked neither to begin with now like both by cultivation. Drunkenness begins in relishing the effects gently and by degrees, until the malady is on and finally becomes a habit and then a disease, as inveterate as consumption or cancer. People with vital temperaments, deeply emotional and most brilliantly endowed with intellect, are usually more ready victims of the liquor habit; and when once subordinated under the strong hand of intemperance, they are the hardest to redeem. Such people, especially when given to great elation or depression, naturally take to liquor, either to intensify their gratification or to relieve their gloom. Under the fascinating effect or stimulus of alcohol, the man of highly wrought temperament glides into a state of hallucination as to his importance, or a delightful depreciation of his misfortunes, his sins, or his miseries. In the first stages of intoxication he is not bereft of memory or intelligence; but his judgment is illusive and overstrained, while his will is drawn into unwise, if not desperate, subordination to some unnatural fancy or purpose. In the deeper stages of intoxication the mind is overthrown by the most reckless imaginations, the passions become wild and ungovernable, and the will is in complete abeyance and helpless. Things that looked profoundly wise or highly desirable in any stage of intoxication become silly or disgusting to the victim himself when he grows sober; and usually he finds that in the fascination and hallucination of drink everything he has felt, said, or done was a matter for

profoundest shame and regret. Though poor, the drunk man feels rich; though a fool, he feels wise; though weak, he feels strong; though vicious, he feels good; though violent and frenzied, he is unconscious of imprudence or indiscretion; and when he comes to himself, he wonders at his poverty, his folly, his weakness, his meanness, and his rashness.

No man is more penitent and ready to promise reform than the drunkard upon his recovery from a spell of intoxication; but his elation or depression, or his irresistible thirst, brings him suddenly or gradually back, within the grasp of his demon and the dominance of his evil spirit. His protestations of repentance and shame may be profuse, but he soon forgets the evils of his debauch and his promises of reform. His good resolutions are wrecked on the rock of forgetfulness; he ventures trial of his power to drink in moderation. High and lofty purpose, the hopes of better life, the ties of home and kindred, gradually diminish in their hold upon the drunkard as he passes out from under the consciousness of his shame and gradually yields to the glowing flattery of his temptation; and often from fancied safety he is suddenly swept into the vortex of his habit by impulse, association, or suggestion. He has learned to love drink, and the more he indulges it the more he loves it, until his appetite becomes insatiable and incurable.

No man ever expected, surely none ever purposed, to become a drunkard. All men, even drunkards themselves, abhor drunkenness. The man who loves drink now began the habit with no idea that it would terminate fatally; but with a drinking man, the first drink leads to the second, the second to the third, and so on till he is drunk. Even the man who has recovered from a debauch, and is filled with shame and grief, and has sol-

emnly resolved to abstain in future, soon begins to flatter himself that he can touch again and not be hurt, especially after he has mastered his habit for a considerable while; and ere long resolution is forgotten, every vow is broken, and the poor victim is in the gutter again.

Total abstinence is the only remedy for drunkenness in an age and country like this. But little can be done for the nation's drunkards of to-day, or of any day, so long as the saloon is open and people who are able to drink temperately refuse to abstain for the sake of their unfortunate and weaker brothers. The truest and best Christian or philanthropist is he who for love's sake will abstain from eating flesh or drinking wine, if either makes his brother to stumble. The saloons could not live but for the respectable, moderate drinkers who could easily do without liquor; and a practice, for the sake of personal liberty or pleasure, which supports a bad business and sets an evil example to the weak is an abuse of liberty which God condemns and commands us to forego. Besides this responsibility of total abstinence for the sake of others, the Christian is accountable also for the existence of the liquor business, if by his vote he sanctions it. Since we cannot keep the drunkard out of the saloon, it is our duty to force the closing of its doors by abstinence, education, and legislation.

LICENTIOUS LOVE

OFTEN when two young people are together the Devil kindles the fire which warms both their hearts. Among the fagots are the popular pastimes—buggy-riding, roller-skating, dancing, and the like. Disobedience to parents and novel-reading keep the fire burning ready to flame up at the least provocation. Love, like every other faculty of humanity, may be misdirected, perverted, and polluted. Men love to lie, to steal, or to lust just as they love truth, honesty, or virtue; thus there is no good direction which love may take, but that there is an opposite direction which it also may take. We often hug sin to our breast as something dearly beloved, and one of its fearful effects is that while it hurts it delights us. The drunkard loves the whisky that wallows him in the gutter and ruins his life and character; hence one of the evidences of the damnation of sin is the love of it. Herein lies the "deceitfulness of sin," which blinds and deludes us because we love it, and it is by reason of this love that the human heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, and none, not even its owner, can know it. Nothing so blinds us as the thing we love, especially the bad thing we love.

Licentious love is that which delights in the indulgence of inordinate freedom. True happiness and

The Devil Warms Both Their Hearts.

pleasure are within the bounds of legitimacy and restraint, but thousands throw the reins loose upon the necks of their passions and appetites, which, like wild horses, dash with their driver on the down grade to destruction. Licentiousness is anarchy of the soul as well as of the body. Men who seem to feel the necessity of governing each other, or of regulating themselves in business, or of controlling their children, often have no creed and no code for their own hearts. Scientific and philosophic in the ordinary affairs of life, they have no system or rule for the government of their passions. Sometimes with great intellectual abilities, and graced with the profoundest education, they live the life of the drunkard and the debauchee. Judgment and will unite to teach and enforce righteousness and truth in men and women, and what judgment and will fail to do often is achieved by the sting of conscience, yet there are those who yield at every call of temptation. The history of the world is strewn with wrecked giants, as well as pygmies, whose flesh dominated the soul in spite of every uplifting force of education, religion, opinion, law, and order. Statesmen, lawyers, physicians, poets, artists, scientists, and sometimes even religionists, as well as "the common herd," fall victims to licentiousness more beastly than that of the brute. Often we stand amazed and horrified at the secrets of human weakness, long-concealed, that break out with the ruin of some magnificent man or woman whose reputation and character never before have been suspected. Such things come as a lightning-bolt from a clear sky, and, while the moralist and the churchman mourn, the openly licentious and wicked mock.

There is a large class of vicious persons whose business it is to drag down angels instead of lifting men

to God. In this and every country secret vice not only reigns, but license or toleration is afforded by public opinion and law to every institution that plies the trade of death. Under the specious theory of "necessary evils" permitted or regulated by law, our civilization tolerates what it claims it cannot prevent; and hence on every side, and up and down every street, the snares of death behind closed doors are set for the ruin of the young as well as the older and more wary. In these schools of vice thousands are trained devils, whose only desire and vocation is the ruin of their fellows; every day and night there are hundreds and thousands entering into these dens of iniquity to gratify base appetites. Many of the loose customs and fashions of society become the feeders to the vicious resorts which everywhere tempt the young. The unguarded parlor, the pernicious novel, the immoral play, the equally immoral dance, the exposure of fashionable dress, loose association, indiscriminate company, lead to the ruin of the young and the building up of places and customs for the promotion of licentiousness. But the saloon and the brothel are not the worst places on earth, except as receptacles for the most depraved and degraded followers of vice and crime, and the haunts of debauchees already ruined and ordinarily beyond reclamation. The house of assignation and other places of concealment, where vice reigns and where it is, perhaps, more dangerous, are agents more destructive of once-virtuous womanhood by unscrupulous and designing men. The assignation house is hell's most prolific feeder.

Never was the foundation of the American social fabric more seriously threatened by lust than now. If it is possible to expose its hideousness and its horror, and to show how awful is its menace to the virtue and

purity of our young and rising generation, the attempt should be made at once by those who fear God and love humanity. Doubtless there are many too-modest persons who will feel themselves blush when they read this chapter, but no such prudishness should be permitted to distract the mind or the attention from the serious nature of the problem confronting us, and a free and proper discussion of it. American manners, morals, and indeed American life are menaced in the most dangerous degree by the evil of lust. We have no right to dodge the issue, much less to ignore completely the existence of it. A condition, not a theory, faces us, and, as men and women and Christians, we, because of false modesty, must not shut our eyes to the peril or seal our lips against uttering a plain-spoken denunciation of it. We fight fire with fire and we dig with a spade and not with a clam-shell. Thus we must not fear to voice in honest, blunt, and straightforward English our warning against this the most insidious and soul-wrecking phase of the Devil and his works. Drunkenness, lying, theft, and other vices and crimes have had their share in the ruin and corruption of thousands, but lust has been the master-sin of every age and the destroyer of more people than ever will appear to the eye of the world. Bickersteth makes his Baalim, the god of lust, tell the awful truth when he says:

> I, Baalim,
> Have bound more captives to our prince's car
> Than thou hast held in fortresses of power,
> Or thou, Apollyon, slain on fields of blood.

The lecherous viper who stings his once-innocent victim, loves; yes, he is madly, wildly, passionately in love! He bows the knee in adoration before his lovely queen! He heaps upon her the highest encomiums for her beau-

ty, virtue, and womanhood! She is the angel of all his hopes and destinies! He promises everything of manhood and honor to win her confidence and ensnare her weakness! He begs her kisses and embraces that he may the more effectually affect her wavering heart, her bewildered mind, and her yielding will through the touch and thrill of fleshly magnetism! She believes, confides, reels, staggers, and falls into the vortex of voluptuous passion, wrought up by infatuation, blind to every impulse of duty and oblivious to every hope of virtue! The hypnotizing serpent at last makes prey of his victim. The work of ruin is done, and licentious love, after a season of gratification, gradually dies within the debaucher! The victim may love, weep, and recall the promises made, but the serpent slowly crawls away gloated and disgusted with the surfeit of his prey, and seeks another victim when the surfeit is over. He leaves behind as his deadly trail the wrecked, ruined life, and perhaps the evidence of his guilt in the fatherhood of his own flesh and blood to bear the shame of illegitimacy and disgrace. Yet nothing but the shotgun can make him redeem his vows—and even then it is often only for a day and with loathsome hate for the victim of his own evil work. Not infrequently he fills an untimely grave at the hands of an avenging father or brother, and goes to hell, the fires of which are only kindled the hotter by the doom of that burning lust which consumes the soul here and damns it forever in the great hereafter. The most damnable of all sins is the seduction and ruin of virtue and innocence by promises as lavish and false as the false love that makes them. It is worse than lying, thievery, and murder all put together, and there is no place in Satan's domain too hot for its everlasting punishment.

Licentious Love.

Milton well understood his subject when he said:

> Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal lust
> Is meanly selfish; when resisted, cruel;
> And like the blast of pestilential winds,
> Taints the sweet bloom of nature's fairest forms.

Shakespeare graphically describes this fiendish passion, in Sonnet cxxix., as follows:

> Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
> Is lust in action; and, till action, lust
> Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
> Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
> Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
> Past reason hunted and no sooner had,
> Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
> On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
> Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
> Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme:
> A bliss in proof—and prov'd, a very woe;
> Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream;
> All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
> To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

There is no vice so deadening to every virtue and principle of our nature as lust. The Bible says of the sinner, "Alive and yet dead," but the deadest human being that walks the earth is the settled and confirmed adulterer. A man guilty of almost any other sin can have some sympathy with good, but the man who is merciless toward virtue is the enemy of every good thing in the universe. There is something so gross and brutal in lust that its debauched lover, however refined by culture or nobly circumstanced by material or social environment, has neither a delicate sense of moral beauty nor a single mark of taste for anything morally good. He hates the very thought of a pure, virtuous woman, whose company makes him restless and miserable.

The only female company he enjoys is such as gives him some hope of indulgence in the direction of his lascivious and salacious tendencies. A virtuous man, if he thought or admitted there was one in the world, would only excite his contempt, and he scarcely believes there is a pure woman on earth. All his thoughts are polluted with his vice until everything pure takes the color of his wanton vision, and his beastly character is so well marked in his countenance and in the glance of his baleful eyes, that every one can plumb the depths of a soul that gives forth only the foul emanations of a depraved and besotted nature.

In all times legislation and moralization against this great sin have seemed in vain. The law of God is, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," and Christ has so interpreted the law that if a man looketh upon a woman to lust after her, he is guilty of adultery in his heart, and is just as amenable to the law of God as if he had committed the open act. In olden times the guilty woman was stoned or otherwise punished for her sin, as well as the man, in order, perhaps, to maintain womanly character as the safeguard of society, but in modern times the law, however seldom executed, falls heaviest upon the man, especially in all cases of seduction, or in the violation of the sanctity of another man's home. This is right, for man is almost the invariable source of moral defection in woman. She is the "weaker vessel," and almost universally passive, until the casket of virtue is broken by the lustful devil who misleads purity and innocence. The difficulty in the way of protecting virtue and of punishing lust rests in the fact that lust always has reigned in high and mighty places, and, while it is barely possible to get sufficient legislation, it is seldom possible to administer justice. The woman is chiefly stoned

by public sentiment, but we should stone the man also, as the Mosaic economy literally required, for God made no difference, as we make. If there is a crime under heaven that deserves the penalty of death, it is that of seducing virtue under the promise of marriage. A baser or a more infinite villain does not walk this earth than the man who does this thing. His crime, as already said, is worse than murder. He practically kills a soul, as well as blights a character for life; and if killing the body requires death, why not fix the death-penalty for a crime that is worse?

No being of earth can descend so low as a fallen woman. She is next to a fallen angel. Female virtue is the most valuable and sacred treasure ever intrusted to a mortal being. Its preservation is the solemn and awful duty of woman, of man, of society, and government, and the high estimation put upon it is the golden standard of its worth to the human race and to its perpetuation in purity and honor. To fall from this lofty height is to fall so low as to bring down the blight and the curse of a penalty corresponding to the estimate of public opinion, and the fallen woman, left to the consciousness of her ruin, plunges into every excess of vice to destroy as far as possible the race she learns to hate. The deeper she feels her disgrace, the deeper she sinks into iniquity, until, making a trade of her shame, she seeks to engulf every one else in the whirlpool of her infamy. She hates her own sex, while the sex that ruined her for the love and gratification of lust she seeks to allure for the only profit that can in any sense compensate her misery and disgrace. She should be pitied more than despised. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred she was the victim of a lover—a lover who only loved her for her ruin, and whose love was only

the base infatuation of his own lusts that feasted upon fresh and unsuspecting innocence, now turned into the fury and tempest of a soul devoted to destruction. Of all people on earth, fallen women are most to be pitied and helped. One of the signs of true Christianity and civilization to-day is the charity of thousands of good men and women who are, by various methods and institutions, opening the doors of hope to these most unfortunate wrecks of sin.

Among the hideous vices and crimes that exclude all inheritance from the kingdom of heaven, adultery is specially mentioned, while among the most fearful of God's warnings to lost sinners is that which spares not this sin and cries aloud against it. It is the hardest of all vices to beat down, and it is the most powerful temptation even to the Christian. Often I have seen the sinner under the deepest conviction for sin, and yet he could not reach up and take the proffered hand of God, because his feet were chained and held down by the hand of lust. Some fair but ruined victim was clutching at his immortal soul and pulling him into hell, and, while he wept, he could not repent and turn from his vice. So David and Solomon and Samson fell, and they had been ruined save for the chastening hand of God, and for that mercy which, after punishment, dragged them out of the mire and the clay of the horrible pit into which they had fallen. The strongest, best, and wisest of men, loving their lust, have become the victims of this sin. Few once engulfed have escaped, but millions have been lost. Most of the kings and princes of earth have gone to the grave with this special sin upon them, and wealth and luxury often have defiled themselves with the stain of its everlasting curse.

And that it is an everlasting curse I cannot say too

strongly. Not only do its consequences affect the sinners themselves with shame, disgrace, untold misery, and often death, but they affect generations to come in one way or another. Often the great-great-grandson of a father or mother who has sinned has had cause bitterly to regret that they had ever been born simply because of that far-off offense. No man can measure the deadly nature of this most horrible sin, and no man can tell where the lightning of its effects will strike. But it is certain that our social structure is menaced by it now as it never was before, and it behooves us as Christians to strike at the peril of it just as we would a rattlesnake or an adder that might coil itself in our path ready to sink its death-dealing fangs into us.

LOVE OF SCANDAL

FOR this chapter we have as an illustration the evils of loving scandal. Standing at a table—and typifying innocence—is a young woman; behind her is a venomous creature —half human being and half devil—who is piercing her with the barbed tongue of slander and holding ready to complete the work the whip and dagger of moral assassination. She is one of a type to be seen in every community—a curse to themselves and to their neighbors. Her boon companions are seen in the background, taking delight in her devilish work. One of them is Mrs. Sorehead, whose cranium is bandaged with a cloth. She is an enemy of all that is good in the world because she is despised and shunned. Her cronies are twin sisters—the Misses Envy and Jealousy, who, because of their own shortcomings, despise the beautiful and good in life. Back of all is the popular society devil who inspires every effort to hurt the reputation of good and well-doing people.

> There is a lust in man no charm can tame
> Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame;
> On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
> While virtuous actions are but born and die.

Thus sang a woman poet and the burden of her song, alas! is only too true. One of the evidences of total de-

Love of Scandal.

pravity, inherent and universal, is this lust for scandal. Thousands roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongues, and dispense it as the poison of asps from beneath their lips. It seems that there are comparatively few people in the world who do not love either to hear or tell something bad about their neighbors, while there are many who make it their business and pleasure to spread abroad whatever defames character or hurts reputation. The scandal-monger is little concerned, as a rule, as to who or how he hits and hurts and such is the avidity of his passion for the vile pleasure that even kindred and friends cannot escape the sting of his scorpion tongue. Sometimes husband and wife talk about each other; occasionally, parents and children scandalize one another. Few indeed there are who, if they cannot find something good to say of others, say nothing; and it would seem that the mass of mankind, even when they do not talk themselves, are glad to hear something bad of their fellows.

This fact is illustrated forcibly in the eagerness with which the public press seizes upon the evils of the day and publishes broadcast to the world the vices and misfortunes of mankind. The newspaper is too often an open sewer through which flows, in putrid streams, the foul stuff which constantly offends and pollutes society. The editor well knows that his paper must disappear from print if only the good and the wholesome are to fill up his columns. As a rule, the editorial pages of our newspapers are lifted to a higher plane of morals and intelligence, but often the news and advertising departments are indiscriminately vicious beyond measure. Sensational and salacious items catch the multitude and sell the paper, and as they always are highly headlined and boldly paraded nothing is devoured so greedily as

scandals in high or low life. The fall of a minister, the escapade of a woman, the ruin of a man in a high place, bemoaned by the good and the few, are winged with lightning, painted in every horrid hue, magnified with microscopic power and sped to the four corners of the earth—a fattener of the newspaper till and a feast for the scandal-devourer's appetite.

It would seem that education and religion largely should check the spirit of scandal and develop a philosophic and charitable treatment of the faults and failures, the vices and miseries, of those who are exposed to public shame and contempt. To some extent they do; but even in learned and religious circles the love of scandal is often manifest, if not rife. Too often the cultivated ear itches for the sound of the sensational and pricks up at the report of the vicious. The college hall, the church aisle, and even the columns of the religious journal, sometimes smell of the scandalous and of the scandal-loving sentiment, and are not free from the practice of magnifying and spreading the sins of one's fellow-beings. Some preachers are great gossipers, and are loaded with the secrets and faults of their brethren. Especially is this true of the envious and jealous little fellow who is ever ready to hit and hurt the man above him or in his way.

Science and religion tend to hide a multitude of sins under the mantle of prudence and love, but often the round-table and the church, the literary and the professional journal, the learned and the pious home, are fouled by the touch of scandal and the slander-monger. I have seen whole churches, for a time, ruined by the tongue of the gossiper. When the Devil can do nothing else to destroy wisdom and goodness, he stirs his emissaries to pick motes out of the eyes of the saints and to

hunt flaws in the character of angels—to magnify mistakes, exploit blunders and catch words to hurt the truth by blighting character. Christ and his apostles—Moses and the prophets befofe them—the good and the great ever since—have been the victims of scandal and slander. John the Baptist came neither eating nor drinking, yet they said "he hath a devil." The Son of Man came eating and drinking and they called him "a glutton and a winebibber." As the poet says: "Greatest scandal waits on greatest state." Many a good man and woman has been "done to death by slanderous tongues." Well did Shakespeare express it when he said of slander:

> Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
> Out-venoms all the worms of Nile!

True it is, indeed, that the lust for scandal is one of the best evidences of the inherent, total, and universal depravity of human nature. Man is by nature a murderer. Whether brave or cowardly, he wants to destroy his fellow-man, and will sometimes kill himself. If he is brave, he slanders less and kills his fellow with his hand, instead of with his tongue; if he is cowardly, he uses his tongue, and then his heels when confronted with his villainy. At all events the natural tendency of the race is toward destruction and the exceptions to the rule are found in those educated and evangelized above the plane of the animal in human nature. Be it said to their glory many rather would speak good than bad of their fellows, and let us imagine that Shakespeare knew to the contrary when he made Mark Antony say:

> The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones.

It is some consolation to know that mankind, in general,

is disposed to speak well of a man after he is dead, and that posterity often builds monuments to the prophets stoned by its forefathers.

Again, it is important to know that the scandalizer, or slanderer, as a rule, is a bad character in himself. If not bad in one way, he is bad in another, and is, indeed, likely to be bad in more ways than one. The virtue or honesty of no man or woman who deals in scandal can be trusted. People who throw stones usually live in glass houses. The disposition to hurt character is a vice that has kinsfolk; thus a disposition to evil in one direction will take other directions when sufficiently tried or tempted. Many people who talk about their neighbors claim the right in vindication of virtue, honor, morals, and the like; but the best of such people will find, upon close examination, that they possess an evil heart that loves the vice of gossiping, and that if tried in other directions, under the same conditions, they would be just as bad as those they expose and scandalize. The man or the woman without sin, and thus capable of throwing stones, seldom throws them. They generally love their fellow-man, and they always try to help and redeem rather than hinder or damn them.

Finally, evil often is overruled for good. The scandalmonger has a mission. Although he means no good, he does it by forcing people so to live that absolutely no flaw can be found in them. Exposure may keep many a man and woman from ruin; and if it were not for the Devil sometimes overreaching himself in the vicious trade of the defamer many an otherwise erring man or woman might be lost. Scandal makes people wary of exposure, and often drives them to do better on the same principle that cats keep down the rats by catching the venturesome ones. While religion and education are

cultivating the fields of sin and ignorance—exterminating the weeds and grass—the flaw-picker and the mote-hunter is hunting the bugs and reptiles and keeping us on the alert and the lookout.

After all, however mean and low the work of the scandalmonger, it is good for us; and no matter how vile and damaging his exposures, we should never complain when we go wrong ourselves. It is the erring man's medicine—his bitter pill which may be terrible to the taste but wholesome to the stomach. We have no right to do wrong, nor to expect charity or immunity from the scourge of the tongue. We are under obligation to do right only, and we should get no credit for so doing. We owe, absolutely, the debt of righteousness to God, to our fellow-man, and to ourselves; and if we sin and get hurt for it by the dagger-like tongue of scandal or the slandermonger, then it is no matter for crying for us. If rightly appropriated, it will do us good. This is the philosophy of drastic and alterative medicine applied to our moral instead of our physical system.

THE END.

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